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March 15, 1930

Isaac F. Marcosson—Don Marquis—Norman R. Raine—William Allen White
William Hazlett Upson—John P. Marquand—Smith Wildman Brookhart

. . . and this little girl went to market

'Fraid I can't stop and talk very long just now. Mother told me to hurry back. You won't think badly of my manners, if I do?

Oh yes, we always get both kinds of Bon Ami. Mother tells me, Remember, Bonnie, *both* the Powder and Cake. But she doesn't have to, 'cause I get so much fun cleaning with both of them. Mother and I go round the house together, cleaning the white woodwork, windows and mirrors with the Cake; and the bathtub and all the have-to-be-shiny bathroom tiles with the nice, soft Powder. I never get tired with Bon Ami . . . it's so easy.

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THE DICTATOR BUSINESS

By Isaac F. Marcosson

THE outstanding phenomenon of postwar Europe, after capitalization of economic issues for political purposes, has been the rise of dictatorships. There was a reason. Many countries lay prostrate amid the despair of defeat or the reaction after a stupendous effort that drained their vitality. Red poison, the invariable by-product of unrest, infected national systems. Inflation sent the temperature up. The Continent became a vast clinic.

The desperate disease needed a desperate remedy. It followed that in various cases old Doctor Dictator was called in, and he prescribed with a heavy hand. In every instance the patient recovered under ministrations which were more effective than ethical. Currencies became more or less stabilized. Industrial and agricultural output revived. Economic nationalism succeeded political chauvinism. Order and discipline had a rebirth. Nowhere, save in Russia, was such rigorous treatment imposed as on Italy, and with ample provocation. Sovietization, with its attendant social and fiscal dislocation, impended. The workers had seized the factories in all the important productive centers. Chaos loomed. In that darkest hour a strong man rose up and saved the day. The stern will of Mussolini, reënforced by the cohort of Black Shirts, imposed a régime that made for a historic rehabilitation. Dictatorship achieved its best.

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Mussolini Reviewing His Cohorts on the Seventh Anniversary of the March on Rome

Too Much Iron in the Iron Rule

WITH nations, as with individuals, one striking fundamental obtains. Power is always a dangerous instrumentality, because it works two ways. Italy has now experienced both extremes. Having been the beneficiary of one aspect, she is in a fair way to become a victim of the other. This does not imply any criticism of the advantages of strong rule. It merely indicates that its abuse may defeat its constructive value. Italy is a case in point.

This brings us to a second fundamental which exists with nations and individuals alike. If the iron hand is laid on a continuous prosperity, there is seldom any grievance. You rarely see a people complaining of a despotism, whether benevolent or otherwise, that fills the inner man. By the same token, practically every revolt against the existing order—our Colonial uprising against Britain is one of the shining exceptions—has sprung from an empty stomach.

The trouble with Italy is that escape from one hazard has meant exposure to another menace. The same forces that combined for political and economic discipline are mobilized for the undoing of the benefits. Putting it another way, hitherto the good that Fascism wrought outweighed the evil of its repressive program. Today the evil is beginning to redress the balance. Dictatoritis, as it may be called, has become a habit increasingly unpalatable to the great mass of the Italian people. The overthrow of Primo de Rivera in Spain shows that the iron dose cannot be permanently assimilated. It is a sign and a portent that may well be heeded.

Discontent

MANY straws indicate the direction from which the wind of Italian discontent is blowing. In December, hundreds of stevedores who had been on part time for months staged a demonstration at Genoa. Banners bearing the words, "Viva Mussolini, but we are hungry," were displayed. The only way that the protest could be put over was by linking it with Mussolini acclaim. Praise of the Duce has come to be the national anthem. The cost of living has soared. Unemployment is on the increase despite the government mandate practically forbidding industrialists to lay off workers regardless of the state of trade. Here you have an example of government interference with business that, perhaps, has helped to bring Italian industry to its present plight. Even Fascism, armor-clad though it is, cannot amend the law of demand and supply.

Much of the disruption is traceable to the stabilization of the lira at too high a price. Despite the advice of the best banking brains of the country, Mussolini, with a characteristic imperialistic gesture, decreed the figure at nineteen to the dollar, which was out of proportion to the exigencies of the situation. All experts agreed that the lira should have been anchored to stability with the French franc—its natural fiscal mate in the exchanges of the world—and at the same price—that is, twenty-five to the dollar. Instead, the will that has dominated every other activity had its way here, and with the result that industry, because of the high price of raw materials and inability to meet competition in world markets, has been increasingly handicapped. Italian motor cars—75 per cent of which must find an outlet in foreign lands—are being sold abroad at a loss. Revalorization of the lira would save the day, but again pride impedes the course of economic events.

Aggravating this sore spot is the ban on emigration on the one hand, and the consequences of the more-babies campaign on the other. Formerly the 500,000 new mouths to be fed each year were offset by the exodus of an almost equal number of emigrants. When our quota system set up the bars as far as we were concerned, the human tide overflowed to France and South America. Now emigration is rigidly censored and the population crisis is more acute than ever before. One reflex of it is in the slump of 30 per cent in immigrant remittances, which have always been a bulwark of the Italian balance sheet. Even business men with pressing missions abroad have difficulty in

obtaining passports. Congestion of people is equaled by the congestion of thought and action due to censorship and suppression.

In support of his policy of drastically restricted emigration, Mussolini said: "The time is past when new countries can be allowed to build themselves and old nations be allowed to revivify their decadent blood with the Italian vitality which is needed for domestic development."

There is a bigger significance in this procedure than dramatization of the Italy-for-the-Italians idea. It is part of the larger war complex which is evident wherever you turn in Italy. Mussolini wants Italy to be in shape for immediate mobilization. Every national economic campaign is in martial terms. You have the "battle of the wheat" and

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

The Duce Receiving the Fascist Salute From New Members of the Black Shirt Army

the "battle of the lira." To this has been added the slogan: "the struggle of the proletarian nation against the plutocratic powers," which shows a swing of Fascism from right to left.

Overriding the economic disorder is the complete consolidation of Fascist power. The reorganization of the party has made the Grand Council the supreme organ of national authority, supervising even the royal succession. The yes-yes election—a well-nigh incredible electoral satire—imposed a puppet parliament whose sole will is the will of the remarkable man who in seven years has achieved a national mastery unequaled in modern times.

Yet at the moment when Fascism has crushed out the last vestige of articulate protest, it begins to reap the usual harvest garnered by excess of power. Unuttered though it must remain for the present, there is no doubt that, for the first time since 1925, when Mussolini really intrenched himself, the undercurrent of dissatisfaction is becoming more than a symptom. If your ear is to the ground you cannot fail to hear it.

If what I have outlined were a matter that concerned only Italy or Italians, it would merely provide a phase of the general picture of European dictatorships and their consequences. It so happens, however, that the Mussolini ambition, or rather its latest ramifications, have a distinct concern for us, and for two definite reasons.

Extending the Influence of the Lictor's Rods

THE first is the clash with American nationalism through the impressment of some of our citizens for military service when they return to their native country on business or to see relations. Scores of naturalized American citizens of Italian birth, and their sons, born in the United States, all carrying American passports, have been seized and put into Italian uniforms against their will and despite the protest of our diplomatic authorities. One veteran of the American Army who rebelled at seizure—under an agreement with the Italian Government he was immune—is now serving a two-year sentence in a military prison.

In November last, the Italian Embassy at Washington announced that this practice has been stopped, but the only guaranty of immunity can lie in a treaty, which the Italian authorities refuse to negotiate. Their objection is that it would provide the precedent for a similar arrangement with France, where many thousands of Italians have settled. Mussolini's reason, as he once put it, was that he did not want "to make France a present of an army corps."

These seizures are linked with the complicated subject of dual nationality, which will be dealt with in detail in a subsequent article of this series. The issue is projected here to show how the militant march of Fascism has a definite interest for us. The impressment of American citizens is closely linked with the second serious impasse with the United States. This is the export of Fascism. As most readers may recall, the activities of the Fascist League of North America came under the spotlight toward the end of last year because of its policy of boycotting and intimidating Italians in the United States who opposed the Fascist idea. With nearly 100 branches and more than 10,000 members, the organization carried on an intensive propaganda. When it came officially to the attention of the State Department and a senatorial investigation impended, the league was disbanded.

A March of the Young Fascisti in Rome

Technically this is the case, but when you have observed the passion of Fascism at close range you realize that its frenzied fervor, and more especially its fanatical desire to propagate the faith, so to speak, cannot be stayed by the mere stroke of a pen. Every good Fascist regards every non-Fascist as lawful proselyting prey.

Fascist aggression in the United States is part of the larger movement to plant the Mussolini idea throughout the world and thus establish a Fascist Internationale. It is at work in Brazil, Argentina, Tunis, and elsewhere in precisely the same way it has operated in our confines. So widespread is the movement that a definite constitution has been devised to govern the organizations overseas. This illuminating paragraph appears in Article I:

"Foreign Fasci are the organizations of Italians residing abroad who have chosen obedience to the Duce and the law of Fascism as a rule to govern their private and civic life, and whose aim it is to gather the colonies of Italians living in foreign lands around the symbol of the lictor's rods."

The lictor's rods are the old Roman symbols of authority, discipline and power which appear, bound together and inclosing an ax, in the Fascist insignia.

The underlying idea, of course, is to bind the many Little Italies throughout the world to the Mother Italy at home. Mussolini feels that the 9,000,000 Italians abroad "must be protected" and maintain a "communion of spirit" with the fatherland.

The oath that every Fascist takes—it is printed in the membership card that he is required to carry—reads as follows:

"I swear to obey the orders of the Duce without question, and to serve the cause of the Fascist revolution with all my strength, and, if necessary, with my blood."

Since many Fascists in good standing are American citizens, you can readily see from this solemn obligation that their first duty is to the master Fascist of them all. No man can serve two countries. One devotion invariably suffers in the attempt.

On the Credit Side of Fascism

IN THIS propaganda effort the Italy of today is following almost exactly the policy of the imperialistic Germany of a vanished era. In the years preceding the World War, Germany built up colonies of loyal subjects in South America and other countries. Under the Delbrück Law they maintained their nationality in spite of citizenship in alien countries.

Hence Fascism, and especially its New World activity, which touches us so closely, to say nothing of its association with what may be the twilight hour of dictatorships everywhere, nominates itself as a subject for timely analysis. Because of this fresh evidence of the Mussolini ambition, I again went to Italy.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST was among the first of the sympathetic interpreters of the Fascist order. It felt—and the facts warranted it—that the benefits of a unique national advancement merited a friendly chronicling. Moreover, the Italian scene was dominated by the most virile, dramatic and compelling personality of these shifting times. The courage and versatility of the man not only colored the national picture but impressed his interviewers, myself included. In that masterful presence you then sensed a force charged with a patriotic purpose that was regalvanizing the Italian spirit and making for an era of disciplined effort.

Year after year, as I was able to observe at close range, a many-sided achievement presented itself for review. It ranged from purging the streets of beggars and the elimination of the once-dreaded Mafia, to the stimulation of production, the reorganization of governmental departments, the transfer of public utilities to private ownership, the conversion of the railway deficit into a profit, the checking of currency gambling, and the restoration of Italian prestige abroad. All this commendable performance was born of the original definition of Fascism, which was "work, coöperation, patriotism and civic discipline."

So it remained until ambition began to overreach itself. Mussolini has not been content to suppress constitutional government, to throttle the free electoral right and to make his will the supreme law of life. He has matched political autocracy with what is rapidly becoming an economic despotism. With the tightening of its tentacles, he exposes himself to a criticism that is justified by the present course of Italian events.

With a single illustration I can show how a one-time beneficent agency has been diverted from its original purpose. As most people know, Mussolini created the Corporative State. In Italy, the word "corporation" is not employed in the American sense. All organized bodies of capitalists, industrialists and workers, whether they labor with the hand or the brain, are termed corporations. It not only meant the revival of the medieval-guild idea but it also aimed at a settlement of the world-old struggle between capital and labor. Membership in the corporations and syndicates—the latter represent the workers—is mandatory. There were many compensations, not the least of which was the fact that to them alone was allocated the right of collective

bargaining. Under the Fascist Trade Union Law strikes have been outlawed and compulsory arbitration is enforced.

No Mussolini measure was so fraught with constructive possibilities. From a land of almost incessant strikes—labor dislocation took toll of 14,170,320 work days in agriculture and 16,398,237 work days in industry in 1920—Italy became a commonwealth of industrial peace. Between 1926 and the closing months of last year there was not a single ripple on the labor surface. Even the crisis of 1926, due to the appreciation of the lira when Italy went on war bread and a ten-hour day at reduced wages, did not disturb the integrity of the corporation institution, because the iron-handed interference with production had not asserted itself.

In the economic slump of 1929, the real Fascist hand showed in the corporation scheme of things. Article 9 of the Italian Labor Charter reads as follows:

"The intervention of the state in economic production occurs only when private initiative is lacking or is insufficient, or when the political interests of the state are involved."

This section served an admirable purpose so long as "intervention of the state" was employed to settle strikes, stimulate output when demand existed for it, and create the much-desired industrial harmony. But here, as elsewhere, the Fascist hand began to overplay itself. Those words "when the political interests of the state are involved" have a very broad construction.

Due to the drastic consequences of the high lira stabilization, all Italian exports are down. In view of this state of affairs, a large manufacturer of motor cars in Italy naturally decided to reduce its personnel and made arrangements to lay off 6000 men. It was what any other well-conducted productive concern would have done in the circumstances. The moment Mussolini heard of this contemplated step, he called a halt. In substance he said: "No employes may be laid off. The Corporative State—the symbol of Fascism—must maintain its prestige."

Girl Fascists Giving the Fascist Salute

Socialism Financed by Capitalism

IN THIS particular factory the work week had been fifty-four hours. It was decided that a forty-hour week should be substituted. Since not even forty hours of time were possible for each worker, the arrangement was made, under government pressure, that all employes who worked less than forty hours should receive pay for full time; the difference between the hours that they put in and the minimum to be regarded as a loan by the company and to be repaid when flush times return.

When I left Italy the entire force, with 6000 superfluous workers, was on the pay rolls. The employers have no redress. In that early Fascist day when Mussolini was first revealed as the black-shirted Saint George slaying the communist dragon, he proclaimed a capitalistic state. Every big employer took him at his word and flocked to his cause. Fascism loomed as the economic redeemer. Confusion was to be the fate of all radicals. Socialistic measures could have no place in the established order. Big business, therefore, provided the first financial sinews of Mussolini's régime.

When Mussolini, supersalesman that he is, had gathered industry to him, he began the socialistic swing, of which the motor-factory episode is only one indication. In a word, the capitalistic state is being submerged under a new movement which coddles the mass against the class. Now you can see why the Italian employer is impotent, why he has ceased to be master in his own house, and why he must take his medicine. He cannot get away from that first commitment made in the first flush of what was believed to be capitalism's new day.

The Corporative State not only makes for unsound interference with industry but has become a powerful political instrumentality as well. It is one of Fascism's best tools, for it nominated the Corporative Parliament, elected in the yes-yes election to which I have referred, and which will be explained later on.

No kindred present-day task is more difficult than a real appraisal of the Italian situation. In the first place you have the rabid, prejudiced hostility of the various professional anti-Fascist groups parked on the French Riviera and elsewhere outside the country. Their attitude is as misleading as is the blind fanaticism of the Fascists and their emissaries at home and abroad. One can see no good and the other can visualize no evil.

Secondly, no Italian in Italy dares to speak his mind. The muzzle of press censorship precludes any printed word save praise of Mussolini. Hence every publication, as well as every school and university—the iron hand is laid upon them too—is a propaganda institution. What public opinion exists is more a matter of emotion than conviction. Ask an Italian in Rome, Milan or Genoa what he thinks of the trend of affairs. If he has more courage than most of his fellow subjects he will say: "When I see you in the free city of Paris, I may be able to talk." Secret-service spies swarm everywhere. They are planted in hotels, private houses, on trams and in the streets.

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Peasants From Southern Italy in the Parade in Honor of the Royal Wedding at Rome

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Part of the Umbrian Section in the Peasants' Parade During the Royal Wedding Week

Even the walls have those proverbial ears and the streets are similarly equipped. An illustration of Fascist espionage was brought to my attention in Rome. A group of stockbrokers were taking a constitutional in front of a bourse in the capital at lunchtime. Referring to the current quotations of the Lictor Loan—the Consolidated National Debt—one of them said: "The present price is too high; they must come down." A second advised against investment in this loan, remarking that since it had once been re-funded at a lower rate of interest, the same thing might happen again, and that in any case the security did not mature until 1936. A third questioned the veracity of the official financial statements put out by the government, while the fourth gave it as his opinion that Turati, Secretary-General of the Fascist Party, had lost the confidence of his chief and might be expected to resign.

Stern Justice for Heretics

THESE men did not observe three secret-service agents who were mingling in the noonday crowd about them. Within an hour all four offenders were under arrest, charged with making subversive statements which were "alarmist" in character and "detrimental to the financial welfare of the country." One of the brokers happened to be seventy years of age and was dismissed with a stern rebuke. The others were given prison sentences ranging from six to ten months. The day after these sentences were announced

(Continued on Page 54)

KING O'MEARA AND QUEEN GUINEVERE

By DON MARQUIS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Ye Love Me, King Redhead?" She Says. An O'Meara Niver Stoops to Perjury, and Tim, He Was Like the Rest of Our Family

MR. TIMOTHY O'MEARA and his son Terence were sitting in the living room of the O'Meara household, quietly reading their papers and smoking their after-dinner pipes, when the quiet was suddenly broken by the elder O'Meara himself.

He rose from his chair, flung his paper to the floor and ground it passionately beneath his heel.

"Liars!" he cried vehemently, dancing upon the offending journal. "Liars!"

"What's the matter, dad?" asked his son. He was used to his father's explosions, and, in a way, enjoyed them. Experience had shown him that they were usually caused by something that his father considered to be an aspersion upon the name and fame of Ireland. For in common with many other Americans of Irish descent, all that was romantic and poetic in the nature of Mr. O'Meara was twined about the legends of the green island, and now and then, if craftily irritated, he would upon the spur of the moment invent a legend himself—and always a legend in which one of his own ancestors had played the most important part. He was a Brooklyn building contractor, elderly and prosperous, but beneath his commonplace exterior were thoughts and fancies far from commonplace.

"Who's been saying something against Ireland now?" persisted Terence as the old gentleman continued to dance upon the newspaper, his bald head flushing with anger and the exercise.

"'Tis this!" Mr. O'Meara smoothed out the rags to which he had been reducing the sheet and read the sentence from one of the editorials which had enraged him.

"King Arthur," the editorial writer had written, "has long been accepted as the perfect type of the English gentleman. . . ."

There was more of it, but Mr. O'Meara choked and could not go on. His son took the paper and pretended to be puzzled at his rage; for he saw that it was one of those times when the old man might be goaded into wild narration.

"But isn't that true, dad?" asked Terence innocently.

"Shame upon you!" cried the father when he could once more command his voice. "Shame for your terrible ignorance!" His eyes were a trifle bloodshot, and for a moment he seemed to contemplate physical assault.

"English!" he snorted. "English gentleman!"

"But ——" Terence began.

"Kape silence!" ordered his father. "If ye have nothing better to say than 'but' to an outrageous insult of that nature, ye can at least be holding your tongue!"

He glared balefully at the young man, and then turned his face from him, as if Terence were beneath his contempt. Terence waited, confident now that the mine had been sprung, and presently Mr. O'Meara began:

If ye were not uneducated, misinformed, willfully ignorant, and a born dolt into the bargain—Mr. O'Meara said to his son—ye would know that the great warrior miscalled King Arthur was no more English than Finn McCool himsilf.

If ye had anny training or intilligince, or but the slightest knowledge of the history of nations, the ethnology of mankind, or the etymology of languages, ye might also be aware that his true and rightful name was not King Arthur at all, but King Arty M'Carty.

And if ye was possissed of anny riverince for your own ancestry, or had the ability to remimber the great deeds of great men, ye would recall that wan of our ancestors was a frind of King Arty M'Carty, a knight of the famous Round Table, and the hero of a thousand glorious exploits, known, noted and renowned. Timothy O'Meara was his name; the same as me own.

English! King Arty English! British ye might say, and I would not be quarreling with ye. But English! For if King Arty M'Carty had but had his way of it, there niver would have been such a thing as an English nation settled in the land of Britain. 'Twas the main work and anxiety of his life to kape thim Angles and Saxons from coming into the island that he ruled, heathen bulcheens that they was, and 'twas only afther he died that the murthering Sassenach established thimsilves in that unfortunate counthry.

Ireland hersilf was very fortunate at that time, for an O'Meara was High King of all Ireland—Timothy O'Meara he was, the same name as mesilf, who am descinded from him. The King of Leinster and the King of Munster, the King of Connacht and the King of Ulster—all thim ordinary underling kings—used to come and bow thimsilves down before The O'Meara, who was over thim all.

Wan day King Timothy was sitting on his throne in the great hall at Tara, and his court was around him—the princes and the jukes and the warriors, the cup bearer and the magicians and the Sinischal, and the soothsayers and the minstrels and the attindants—and the crown was weighing weary on his red head, and he didn't know what was the trouble with himsilf at all, at all, ixcipt he was tired of iverything.

"Sinischal," says King Timothy, yawning, "is there anny news annywheres in the world wide?"

"The King of Connacht and the King of Ulster do be having a little dispute at the Black Pig's Dike, Your Majesty," says the Sinischal, "and 'tis thim two kingdoms is filled with widows and wakes this day."

"That's no news," says King Timothy O'Meara; "that's merely a habit. Annything ilse?"

"The King of Leinster and the King of Munster are afther sending ambassadors with their daughters," says the

Sinischal, "and they're in the anteroom now, wondering if ye'd have time to look the girls over today, in case ye was contimplating matrimoney or annything."

"Spake thim fair and send thim home politely, with the proper presents," says The O'Meara. "Whin I marry, 'tis mesilf will be doing me own picking and choosing."

Little he knew of the fate was in store for him, or he would not have said that.

The greatest warrior, the greatest singer and the wisest prince in the world was King Timothy O'Meara, though he was but twinty-five years old. But with regards to women he was wan of thim unfortunate divils that can't look at a woman or spake a single kind word to her without changing the whole outlook of her imagination.

"Annything ilse, Sinischal?" he says.

"Thim Picts over in Scotland has been making something lately they call usquebaugh," says the Sinischal; "and 'tis so potent in its effects it grows hair on their legs and they don't have to spend anny money for trousers."

"Thim Picts niver spent anny money annyhow," says King Timothy, "and they niver wore anny trousers. As for this usquebaugh, I've tried it, and 'tis milk and wather by the side of our own potcheen."

"Well, thin, Your Majesty," says the Sinischal, scratching his head, "Rome's been invaded agin."

"Who by, this time?"

"By barbarians," says the Sinischal.

"Such as?" says the King.

"Bohunks and Pollocks," says the Sinischal, "or some kind of Dutchlike furriners. The Eyetalians be moving all their troops out of Gaul and Britain to fight thim back."

"Rome's used to it," says King Timothy. "Thim invaders will be spaking Eyetalian and shouting thimsilves hoarse for some Dutchman they call Cæsar inside of a year. Is there anny news as promises action in anny of the enlightened or civilized portions of the world wide?"

There was but wan people in thim days over the counthries that is now calling thimsilves France and the Nitherlands and England and Ireland and Scotland. Ye could call thim Celts, or Britons, or Gaels, or Gauls, but the facts is they was all Irish. There was spots in Gaul and Britain was diluted by Eyetalians, for thim Roman imperors was always making alarums and ixcursions, but Ireland hersilf, praise God, was still uncontaminated by furriners.

"I am all but forgetting, King Timothy," says the Sinischal, fumbling in his duds. "Here's a letther comes this day from the King of Britain, the son of King Arty Pendragon."

"Do ye mean The M'Carty?"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"Give him the name that's his own, thin," says The O'Meara, "and hand me King Arty M'Carty's letther. The letter says:

"'*Dear King O'Meara:* Ye may be surprised entirely getting a letter from wan is quite unbeknownst to yoursilf, ixcipt possibly by riputation. And so as ye will not have to break the thread of this discoorse by looking at the end of this epistle, I will tell ye at wance 'tis King Arty of Britain, the son of Arty Pendragon, is taking up the time of a busy man and monarch—or, as ye would be saying in Erin, God bless her, the epistle is from King Arty M'Carty. Britain's in the divil of a mess, O'Meara, and if there isn't something done about it, this whole siction of the Irish race is going to be wiped out. It's thim Sassenach from over the northern seas has got in agin, and they do be plundering and murthering along the shores of me dominions.

"'For the simple truth is we dipinded too much on thim Eyetalians from Rome to kape out the heathen. 'Tis not that I lack fighting men. Knights and warriors I have in the greatest abundance. But 'tis strategy we have need of. And 'tis Ireland and the O'Meara family has always the best strategy in the world wide. Could ye spare me but wan of your wise ginerals, Timothy? Ye just let me be calling ye Timothy, for as a brother king and a brother Irishman 'tis always Timothy that I call ye in me thoughts. Wan of your sicond-best ginerals would be plinty good enough for us. KING ARTY M'CARTY.

"'P.S. Could ye make it convenient to come over yourself, O'Meara? I'm low in me mind, and there's something ilse I'd like to be talking over confidential with a king and an aquel. 'Tis a domistic matther, Timothy, and there's no wan in Britain I could be talking it over with, for I have no aquel here. 'Tis a point of me honor and me dignity, Timothy, that I should spake of it to no lesser person than mesilf—but you, O'Meara, are me superior in rank and fame before the eyes of the world. 'Tis wan of thim palace mixups, Timothy, is more trouble than anny war, and a great deal less enjoyable. The Quane's in it, but 'twould be nayther safe nor honorable to be saying more than this in a letther, more especial as I mesilf am not supposed to know annything about the matther at all. There's a lad by the name of Lancelot in it too. Could ye come soon, Timothy? I need a king to talk to; I'm low in me mind.

"'ARTY.'

"Poor divil," says The O'Meara; "I'll go! But what's this scandal he's hinting at so confidential?"

"The world's long been knowing it," says the Sinischal; "the only news is that The M'Carty's got wise to it himsilf. This Lancelot he spakes of is a divil with a sword and a spear, and 'tis the story that he has the most complete admiration for Quane Guinevere. He's got thim big brownish-purple eyes the Romans has scattered all over the outlying depindencies of Ireland—wan of thim Irish-Eyetalians from Gaul, he is, Your Majesty."

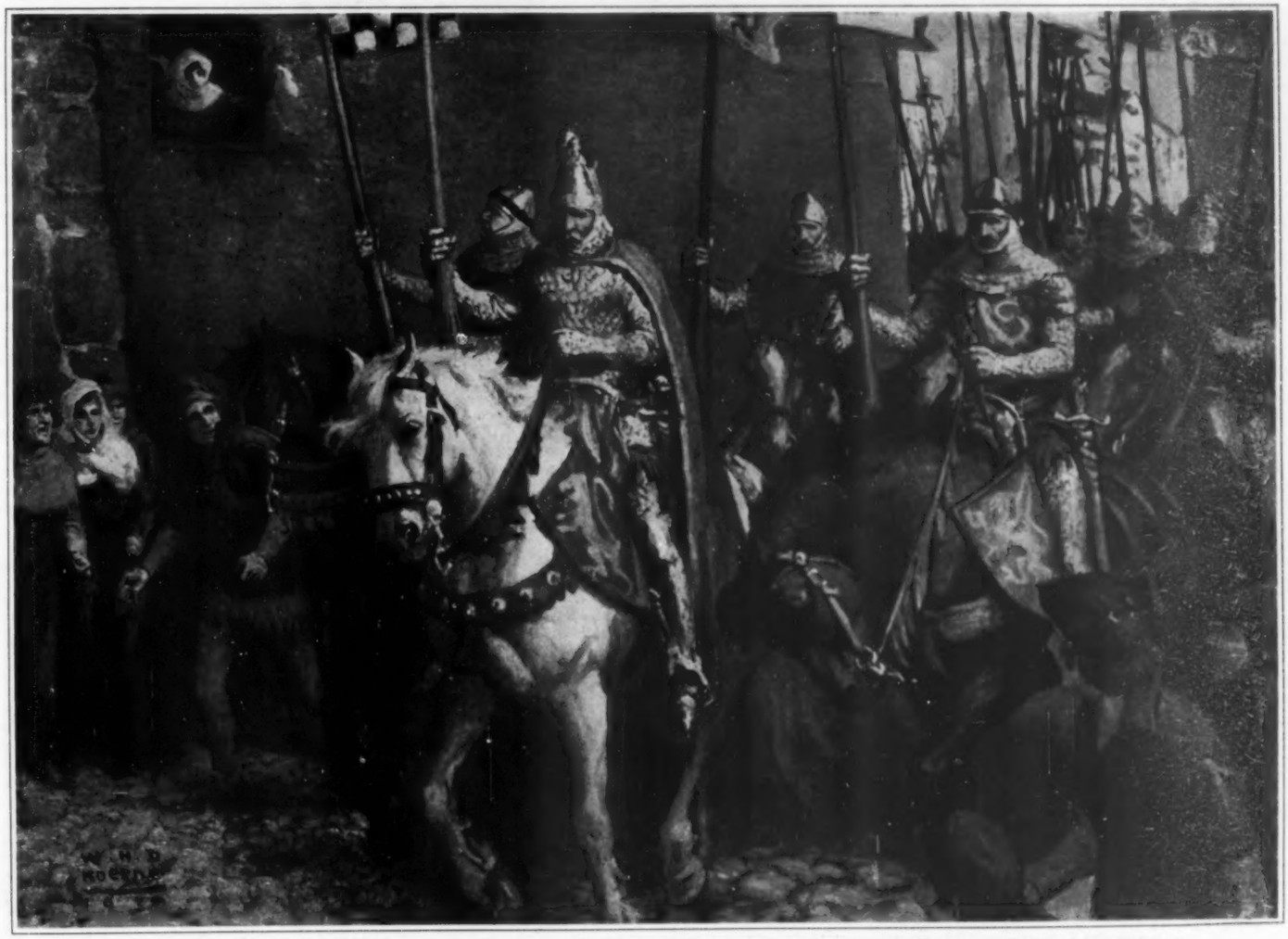
"I'm not certain I'll like him," says King Timothy. "Does the Quane like him, and to what ixtint?"

"'Twas a part of me early training as a courtier," says the Sinischal, "not to hand on anny gossip about anny quanes annywhere."

"'Tis that bad, is it?" says King O'Meara. "Poor Arty M'Carty! Me and that Quane Guinevere is not going to get along anny too well, neither."

'Twas little he knew what he was talking about whin he made that ignorant utterance.

(Continued on Page 146)



So Thim Round Tablers Gathered Near; for Three Days He Learnt Thim Strategy Like That, and on the Fourth They Set Out for the Front

THE DANDY MAN

By Norman Reilly Raine

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

A PAIR of boots, hurled from above, whizzed past the steward's head and landed in the starboard alleyway, as he rattled up the saloon companion.

An enormous voice bellowed again, "Steward! Steward!"

"Coming, sir!"

The steward halted briefly outside the Old Man's cabin to give further missiles a clear field, then ducked inside. Capt. Peter Trumpet stood before his mirror, wrestling with an obdurate collar. As the steward entered, he turned, a hard, dapper, mahogany-tinted little man, tough as an old lanyard knot. His frosty blue eyes snapped with rage.

"Where the hell you been? Scrimshanking around the galley again?" he roared. "Here, lay your weight on this billy-be-damned collar. . . . Ah! That's it! . . . Now, get away below and put a shine on them boots, and if ye ever bring 'em up again like that, I'll ——"

The steward snatched the almost immaculate boots and retired precipitately below. Captain Trumpet blew a vast breath through his lips and turned again to his toilet. Meticulously he folded and tied a neat, polka-dot cravat, and donned his natty blue shore-going jacket, the latter pinched in a bit at the waist to give the proper youthful line. With a soft brush he drew his scanty hair over the shiny spot on his dome—which, he always was careful to explain, was a result of wearing too tight headgear in the tropics—and surveyed the effect with care. A touch here and a pat there, and then the steward reappeared with the offending boots. The captain grunted, kicked off his red morocco slippers and donned them. He bent the back tabs down and lashed them in place with two round turns of the laces about the ankles, stood up and stamped his feet. A jaunty silk handkerchief of gay design in his breast pocket completed his array. He took his pocketbook and some silver from his gray suit on the settee, where he methodically had folded it, and adjusted his hat to just the correctly rakish angle. The steward handed him his cane and an attaché case, and stood by the door to bow him out. Capt. Peter Trumpet was ready to go ashore.

"We've Toyed With You and Your Crowd Long Enough! We Gave You a Run Before, Because it Amused Us. You Have One Ship Left, Eh?"

As he lifted his foot over the coaming he met the steward's respectfully inquiring gaze.

"Well?" he snapped.

The steward discharged his faithful ritual without a smile.

"Beg pardon, sir; if anyone—ladies, p'raps—comes aboard and arsks ——"

Captain Trumpet's diminutive chest swelled. "Tell 'em, with my compliments, that I shall not be back tonight."

"Werry good, sir."

The Old Man stepped out on deck into the full Australian sunshine. The S. S. Arapahua was discharging a somewhat scanty cargo of island fruit alongside the wharf, winches clattering and slings rising and dropping in a haze of golden dust. Captain Trumpet surveyed the gangs working the after hatches; then he walked forward. Mr. Mackay, the chief officer, and the young third mate hung over the rail of the waist overlooking the forward well deck, having a yarn, while the third mate checked cargo with a small totalizer. The master's sharp eyes went beyond them to the shadows under the forecastle head. He roared suddenly, in a tone that made them jump:

"Mr. Mackay, there's two o' the hands catchin' the bird under the foc'sle head. Kick 'em out of it and rozin 'em up! We'll have no bricklayers' clerks aboard o' this ship. . . . And there's a broached crate in yon sling there, Mr. Fitzgerald, that I don't believe ye've noticed. Best tend your job, instead o' standing there spinning cuffers!"

He passed back along the deck, noting this, checking that, having a sharp word with the chief stevedore. Nothing escaped him. He heaved an old newspaper over the side, set a hand to scraping up a spot of red lead on the deck, and told off the chief for allowing the black gang to litter up the fiddley. Then, coming to the head of the gangway, he smoothed his tie, reset his hat, and stepped briskly down.

Young Mr. Fitzgerald had a dekko around a corner of the house, and watched as his dapper commander walked along the wharf, halted for a moment at the bows to note the vessel's draft, then continued on toward the town.

"There he goes, the little louse," he commented bitterly to the mate. "Plays hell on board, then ships his shore face, hangs his hat on nine hairs, and away he goes, cocking his chest like a half-pay admiral! Well, we're shut of him for a while, Lord be praised."

The mate scratched his jaw. He said, thoughtfully, "I wouldn't say too much if I was you, Mr. Fitzgerald. From what I hear, we may be shut of him for good, and there's lots worse than him afloat."

"You mean he's getting command of the new vessel?"

Instead of replying the mate puffed stolidly at his pipe. He turned, finally, and jabbed the stem shoreward.

"He ought to get it. There's nobody else has earned it like him. Know how old he is?"

"Around seventy, isn't he?"

"He's seventy-nine, though you'd never guess it. Yon wee man fancies himself a bit, but then, mebbe he has reason. He was brought up on belayin'-pin soup, and teethed on a ringbolt; and although he's only as big as a minute, he fought his way from foc'sle to cabin in the days when the bucko mates o' the old wind ships cracked a man's skull first and asked him what was his complaint afterward. He's been sixty-seven years at sea, and a master in steam for forty. Don't ye forget that!"

"But things are different today, and he ——"

"He's an old dog, and all his tricks is old ones. And it's something to have a master that's different from the bridge ornaments what goes to sea these days. He's the same cocky, conceited little sprat he was when I first sailed under him, fifteen year ago; sharp wi' his tongue; quick wi' his fists, too, if need be. He goes ashore to play the gentleman in a dress suit and a gaff-tops'l hat, whenever he has an excuse, but he's known in every foc'sle afloat for more than a tailor's dummy. What do they call him, from John o' Groat's to the Golden Gate? The Dandy Man. And he's a seaman, even if he does get scented letters and bunches o' posies from the ladies at every port we put into!"

"Rats! He sends those letters and flowers to himself, the little peacock. The steward saw the bills from the florists' and he told me."

The mate growled. "Mebbe so. A man's entitled to his peculiarities. And the steward 'd best keep a still tongue in his head, 'stead o' waggin' it around his betters." He flexed his arms and yawned. "Anyway, I'm wishin' the old Dandy Man luck when he fetches up against the owner today."

The Dandy Man was doing a bit of hoping along that line on his own account, as he walked along the docks in the bright sunlight, carrying his trig little attaché case with "S. S. Arapahua" stamped in small gold letters on its side. The company was putting a new, fast refrigerating ship on the run—absolutely the latest thing from Clydeside—and he had worked long and hard for the company. He was senior captain in the line, and he knew who would get the plum. The thought quickened his step as he threaded across the busy wharves. Around him was the familiar bustle of a great seaport; lascar seamen in gay sarongs; tow-headed, barefoot Nordics from a big Swedish bark; lean, careless-eyed a. b.'s from an American wool carrier; hard-jawed, swaggering Liverpool stokers;

rattle of winches, hiss of steam, clatter of drays across the cobbles. Over the roofs of the freight sheds a forest of masts and funnels and rigging traced a fresco of romance against drifting clouds and deep blue sky, and a strong salt wind blew in from the sea.

The Dandy Man halted for a minute to watch a Dutch East Indiaman discharging her aromatic cargo. Farther along, taking in stores for her long run to London River, was the smart black-and-brown bulk of a giant P. and O. Across the slip coolies played fan-tan on the foc'sle head of a dirty China trader, her decks crowded with rubbish, fowl and pigs. Ferries came and went from the Circular Quay, and a dingy, pot-bellied ocean tramp, her rusty sides patched with red lead, and her crew hanging idly over the side, added her deep blare to the harbor symphony as she threshed her way to a dock. The light, color and movement of sea-borne commerce! The Dandy Man loved it, and the scene before him was only one bright mosaic in the eventful pattern of his life.

He turned off into the city and entered an office building. On the fourth floor, black letters on a glass door announced: MAORI LINE STEAMSHIPS, LTD. He shot his cuffs, then stepped smartly inside. A pleasant-faced girl approached the rail. Automatically, the Dandy Man smoothed his hair as he removed his headgear. The girl smiled.

"Mr. Constable is busy for a few minutes, captain. Will you wait?"

Captain Trumpet sat down, and as he passed his hat brim through his knuckly brown fingers his eyes roved about the familiar walls. In a framed series of pictures along the walls, of the company's ships, past and present, was the panorama of a half century of his own life. There was the old Minute Man, his first command in the company, under full sail, and cleaving a squadron of dense blue curlicue waves that advanced with mathematical precision and distance from a black squall cloud. How well he knew the lovely lines and tapering spars of the famous windbag. She had made some spectacular runs on the Big Triangle route in the ten years that he had paced her poop as master, before taking over the Malabar. There was the dirty old Malabar, next to her—a smoke-puking monstrosity of sail and steam, with the Tasmanian coast for a background. She was a packet that had given finical Peter Trumpet some heartaches before he was given another step up! A steamer this time—the Dandy Man's farewell to sail. From then on it was all steam; and here, at the end of the line of pictures, was his present command, the Arapahua, as she had looked during her trials; blue hull, red boot topping, glistening white houses, and the company's insignia—a palm tree inclosed in a circle of rope—on her tall, salmon-pink funnel. She was a smart ship then; she was a smart ship still, under his vigilant eyes. Fifty years of ships in one company—forty of them in command—and there, at the end of the line, was space for a picture of the latest addition to the fleet. He had heard what she was like, and his heart leaped. Why, he was not old! That is ——

The girl at his elbow was amused at his abstraction. She repeated: "Mr. Constable will see you now, captain."

The Dandy Man stepped across the room more spryly than his joints relished, and onto the thick blue pile that carpeted the private office of the senior owner. There was old John Constable, round red face, heavy jowls, formidable jaw and shrewdly kind eyes; old New England shipbuilding stock transplanted to the Antipodes. He got up as the Dandy Man entered.

"Hello, Peter!" he boomed, and came forward to shake hands. "Sit down and have a smoke."

"Thank ye, John."

Captain Trumpet seated himself, and placed his hat and stick carefully beside his chair, and his attaché case on the desk. As he made room for the latter, some documents became misplaced, and he saw, peeping from among them, a proof photograph of a big new steamer. Unable longer to control his anticipation, he said:

"What was it ye wanted me to see ye about, John—the new vessel?"

"Partly, Peter, yes."

With the privileged familiarity of long friendship, Captain Trumpet picked up the photograph.

"Is this her?"

"Yes," said John Constable without enthusiasm, "that's her."

"What's she to be called?"

"Phœnix—and a good name for her too!"

The Dandy Man stared, astounded at the other's bitterness. "Phœn ——"

"Aye—hope arising from the ashes." Abruptly Constable brought his fist down on the desk. "Peter, this company is in a jam. The Inter-Ocean crowd is running us ragged. Know what we're up against, eh?"

"I know something, naturally; their ships trying to cut into our trade ——"

"Not 'trying to'; doing it! Listen: we developed this business of running island fruit to Australia in refrigerating steamers, and we have had a monopoly of it for a good many years, as you know, for you helped to build it. We've played fair with the planters in the islands and with the fruit importers and wholesalers here in Sydney and in Melbourne. Then, three months ago, this Inter-Ocean Steamship Company, an offshoot of the International Commercial Combine, which is run by a lot of sharks with millions of money behind 'em, saw what a nice little thing our trade was and horned in. To them it's just a side issue; with us it means years of honest trading washed out."

"But your carrying contracts. John, I warned ye ——"

"I know you did, Peter, but I thought I knew better. We developed the trade on a basis of friendship with the growers, and I thought contracts were not necessary; and as we were the only company operating there, I did not worry. Competition generally is healthy—but not here, for there's not a living for two companies in the trade. The Inter-Ocean crowd knows that, and figures to crowd us out." His bulldog jaw clamped. "And I'm just cussed enough to fight like blue hell for the business that we've created. And in that fight, Peter, every personal consideration must go by the board!"

The Dandy Man bristled upright, his cold blue eyes snapping battle.

"A fight, is it? Fine! We'll show them sod busters a thing or two. And the growers'll be with us!"

Constable shook his head.

"Peter, when you went into Ratahiva this voyage you came away with only about one-half the usual consignment. Why?"

(Continued on Page 64)

How Well He Knew the Lovely Lines and Tapering Spars of the Famous Windbag. She Had Made Some Spectacular Runs on the Big Triangle Route in the Ten Years That He Had Paced Her Poop as Master

THE MIGRATORY EXECUTIVE

By William Allen White

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

A NEW thing in the world is the migratory executive. Migratory labor was old when Abraham drove his herds out of the land of Ur. But the executive, the administrator, the man with initiative and organizing talent was supposed to set his roots in the soil. We Western people in Europe and America have developed executive talent and distributed it throughout all strata of our population to a degree unknown in any other age or clime. Possibly the free schools and free state universities in America have helped. But at any rate, executive talent is so common in the United States that it now seems to be growing with its roots in the air, blowing from place to place. When Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, was engaged in flood relief in the South, he sent out something like a hundred telegrams one day to men whose names were furnished rather hit-or-miss and helter-skelter in a hundred towns, asking these men to take charge of local relief. Their job required a rather highly organized executive capacity to do half a dozen kinds of difficult technical things, calling for tact, energy, purpose, and that combination of the lot known as horse sense. Only two out of the hundred names suggested at random failed on the job; just that high is our per cent of executive talent in America.

And now executive talent is on the wing. Vast mergers of capital require, in every community where this capital fastens its tentacles, a trained local executive. These mergers of capital are constantly moving the good executives into better places and the better executives into the best places. These migratory executives are in charge of chain stores selling goods, or amalgamated industries making goods, operating in little towns and big towns. We find in the moving process an evolutionary progression from the simpler to the more complex organization. The migratory executive, roaming up and down these commercial and industrial organizations, has a range as wide as the hobo, and has as few roots in the soil. Today the manager of a chain store may be in Oskaloosa, Iowa. Tomorrow he may be in Bellingham, Washington. Next year he may be in Daytona Beach, Florida; the year following, in New Haven, Connecticut. Always he is gypsy. And this gypsy habit of the American executive is doing something important to American life. It is all a part of the industrial revolution which is changing the Western world, from Persia to Puget Sound.

Stated in terms of making and distributing chattels—that is to say, food, building material, clothing, comforts and superluxuries—this industrial revolution has been achieved by mass production, quick turnover, relatively small unit profits on an 8 per cent investment. But that statement is merely a blue print of the revolution. The thing that is happening to the people, particularly to the American people, is a fundamental change in their social organization, in their habits of thought and in their way of living. To illustrate which, let us take a concrete case—the case of George Newman, of Emporia, Kansas, U. S. A., whose life furnishes the contrast to the executive of the new order.

The Caliph of Emporia

GEORGE NEWMAN, a Maine Yankee, came West sixty years ago, a young man, and established a meager little dry-goods store. He had farmed it and clerked it and worked at half a dozen things, saving his money as he went into his middle twenties. Then, scraping his savings together, he bought the stock of his first little store in Emporia, Kansas. He was a born merchant. His shelves filled out. He hired a clerk. He moved to a larger building, crowding his competitors aside, took on two clerks, and in twenty years was the leading merchant of the town. He went to Chicago and New York twice a year to buy his stock. He knew dry goods and clothing, hats and caps, boots and shoes, and bought shrewdly and with a pride in his bargains. His store reflected his own Yankee talent. He studied his community, and the Newman store became known far and wide as a place where you could get goods of a superior quality for something better than a reasonable price. As he went into his late thirties he became more and more the prominent citizen. He was a director of a growing bank and then its president. But always he was a merchant, with a pride in the character of his store.

In his forties, before men started any town project they talked it over with George Newman, whether it was the county fair, the new street railway, the improvement of the city park, street paving, the election of McKinley, the new Sunday-school room in the old church, the new brick yard or the city library. The school board consulted him before it planned new buildings. As merchant and banker he knew every man's worth in the country forty miles around Emporia. He knew how times were and had a right to speak for his town and countryside. Bank president, treasurer of the Fair Association, trustee of the church, director of the library, the confidant of mayors, judges, senators, and indeed the creator of local statesmen, George Newman, who in his late forties began to be called "Old George" in affectionate regard, was more than a mere prominent citizen who sits on platforms at public meetings and sponsors movements. He was the caliph of the village. In many ways he was Emporia incarnate, the executive bred in the town, bone of its bone, blood of its blood, sinew of its sinew. He developed his own kind of talent in a score of young men in the store, in the bank, on his farms, wherever his influence touched the town. He would have been worthless in the next town, lost in the city, though in any crisis he could have served with his talent in a larger field, but with a certain loss withal to himself and his community. His business habits had grown out of the needs and into the aspirations of one particular community.

Now George Newman typified in the nineteenth century the American executive, whether he was in banking, industry, merchandising, law, medicine, teaching, preaching or farming—a man rising out of his environment, growing strong by the impregnation of local tradition, native habit and the urge for community growth that was moving in a young nation like yeast in the dough. Now this American executive, who was always rooted either in a locality or in his vocation, added richness to the life about him, made it somewhat of his own caste and color, built himself like a coral into the rock of the America that was rising to this new, strange phase of life that we see today, this America transformed by mass production.

In Emporia, and in every other American town, from the smallest cross-road village to the great metropolis, communal life has enjoyed a metamorphosis. First of all, more people throng the streets, doing more business, buying more goods, flaunting more luxuries, and some way saving more money than their fathers knew. This has changed the outer aspect of the towns and cities of America. Down the long street, with its two or three branching side streets, in the business section of the town, where George Newman walked for fifty years, its guide, philosopher and friend, not a dozen merchants today own their own stores entirely and independently of some exterior buying or merchandising corporation. That, of course, everyone knows. What one does not realize is that in these stores, merged into great national trading corporations, the managers, or men in charge, who have the right to hire and fire, have lived in the town on an average of less than five years. They will live in no town more than five years in all their lives if they succeed. They are not learning merchandising as George Newman learned it in relation to one community. They are learning merchandising in standardized units of say one thousand, ten thousand, fifty thousand, a hundred thousand, one million. They are not studying the needs and wants of a peculiar community. For the peculiar community is passing. The new executive with the wandering foot is studying the needs and wants of people who may be called X in definite numerical chunks. Customers are tendencies wearing false faces, not persons.

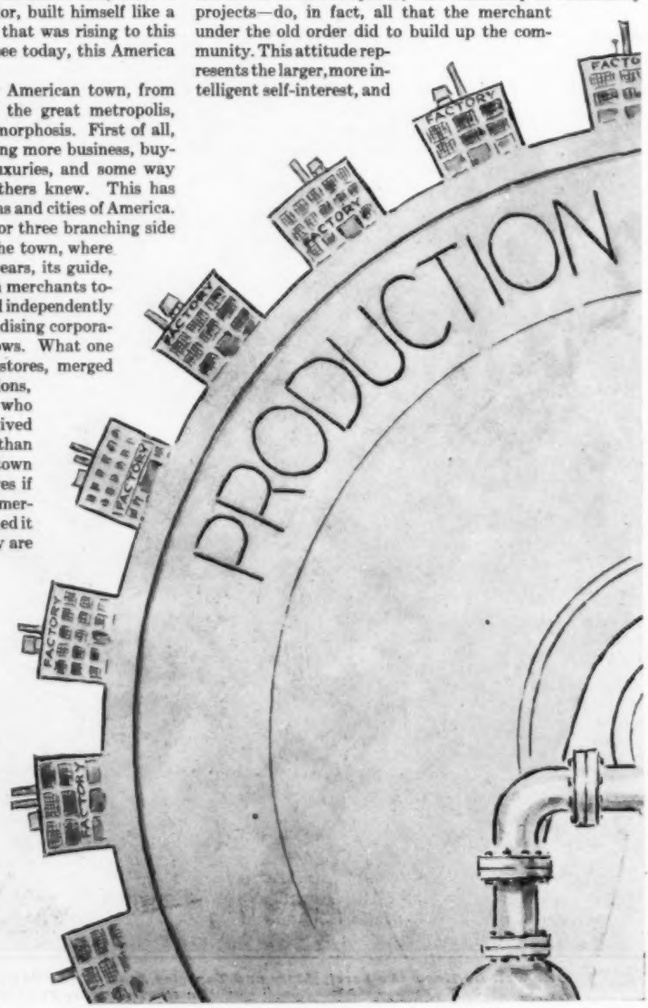
This is not a complaint. It is an attempt to describe a new thing. Probably the new thing is better than the old. Certainly it represents some deep intention of the American people. It is here to stay—for a while, at least. But this constantly moving procession of merchants and industrial managers, upward and downward, in promotion or demotion, through American villages, towns and cities, has taken from industry and merchandising a social leadership that once was an ornament to every community and a contribution to our national life.

The prominent citizen, the platform sitter, the leader of causes, the benevolent despot in our community organization persists. But he comes from other walks of life than industry and commerce. He comes from the professions, from local capitalists, from politics. He is no longer typically in trade.

With Their Eyes on the Next Town

THE new manager of the store or factory arrives in a community and his wife joins the country club. Possibly they join a church, but not typically. The manager and family drop easily and naturally into the bridge circle of their Dun and Bradstreet rating. But the sad thing is that they sit on the edge of their chairs, with their eyes on the next larger town before them. They work hard, effectively and sometimes rather ruthlessly to get results. They get results. They speed up the works, double the turnover, cut down expenses, preach tact, commercial kindness, thrift, industry, purpose, personality. They even add zest, charm and a bustling quality to the community. They liven up the chamber of commerce, sing their heads off in Rotary, and go to their just reward in the next town ahead, while their places are filled with eager-faced men and women from the next town below. So the procession moves.

Of course there are exceptions. Certain chain-store owners require specifically their local managers to become town fixtures. Local managers under one of the most successful of the store chains must own their homes, contribute to town enterprises, take leadership in community projects—do, in fact, all that the merchant under the old order did to build up the community. This attitude represents the larger, more intelligent self-interest, and



curiously enough, this intelligent self-interest is paying dividends to the owners. For wherever the chain-store manager plants his roots, buys his home, rents his pew, captains his drive team and begins working for the town, there profits come, there customers begin to assume permanent status, as they did under the old storekeeper who grew up with his community. Of course the new chain-store manager of the highest type does not move into the old, slightly shabby, aristocratic neighborhood. He lives out in the bright new development.

Of old, which means for the last four or five hundred years, as our merchant princes and captains of industry have waxed rich and strong, they have built houses which displayed their wealth and power and added to the beauty and dignity of the town. Speaking generally, these great houses descended from generation to generation. The neighborhood in which these homes stood sometimes for thirty, sometimes for fifty, not infrequently for a hundred years or more, was distinguished as the habitat of the ruling class. It displayed good architecture as American architecture goes. Again speaking generally, these houses contained from eight to a dozen rooms, required from two to five servants, and in them was developed a culture of sorts from which sprang men and women who took leadership in America; a pretty good sort of upper-middle-class folks; a bit class-conscious perhaps, conservative to a fault, but strong because they were permanent. These old administrators were impregnated with a sense of duty—communal duty—a sense which followed them wherever they went. And they generally made not more than one or two moves in a lifetime. But they were root spreaders, these people who came out of these large white-pillared, porched and parked houses, amid wide lawns under elms and evergreens.

Cliff Dwellers Throughout the Country

WITH what a wink of derision the magician of these gold-plated decades has turned those stately homes of the Samurai into boarding houses, fraternity chapter houses, beauty parlors, funeral palaces, tea rooms, antiquers' and decorators' shops, or has swept them away in a twinkling of an eye to plant there filling stations, motor-car showrooms, moving-picture houses, Hamburger joints and neighborhood chain grocery stores, chain drug stores and chain markets. These chain stores are often all varnished and bedizened. They are links in a national system. The new manager of the big chain store down in the thick of the town lives in the smart apartment or in the seven-room bungalow out in the latest real-estate development. One general servant runs the establishment. Rents are high, money easy, and with God be the rest.

These conditions—high rents, easy money and high-priced servants—are changing the character of the American home. The migratory executive demands the apartment. Hence, in practically every American town of more than five thousand, although real-estate values are not high, the apartment house rises three or four stories within a few blocks of the business center of the town. The apartment house is no longer the sign of the city. It is the sign of a new social and industrial order. In our smaller cities—that is to say, in cities below a million and over fifty thousand—probably 40 per cent of the people now live in apartments or duplex houses of one sort or another. These apartment dwellers move with the tides of fashion. Rarely do they remain more than five years in one locality. Those in the more expensive domiciles move from town to town with their changing jobs. Those not quite capable of rapid promotion, which takes our migratory executives from the little town to the next larger, and on up to the metropolis, remain in one city, but move with the currents of real-estate activity from one development to another, swirling around and around the suburbs, but generally seeking the apartment rather than the detached house with its shaded lawn and the flower beds of their forbears.

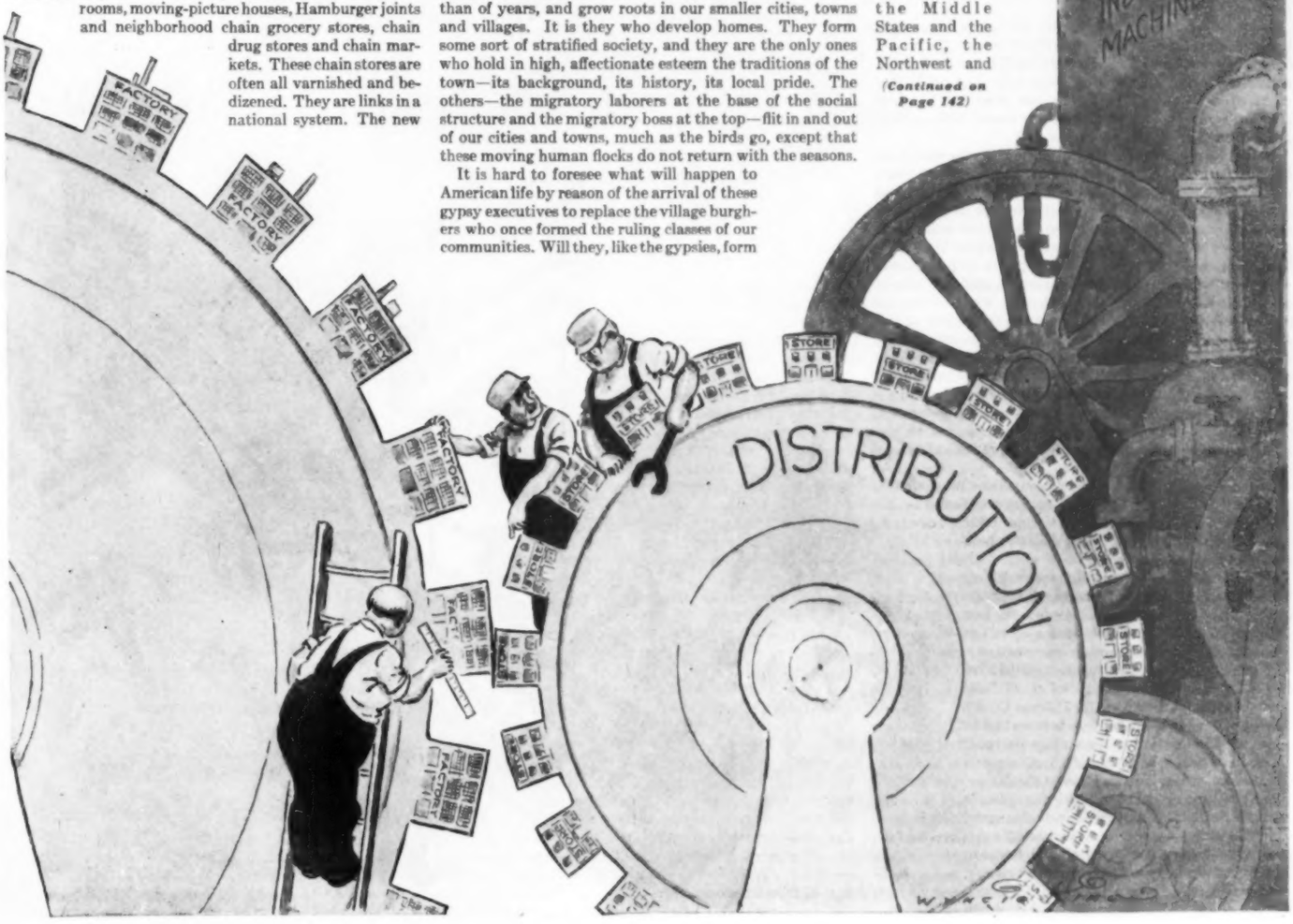
Out in the suburbs, living somewhat after their fathers' ancient ways, are the lawyers; the teachers, who themselves are beginning to grow wings; the preachers, always more or less vagrant; to a certain extent the bankers—but here come chain banks—the aristocracy of the trades, the railway men, the employing printers, the master plumbers, the contracting stone masons and the more stationary foremen of the shops and mills. Except as foremen become superintendents, and as superintendents become factory managers, and as factory managers become division superintendents, and so take unto themselves wings, these preachers and plumbers and bankers and bricklayers, teachers and foremen are housed in terms of decades rather than of years, and grow roots in our smaller cities, towns and villages. It is they who develop homes. They form some sort of stratified society, and they are the only ones who hold in high, affectionate esteem the traditions of the town—its background, its history, its local pride. The others—the migratory laborers at the base of the social structure and the migratory boss at the top—flit in and out of our cities and towns, much as the birds go, except that these moving human flocks do not return with the seasons.

It is hard to foresee what will happen to American life by reason of the arrival of these gypsy executives to replace the village burghers who once formed the ruling classes of our communities. Will they, like the gypsies, form their own society, with their own social standards, with their own morals, with their own ideals of Americanism, or will they take color from the rooted professional people around them and the high-class manual laborers who of necessity will form the major portion of our American communities? Do these drifting administrators in our industrial and mercantile life have in themselves sufficient character to color the national fabric or will they be vagrant threads running through the woof, brightening it, of course, but certainly not strengthening it? Obviously they will trail in their wake discontent, possibly a necessary divine discontent, with things as they are in a village or city. These shining arrows darting in and out of our towns and cities will bring much that is lovely from the ends of the continent. They will add a cosmopolitan influence to American life.

A Pause in Passing

HOWEVER, being rooted in the air and not in the enviroming soil which feeds them, these leading citizens, these men and women at the top of our commercial and industrial life, will contribute next to nothing to the sectional differences which make American life so interesting, so colorful, and give it much of its charm. On the contrary, these glittering industrial and mercantile projectiles, shot across the land, pausing here and there for a month or a year or a fraction of a decade, will distribute rather than cultivate the differences between the North and the East, the South and the West, the Middle States and the Pacific, the Northwest and

(Continued on Page 142)



MONUMENT HISTORIQUE

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR

GRAND HOTEL DE L'UNIVERS, MARSEILLES, March 7, 1928

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: It gives me great pleasure to report that during the three days since we landed we have accomplished a tremendous amount of work; and Gadget and I have mapped out and already started to execute a comprehensive campaign by which we are going to make all of France tractor-conscious. (Note: I forget whether I have ever told you, Henderson, that "Gadget" is the nickname by which I usually refer to Mrs. Botts—her real name, Mildred, being too formal and nonmechanical for the tractor business.) I can assure you that you made no mistake in sending both Gadget and myself on this tractor-selling tour. Gadget has already more than paid for the expense of her passage by her assistance to me as interpreter and as general business adviser. Although the voyage over here was rather disagreeable, and although we failed in our attempts to sell any tractors to the various French passengers on the boat, we both have the brightest hopes for the future.

I spent all of Monday resting and recovering from the effects of the trip, and discussing plans with Gadget. We have decided that we will get much better publicity, and will provide a much finer educational treat for the French population, if we drive our demonstration tractors from place to place, instead of traveling by train. As long as our mission in this country is to instruct the French people in the advantages of using Earthworm tractors, it would be foolish for us to hide these machines inside the 40-hommes-8-chevaux box cars.

It is our plan to move north with the springtime, which has already touched this region with its verdure, but which has not yet, we understand, made itself felt to any great extent in Northern France. We will drive first to the city of Montpellier, which is a little less than two hundred kilometers from here, and which is the center of the largest grape-growing region in all France.

On the boat we met several big grape and wine men from Montpellier. We failed to make any impression on them during the voyage, but it is our intention to beard these babies in their own den. And after we get through subjecting them to a real high-pressure American sales campaign, they will have to be a whole lot tougher than they look if they escape ordering at least three or four machines.

We shall probably continue our assault upon the citizens of Montpellier and vicinity for about a week. Then we expect to swing back and advance up the valley of the Rhone, reaching Lyons early in April, and then proceeding on through Dijon, and reaching the famous wheat fields along the Marne sometime in May. After a brief but snappy selling campaign in that region, we shall probably hop on the train, rush down to Genoa, pick up the four demonstration tractors which have been shipped to that port and start a whirlwind tour through the valley of the Po.

Of course, these plans are merely tentative. We shall make constant side trips and short scouting expeditions. We shall pick up as much information as we can, and if conditions demand it, we shall not hesitate to change our itinerary.

Our general plan of campaign was complete Monday night. On Tuesday morning I felt completely rested up. And as Gadget was in the best of health and spirits, we have been able to put in two days of hard work and ceaseless activity. We visited the American consulate, and the Syndicat d'Initiative de Provence, the P. L. M. Railroad Information Bureau, Mr. Thomas Cook's office, and various other joints, where we picked up all the information and statistics we could about Montpellier and its wine business, and about the other regions we expect to visit.

We procured guidebooks, road maps, books of traffic regulations, and a tremendous amount of miscellaneous information. Then we got number plates to put on the tractors, and licenses to drive them on the roads of France. This last was a terrible job; poor old Gadget had to talk and plead literally for hours with a half dozen official wise guys before she could convince them that we were all right and that our machines would not wreck the roads. After that we went over to the pier and claimed the three tractors and other machinery which had been unloaded from the boat. After getting this stuff through the customs, I put the big harvester in a warehouse, where I can send for it later. Everything else we are going to take with us. I hired enough help to get it all unpacked, set up, greased, and stored in a garage down by the water front.

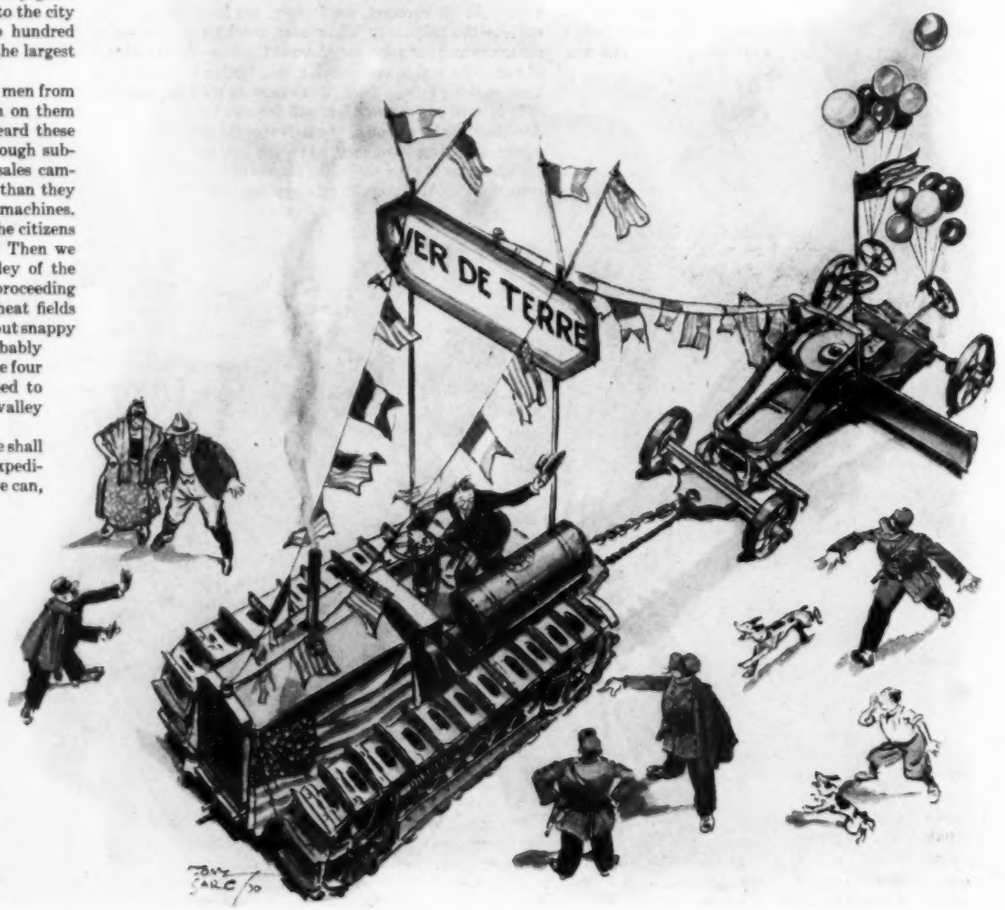
Then we hired a young French mechanic to drive the twenty-horsepower tractor. I am going to drive the sixty, and Gadget will drive the thirty.

The French mechanic's name is Jean. I am paying him seven hundred francs a week, which I think is a little more than thirty dollars, as near as I can figure this silly French money. When the proprietor of the garage heard about this, he pretty near fainted completely away. He took me and Gadget into his private office and explained that it would never do at all. He said that it was far too much. Jean would think we were soft, easy marks. He would lose all respect for us and would get exaggerated ideas about his own importance. He would become proud, haughty, impertinent, lazy and absolutely no good at all. At one and the same time we would be wasting our money and completely spoiling a good mechanic, who was a good worker and knew his proper station in life.

I had Gadget tell him that as I was an American, hiring a man to drive an American machine, it seemed reasonable to me to pay him American wages. "And," I said, "if he gets proud, haughty, impertinent or lazy with me, I will fire him right off that tractor onto his ear."

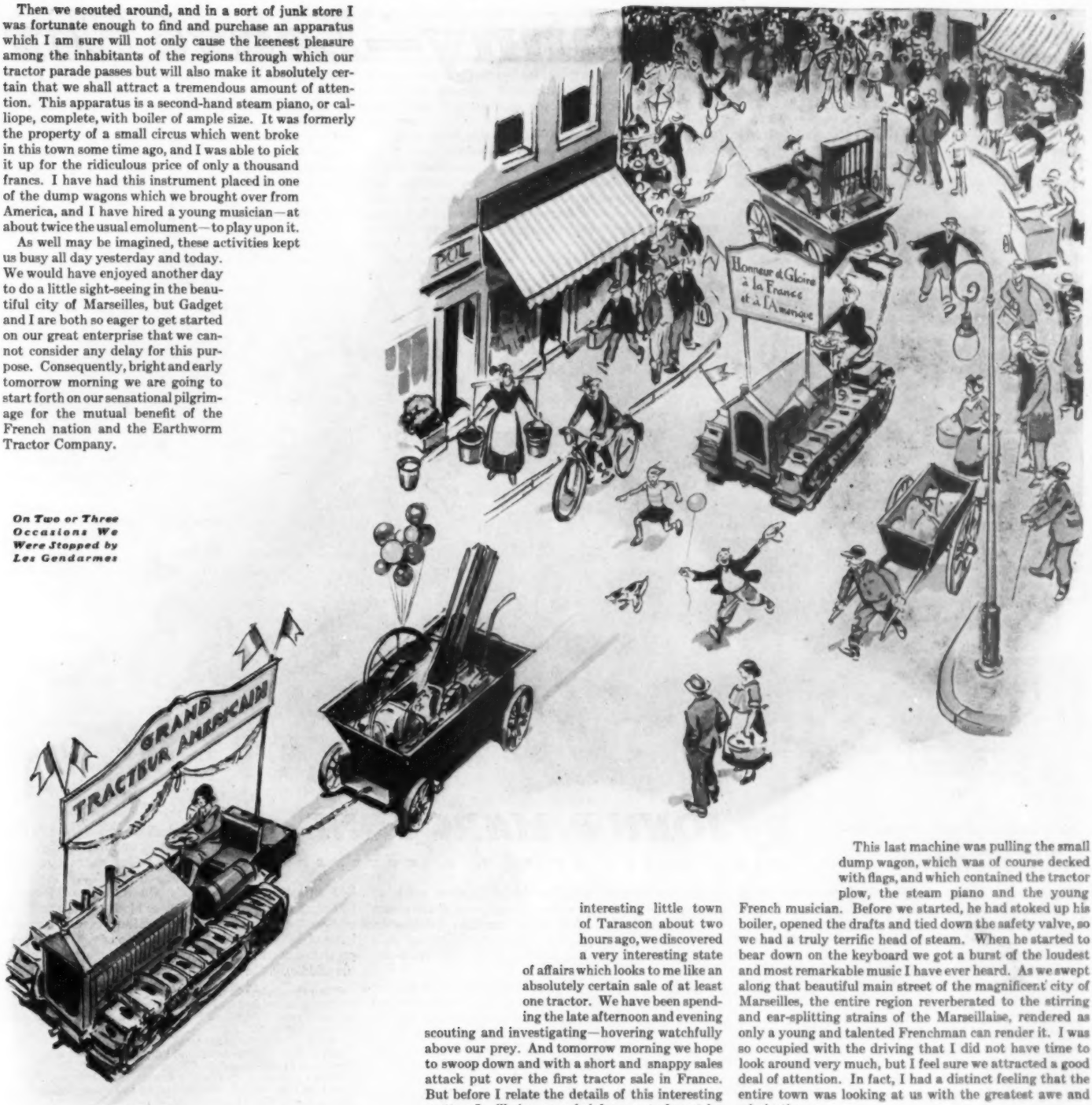
Then the garage proprietor said that we would be ruining not only Jean but all the other mechanics as well. "When they hear how much you are paying, they will all demand that I pay them just as much. It will cause me all kinds of trouble."

So I told Gadget to tell him that that was his hard luck, and that if he didn't like it he could just stuff his long whiskers inside of his mouth and chew on them for a while. And after Gadget had translated for him at least a part of what I had said, we walked out and found a sign painter's establishment, where we arranged for a lot of banners to give our tractor parade an artistic and dressy appearance.



Then we scouted around, and in a sort of junk store I was fortunate enough to find and purchase an apparatus which I am sure will not only cause the keenest pleasure among the inhabitants of the regions through which our tractor parade passes but will also make it absolutely certain that we shall attract a tremendous amount of attention. This apparatus is a second-hand steam piano, or calliope, complete, with boiler of ample size. It was formerly the property of a small circus which went broke in this town some time ago, and I was able to pick it up for the ridiculous price of only a thousand francs. I have had this instrument placed in one of the dump wagons which we brought over from America, and I have hired a young musician—at about twice the usual emolument—to play upon it.

As well may be imagined, these activities kept us busy all day yesterday and today. We would have enjoyed another day to do a little sight-seeing in the beautiful city of Marseilles, but Gadget and I are both so eager to get started on our great enterprise that we cannot consider any delay for this purpose. Consequently, bright and early tomorrow morning we are going to start forth on our sensational pilgrimage for the mutual benefit of the French nation and the Earthworm Tractor Company.



On Two or Three Occasions We Were Stopped by Les Gendarmes

I will send you frequent letters regarding our progress. As you know, my address is in care of Thomas Cook, Marseilles. Cordially yours, ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE EARTHWORM TRACTOR

TARASCON, FRANCE,
Friday night, March 9, 1928

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: We have just completed the second day of our grand pilgrimage, and already we have learned of a possible sale. When we arrived in this interesting little town of Tarascon about two hours ago, we discovered a very interesting state of affairs which looks to me like an absolutely certain sale of at least one tractor. We have been spending the late afternoon and evening scouting and investigating—hovering watchfully above our prey. And tomorrow morning we hope to swoop down and with a short and snappy sales attack put over the first tractor sale in France. But before I relate the details of this interesting matter, I will give you a brief account of our trip.

Never in my life have I felt so proud and happy as I did yesterday morning, when our magnificent tractor parade debouched from the garage down by the Marseilles water front and swung magnificently up the Cannebière. At the head of our column rolled the big sixty-horse-power machine, driven by myself; it was draped with the Stars and Stripes intertwined with the French Tricolor, and surmounted by a tremendous red-and-blue sign bearing the words "Ver de Terre." (Note: This is French, and it means "Earthworm.") Hitched on to this first tractor I had our large twelve-foot blade grader and a wheel scraper. Behind this came the thirty-horse-power tractor, driven by Gadget herself, and bearing a large green-and-orange sign with the words "Grand Tracteur Americain." (Note: This is French, and means "big American tractor.") This machine was pulling our large dump wagon, containing the plow and the fresnoes. Behind this was the little twenty-horse-power machine, driven by Jean, and bearing the inscription in small letters, "Honneur et Gloire à la France et à l'Amerique." (Note: This is French, and it means "Hurray for France and America.")

This last machine was pulling the small dump wagon, which was of course decked with flags, and which contained the tractor plow, the steam piano and the young French musician. Before we started, he had stoked up his boiler, opened the drafts and tied down the safety valve, so we had a truly terrific head of steam. When he started to bear down on the keyboard we got a burst of the loudest and most remarkable music I have ever heard. As we swept along that beautiful main street of the magnificent city of Marseilles, the entire region reverberated to the stirring and ear-splitting strains of the Marseillaise, rendered as only a young and talented Frenchman can render it. I was so occupied with the driving that I did not have time to look around very much, but I feel sure we attracted a good deal of attention. In fact, I had a distinct feeling that the entire town was looking at us with the greatest awe and admiration.

On two or three occasions we were stopped by *les gendarmes*. (Note: This is a French word meaning "the cops.") Apparently, they objected to something, but as they talked only French and as I did not want to bother to ask Gadget to come forward as interpreter, I never did find out exactly what was eating them. Possibly they didn't like the noise. In each case, however, after I had talked to them awhile in English, they spread out their hands and raised their shoulders in a futile sort of a way and let me go on.

(Note: This is the best way to handle these foreigners. Just talk to them in English, and in time they will give up.)

It took us more than an hour to get out of Marseilles. We then followed the Route Nationale—that is French for National Route—through the hills, and by noon we had reached the flat country of the Rhone delta. The road was not bad at all. Of course it could not be compared with the new concrete highway between Chicago and Earthworm City, Illinois, but it was pretty good, considering that it was built by foreigners.

(Continued on Page 121)

Leave Her, Johnny—Leave Her

"Steady," She Was Saying. "Stop Your Luffing. We're Running Before the Wind"

Oh, the times are hard and wages low—
Leave her, Johnny—leave her.
I'll pack my bag and go below—
It's time for us to leave her.

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

OLD John Scarlet, who kept the River House thirty years or more ago, had seen him. John Scarlet must have been a boy, helping tend the bar, when he saw Johnny Porter, and he would tell about it sometimes in that quavering voice of his.

"Positively," John Scarlet said—"positively I can affirm I seen him, and he wasn't so much shucks to look at, even if he was a king."

He could describe John Porter, too, drawing on the tarnished specie of his memory. Not long, it seems, he was, not short but lanky, with whiskers all around his face—white whiskers—and he chewed tobacco. It was odd to think that Johnny Porter might have been almost any living man in our town—all except the whiskers. There was no mystery in him, once you saw someone who had seen him in the flesh.

It seems that Johnny Porter would sit in the River House as late as the 1850's, chewing his tobacco, and all the men in the beaver hats would greet him when they asked for theirs.

"Evening," they would say—"evening, king."

"Evenin', yourself, you swabs," Johnny Porter would say back.

You could almost hear his voice, dour and sharp, when old John Scarlet used to tell of it; and that was all—that glimpse of a sour, silent man who wasn't so much shucks, if he was a king.

The River House in our town used to be a marvelous place, even after the serving of liquor brought it into disrepute and after all the paint chipped off its porticoed façade. It seemed to stand, before it was finally altered into a furniture shop, as a last link with the seas.

The thing that you remembered best was the stifling heat from the air-tight stove in the main room, on a winter's day when the east wind was blowing—heat as dry as the dust, and choking with rank tobacco. From the windows in the rear was a fine view of the river, and what you remembered best was the cold grayness of the water. There would be ice cakes in the brackish, dirty water, swirling out toward the bar. There would be sea gulls circling by the ice cakes, and the gulls were white and clean.

As late as 1890 that room was filled with old men waiting for time to pass, most of them deep-water men, who had been at home for twenty years, and the vitiated air and the smoke gave you a strange illusion. The denizens of the River House all seemed very frail. They all were moving backward to the older shadows which filled the winding streets.

"Yes, sir," John Scarlet would say—and his voice was as feeble in those days as a voice that is heard through sleep. "There he would be settin', and I've seen him with my own eyes. God bless you, yes, I have."

Now, though that third-hand memory no longer makes the shade of Johnny Porter earthbound, the whole of his strange story is hard to disbelieve, if only because our town has changed so little since it sent out Johnny Porter, a wanderer on the earth. Our town still has a way of sticking in the memory. That section of our water front where the mud flats and the marshes made the building of wharves impracticable bears the name of Fish Town still, in spite of its storehouses and drying frames being rotted into nothing. And the Fish Towners still go their way, bent shouldered, sneering and aloof; and original sin and violence walk the unpaved lanes, much as they did when Johnny Porter sailed.

The Fish Towners, anyone will tell you, are in the rum trade now, for Fish Town has not changed. The wildness and instability that buzzed in Johnny Porter's brain are in the Fish Town air; and the curse of restlessness hovers over it like the distant pounding of the sea, now strong, now somnolent as a cradle song, but always beating, beating on the wind, though all the rest of Haven's End lies silent, forgetting and forgotten.

There is written evidence also, if you care for that, so that you may docket the story with an appendix, like a thesis. On the shelves of the public library there is still one of those black-bound and foxed mid-century travel books; and in it is the excerpt from the letter of a Captain Quill, of Boston, one of the masters engaged in eastern trading for the firm of Fitch and Cabot in the middle 1830's. The letter reads:

When the natives came to the beach to meet our longboat, I was much astonished to hear a voice calling to me in English, and still more astonished to encounter a white man in that barbaric assembly.

"Well," I said, "who are you?"

"I am the king," he answered, "if you want to know. And I want to get back home."

Then I perceived, despite the flowers in his hair and the tan upon him, that he had a Yankee face and spoke with that twang characteristic of our native coast.

And there you have it in black and white—first the fishing houses in Haven's End, and the white church spires and the shipyards, and then a white beach and a blue lagoon half a world away, and the surf pounding on a coral beach.

"Well, king," I told him, "what's your name?"

"My name's as good as yours," he told me back. "I'm Johnny Porter, and I'm out of Haven's End. And I've got a wife back home."

And there it is in black and white, and, once you read it, all the rest rang true. You have to start with Hepsey Porter to get to the beginning, and there was nothing so odd about her either. She was one of the Thompson girls, hard-bitten like the Thompsons, and quick to throw a plate. There was no sentiment mixed up in it. What she needed was a husband, because it was a husband or a servant's wage in one of the gentlemen's houses then.

Why he married her, Johnny never knew, unless it was the way of things; and he could take what came in those days—hot grog and brass knuckles on the jaw and a wife thrown in as well, like any Fish Town man.

Now Johnny Porter knew from the feeling of a port whether times were good or bad along the shore. There was something in the air and in the way the collector cocked his hat, when they came in fresh from the sugar islands, which told that Haven's End was going down—yes, anyone could see.

"Where's the ships?" the Old Man asked, because the river was so bare.

"Sold," the pilot said. "Keep her over, Johnny Porter. Mind the First Church and Parlin's tree. . . . Steady—steady—so. . . . We build ships. We don't sail 'em now."

"Blazes!" said Johnny Porter. "The place is dead as wood."

"Hold your tongue," the Old Man said. "It's good enough for the likes of you."

"Hepsey Thompson's waiting for him," the pilot said. "Boys will be boys. I guess he's all of a shake to see her."

"Oh," said the Old Man, "so that's it, is it?"

"No, sir," said Johnny, "it ain't it, sir. I ain't the marrying kind."

He had been keeping company with Hepsey not six months before, but already he had nearly forgotten, which was not strange. Other boys at Haven's End had forgotten things like that after a trick at sea.

"So we all said once," the Old Man said. "A good woman is more to be desired than riches. Don't you know your Book?"

"The bad ones, sir," said Johnny Porter, "don't keep at you like the good ones. No, sir, they don't keep at you."

"Hold your tongue," the Old Man said. "This is Haven's End, and damme, it's dead as wood."

There had been trouble with pirates off the Cuban Keys, and Johnny Porter's shoulder was stiff from a dirk, but he had money in his pockets—ordinary seaman's pay. Any Fish Towner, man or boy, could hand reef and steer in those days, and set a topgallant or royal studding sail out of the top, or send down a cross or a royal yard. He had on white ducks and black pumps, he remembered, and a shiny black tarpaulin hat when he went ashore. Johnny Porter was handsome enough in those days for any girl to look at, gray eyed, towheaded, with his face burned like a brick. He could see that the girls were staring beneath their bonnets, but there were no bad girls there. The town was as dead as wood, and its quietness was filling him with discontent already. Already he had the longing to get away from it again, now that he was safe back by the wharves.

"Blow me!" said Johnny Porter. "She's waiting for me, is she? Well, she don't get me."

First there was a round of rum at the Anchor Tavern, and everyone was singing, Leave Her, Johnny—Leave Her. Then they all marched down the street past the ruins where the water front had burned, never to be rebuilt, and past the gentlemen's houses, standing on the ridge above the river.

Mr. Daniel Swale was standing by the front lawn of the Swales' house, an old man then leaning on his cane, and Daniel Swale remembered him, Johnny Porter, because he kept an eye on all the sailor men.

"Porter," he said. "Come in here, Porter."

Johnny Porter took off his hat and twirled it in his fingers, because he had never been in a gentleman's house before. He had never seen so many books as stood upon the shelves. The chairs were light and spindling, and there were fine pictures on the wall—a brig under bare poles in a hurricane, and the Constitution and the Java fighting.

"Johnny Porter," said Mr. Swale, "will you have a biscuit and a glass of wine?"

"No," said Johnny, "thank you kindly, sir, but wine goes sour on my stummick."

"Rum, then?" said Mr. Swale.

"Thank you kindly, sir," said Johnny.

"I hear," said Mr. Swale, "you had trouble on the Keys. Ah, I know them well. Will you tell me how you did?"

Though it sounded odd for a gentleman to ask him, Johnny Porter understood it. That old gentleman was lonely for the sea, but when Johnny Porter tried to tell him he could think of nothing. He scratched his head and pulled at his forelock, and finally mopped his forehead.

"It wasn't nothing, sir," he said. "They come up the side, and a nigger gave it to me in the shoulder. The knife had a silver handle, sir. I lost it fighting in Havana. Once they come on deck we beat 'em back."

"I declare," said Mr. Swale, "I'd give a thousand dollars to see the Keys again."

"Would you?" said Johnny. "Now would you so?"

He wanted to tell more, but for the life of him he could not. He could only sit and scratch his head.

"Aye," said Mr. Swale, and sighed, "so I would. Porter, are you going to settle down?"

"No, sir," said Johnny Porter, "I'm kind of restless like."

He remembered the way the old gentleman laughed, soft as silk, but the old gentleman's eyes seemed to be looking at something a long way off.

"That's it," said Mr. Swale. "Don't let 'em keep you here. Don't let 'em! I can remember—but where's the use in remembering? This is an old man's town—an old man's town. Sign up and get away, and leave her, Johnny—leave her. Thank you, Porter, for your courtesy, and here's a gold piece for you. Drink it up and get away."

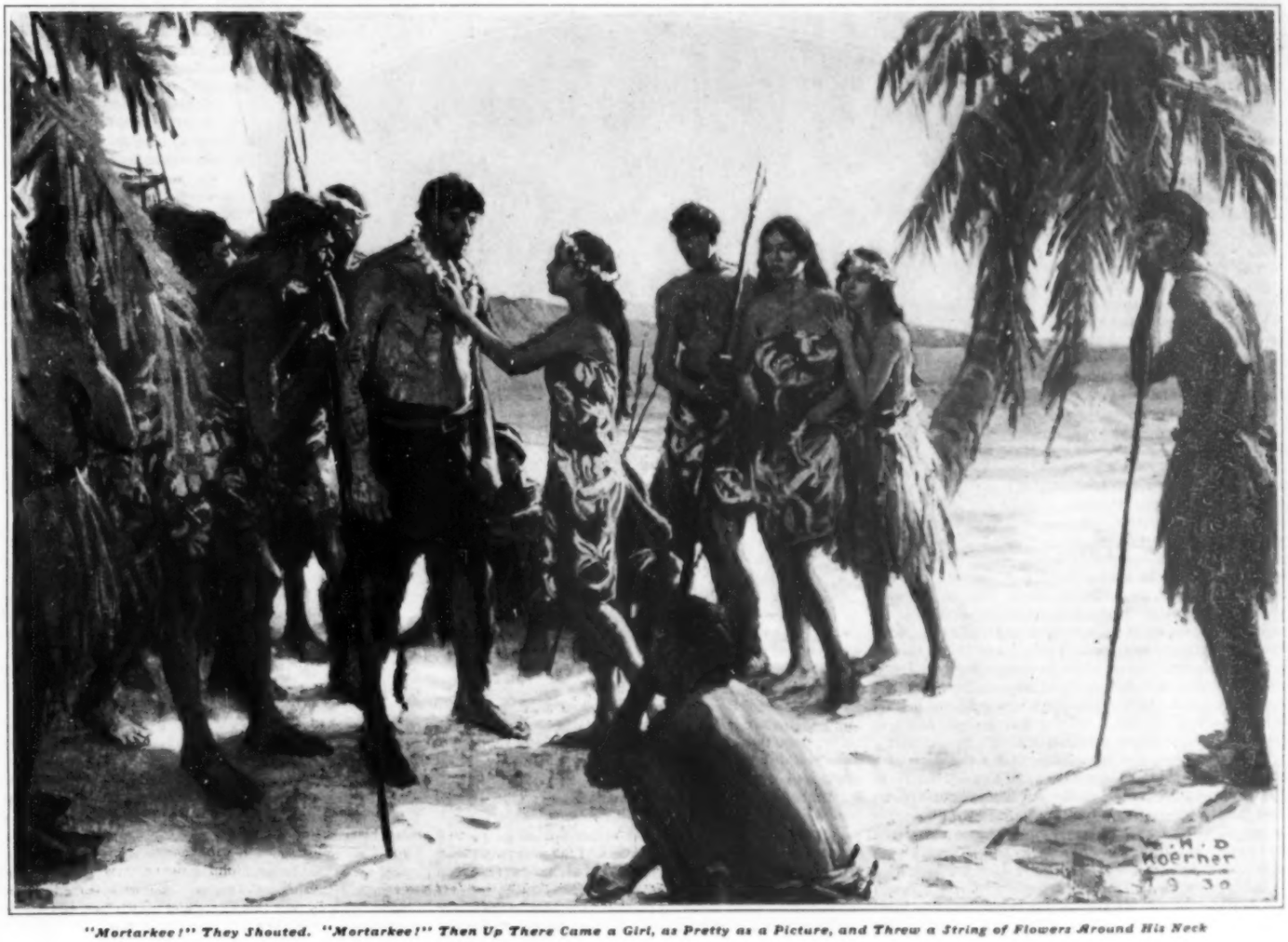
Long afterward Johnny Porter could remember that old gentleman's voice, because it was like a preacher's, clear and solemn, dealing with matters beyond a simple brain.

"Drink it up," he said, "and get away. They can't put moorings on the likes of us."

And there stood Mr. Swale in his arched doorway beside great lilac bushes with nodding purple flowers, in black satin knee breeches with gold buckles on them, leaning on his cane and staring toward the street, and who would have guessed what would happen next, what with that gold piece and the rum?

Fish Town was the same as when he'd left it—nets and drying cod and houses low and easy like the forecastle, and the little boys were fighting in the dirt for pennies, handy with their fists as soon as they could walk. There was

(Continued on Page 94)



"Mortarkee!" They Shouted. "Mortarkee!" Then Up There Came a Girl, as Pretty as a Picture, and Threw a String of Flowers Around His Neck

Lamp Wick and Taper

By Gifford Pinchot

Weighing the Seventy-Six-Pound Tuna

IF YOU happen to be fishing, and you get a strike, and whatever it is starts off with the preliminaries of a vigorous fight; and by and by, looking down over the side through the glassy water, you see a rosy golden gleam, the mere specter of a fish, shining far below in the clear depths; and when you look again, a sort of glory of golden light flashes and dazzles as it circles nearer beneath and around and under the boat; and after a real battle there comes to gaff, to your wonder and delight, the most incredibly brilliant fish fancy can picture, looking like nothing so much as an insurrection in a paint shop; and you land a slim and graceful and impossibly beautiful three-foot goldfish, whose fierce and vivid yellow is touched around the edges with a violent red—when all these things happen to you, fortunate but bewildered fisherman, then you may know you have been fishing in the Galápagos Islands and have taken a golden grouper.

The Golden Grouper

AND having caught this fish out of a dream, and wondered at him and gloated over him, and exhausted your stock of adjectives without finding one that fills the bill, and tried to make an adequate description of him as vainly as I have tried—if, then, you will take the amazing beauty to the galley and ask the cook to broil him with all the consideration to which he is entitled, you will thank me for the suggestion, for if there is anywhere a better grouper than the golden one, it has never come under my knife and fork. The common grouper of the islands, which the Galápagans call bacalao, is a thick-set sturdy fish of an undistinguished gray in color, ugly, if you choose to call him so, extremely common along shore in many places, and well worth taking on light tackle, if you can keep him out of the rocks. And also well worth eating afterward. But neither in gameness nor tastiness can the gray grouper begin to compare with his illuminated relative.

The first grouper that came aboard us in the Galápagos took the fatal step in Darwin Bay, at Tower Island. It was a very mild beginning for our Galápagan fishing, especially because a gorgeous sailfish had shown himself, sail raised, as we were approaching Tower, and a great manta had met us in the entrance to the bay.

But when this poor relation of the golden one took hold of Giff's hand line as the launch worked its way through the rocks to the landing place, while the man-of-war birds and boobies flew over almost within arm's reach, there was interest and excitement in plenty. Nobody knew what Giff had, and whatever he had was welcome. So when the good gray grouper met the gaff and hammered out his protest on the bottom boards, it was in the middle of a circle of heads crying out in chorus, "That's the same kind we caught at Cocos Island"—which it unquestionably was.

I am persuaded that the golden grouper is a separate species and not a mere sport or color variety, as some maintain—as it were, a golden albino—although my opinion is that of a layman and has as yet no scientific basis. Quite possibly it never will have. If so, it will not be the first time I have ever been fooled by a fish.

We caught gray groupers everywhere. Time and again they took our baits within a yard of the gunwales. They were voracious and ubiquitous—the rank and file of the fishy population.

Around every island of the Galápagos where we had a chance to try it out, there appeared to be a belt of these bacalaos with a semi-occasional golden grouper sifted in to relieve the gray monotony. Of the fiery ones we took only four out of perhaps a hundred groupers all told, many of which, of course, went back because they were not needed.

The grouper belt was in fairly shallow water—up to forty or fifty feet, at a guess. Here you might also take bonitos, apparently of two or three different kinds, with long black stripes running lengthwise of their silvery bellies, and with fiercely sharp teeth set on the very edges of their mouths. Those we took ran from perhaps three or four to seven or eight pounds. They all saw their duty the instant they were hooked, nailed their banner to the mast, and made beautiful swift last-ditch fights, after the manner of their kind, on six-thread or nine-thread lines.

Landing at Cocos Island. Mrs. Pinchot is in the Foreground With the One Rifle in the Crowd

Since bonitos appear to range widely I may be right in thinking I have taken one of these species, or perhaps two, or at least their close relatives, off the coast of California and the New England coast. All I ever caught were hard fighters, good to look at, and just as good to eat.

Another of the fish we took in the bacalao belt, and in deeper water as well, was the little tunny—*Gymnosarda alleterata*. This is an intimate old friend of mine, and about its species I have no question. I am persuaded that here is the finest game fish that I, at least, have ever taken, and my list is not a short one.

The little tunny is just as supreme a fighter in the water as its namesake Gene on land. Which was named for the other I leave you to guess. In any case, the little tunny deserves a better name than one based on the idea that it is just a tuna of a smaller growth.

You could describe it as a slimmer, miniature tuna of ten or a dozen pounds. But that would not tell the story. It is far and away more beautiful than the common tuna. It has all the tuna's finished firmness and stream-lined smoothness of contour, all the little depressions and cavities in which to lay away its fins when, exposed, they might become a hindrance to its swiftness. It has the surface of the eye accurately molded to the general outline and every other device of flashing speed. But it has them all in a body of much more graceful proportion of length and thickness, and far more lovely surface.

Gene's small relative—of which he has no need to be ashamed—looks as if there had been poured over its head a liquid decoction of mother of pearl, and this marvelous solution, with forty kinds of colors in it, had run down from the head more than halfway to the tail in a coruscating triangle of iridescence. The belly is silvery white, sometimes with a faint glaze of pink, and carries near the gill covers certain small black spots which are characteristic of this species. There are usually one, two or three of them, but I counted up to eighteen on one side of a fish Giff took just outside of Wreck Bay off Chatham Island.

A Thrill for Any Fisherman

ALL this beauty and fitness of shape and color would seem to be enough for any one fish, without the supreme quality which multiplies the value of all the rest. That is the fact that the little tunny makes its fight entirely on the surface, and makes it with a speed and determination that set it in a class altogether by itself.

Time and again I have seen one of these fish take out a hundred and fifty yards of line in a single rush, and do it apparently without going ten feet below the breezes. It is by odds the most thrilling rush I have ever known in any fish, the bonefish alone excepted. When you hook an ordinary tuna, blue fin or yellow fin, such as many of us have taken at Catalina, or Block Island, or off the Jersey coast, unless you have been wise as a serpent and gentle as a dove in handling him, when your fish is beaten and the fight is practically over, when he has little or nothing left but his weight to fight with, you will still have to pump him out of the bottom of the sea. And if your fish has any weight at all in proportion to your tackle, that is likely to be a long, hard job. But the little tunny is a horse—I suppose I ought to say a sea horse—of another color altogether. The long rushes which open your debate with him will be on the surface. At the climax of the fight your fish will still be on the surface, and so he will be at the end.

I first met these magnificent fighters in Block Island waters, where they arrive in the late summer, and there they have given me some of the very finest sport of my life, taking them on three-six tackle, which means a rod not shorter than six feet and weighing not more than six ounces, and a six-thread line that is supposed to stand a strain of two pounds to the thread. A reel without a handle brake and with no leather thumb brake gives this fighting fish a better fighting chance. That is the kind I use, for he deserves the very best consideration.

If you are a light-tackle enthusiast, or even if you fish with the regulation twenty-four-thread line of heavy tackle, and if your luck is anything like mine, you have often been bothered by trolling baits which twist or untwist your line. You have had to be constantly on your guard to see that the spinning of the bait—all your swivels to the contrary notwithstanding—is not laying your line up too tight, so that the least slack results in a tangle, or dangerously unlaying it.

Spoons do it, jigs do it, cut bait does it with aggravating regularity. It is one of the worst nuisances the sea angler has to meet. And the lighter the line the worse the nuisance.

When the harm is done you can untwist your line by cutting off your swivel, wire and hook, and towing it awhile behind the boat. If it is unlaid you can lay it up again by tying on a little propeller that turns the right way. But you may have it to do just when it cuts into your best fishing.

One summer, years ago, when I had been trolling for little tunny off Block Island, this abomination got on my nerves so heavily that I undertook to make a bait that would not twist and that would still catch fish. My luck was good from the first. If a white rag will catch fish, why not a white lamp wick? So I took the conical lead end of an ordinary bluefish jig, passed my wire leader through the hole in it from the pointed end, then threaded on it the upper link of a chain brazed to a hook, fastened the wire in a loop, and through the loop ran a common flat lamp wick about seven-eighths of an inch wide.

The lamp wick and the chain were adjusted so that the wick did not hang over the point of the hook, but cleared it far enough never to foul it. As a finishing touch, the lead was scraped so as to show like silver in the water, and the trick was done.

Rod, Reel and Harness. After Big Fish in the South Seas

Try it; it's Not Patented

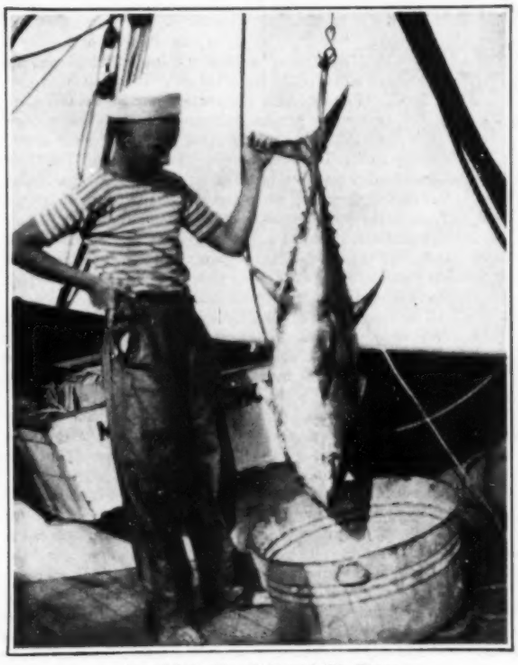
THIS bait, properly made, never twists the line. It adjusts itself to the pressure of the water without turning over, I suppose because the flexible lamp wick keeps the strain equal on every side. The other essential fact is that the lamp-wick bait does catch fish.

With it I have constantly had better luck with tuna, little tunny and bonitos than with any form of spoon or squid I ever checked against it—better luck even than with the regulation jig of the Block Island professional tuna fishermen. Tried off the Jersey coast in competition with Belmar and other squids and jigs of many kinds, it has, so far as accounts have reached me, regularly done better than any of them.

In the Galápagos it continued to keep its end up. For tuna, no other bait we had with us was nearly so good. And that is curious, for generally we think of eccentric motion as the thing that attracts fish. That is the principle of all the wigglers that fill the tackle shops. This bait never wiggles, never twists, never spins, but moves along with sedate dignity and the very minimum of action.

Instead of lead, I have more recently used block tin for the sinkers. They stay bright longer after a scraping, and they please me better—which is a very essential thing in sinkers, or indeed in any other kind of tackle—ask the dealers; but I am not at all sure they catch more fish.

Some other fishermen, I hope, may try the lamp-wick bait and find, as I have, not only that it awakens cupidity in fish but also that, by removing the greatest nuisance—next to sea weed—that afflicts the sons of men who go down to the sea in little ships to take big fish in troubled waters, it adds to the serenity of angling, which promptly ceases to be the contemplative man's recreation when your line twists.



Pure Delight. Giff and His Tuna

Incidentally, I have often wondered how contemplative Father Walton would have been, hooked into a racing little tunny. At Block Island, this prince among fishes goes by the name of Bum. Just that—Bum. It is like referring to the Grand Canyon as a gutter. Surely there is nothing in the water or out of it that looks or acts less like a bum.

I puzzled over the matter until I learned that when tuna were bringing ten to twelve cents a pound, the swifter, brighter, more elegant little tunny were bringing only two. The reason? Very simple. Nobody will eat little tunny who can get anything else to eat instead. Its flesh is as poor as its dress is rich and its performance magnificent.

Nobody will eat it, that is, except a shark. But then, a shark will eat anything he can swallow, and his facilities in that direction are distinctly unusual.

Sharks in the Galápagos are furiously interesting and a perfect nuisance. We saw few very large ones, but from ten to twelve feet down they were everywhere. They acted as if they had recognized us by our birthmarks, and could not bear to be separated from us again. They were friendly beyond all reasonable limits for fellow creatures, and the smallest encouragement in the way of fish scraps brought them swarming about the ship in numbers that promptly vetoed every thought of swimming. Even those of us who most bitterly resented the widely circulated slander that sharks will bite—as I do not—thought it just as well to stay out of the water.

In many of the best fishing places it was impossible to save hooked fish on light tackle, or much of the time on heavy tackle either. Within what seemed scanty seconds after a fish was hooked, there would begin that jerky motion of the line, now a strong pressure, then none at all, that comes when a fish in play is dodging a shark. The thing to do in such a case is to give your fish his head.

Many and many a fish came aboard the launch scarred from the vicious teeth, but still whole. Of many another we recovered nothing but the head, while the sharks took the rest. Time after time the swift motion of a game fish gave way to the dull, heavy and somehow vicious drag of one of these coyotes of the sea, and away went fish, spoon, line and all, and we could do nothing to stop it. They came around our boats so close that it was easy to hit them with an oar. One day, from the launch, I narrowly missed grabbing a small one by the tail, and another day I actually did hook one with about three feet of line and an empty hook. There were plenty, and then some.

One afternoon we saw a great and tremendously impressive spectacle of the innumerable abundance of life in the sea. A great flock of screaming boobies was taking toll of a school of fish from the air, while porpoises, crevalles, yellow-tails and sharks were striking at them from below. Through the small circle of a water glass I counted eight sharks visible at one time, and I imagine there were at least fifty within fifty yards of the boat.

But after the sharks had been bothering us all day, at night we took a great revenge. Then, threading the bait we had saved for them on shark hooks mounted on steel chains and attached to strong lines, at every anchorage where we tried it we caught as many sharks as we chose. And we chose generously.

What Sharks Do to a Hooked Fish. Mrs. Pinchot and All That Was Left of a Fine Tuna

At the cry of "Shark," all hands came running—the cook and the captain bold, and the crew of the Mary Pinchot—and then the fun began. We all tailed on when the line came taut, and he was a strong shark that denied us long. In the glare of the electric lights the smooth, dun-colored bodies seemed enormous as they came thrashing and snapping to the side of the schooner, often through dense schools of smaller fish, or when they swam about and seized the bait at the surface, and made us think of what would happen if somebody fell overboard.

Very likely nothing would have happened, but ——

Once when a porpoise—just started on its way to join the collections in the National Museum—was hanging from the shrouds and dripping blood into the water, I counted nine of the brutes within a few yards of the ship, all visible at once, and all of them in the neighborhood of nine feet long. It was a sight to drive a manufacturer of bathing suits into a premature decline.

The Bold Actions of Young Sharks

THE smaller sharks were even bolder than their elders. When we let them get the taste of a bait and then swung it above the surface, they often jumped out after it and hung on like bulldogs, by their teeth alone, until they were lifted partly clear of the water. Evidently the motto of the young shark is, When do we eat?—or its Galápagan equivalent.

Sharks not only eat but they are eatable. No one who would be willing to eat shark meat, and had the means of fishing for sharks, could ever starve to death among these islands.

(Continued on Page 185)

BONDS OF SERVICE

Mr. Wrenn Glared. "Once More I Ask You to Get This," He Said: "I'm Through. I'm Keeping Out of the Market"

By Robert Winsmore

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"TALCOTT TALCUM!" said Mrs. William Wrenn suddenly; "Talcott Talcum!—" and resumed nibbling her toast.

Mr. Wrenn lowered his newspaper. "What?" he asked.

"Talcott Talcum," Mrs. Wrenn repeated. "Elsie Dean told me. I couldn't remember it, but I knew it was something I knew. Talcott Talcum."

Mr. Wrenn stared. "You sound like static," he said.

"It's going up," said Mrs. Wrenn. "Talcott Talcum. In the market. The stock. Elsie knows about it."

"Unh," said her husband, and returned to his reading.

"Elsie is marvelous," Mrs. Wrenn said. "In business. She made more than six thousand dollars on—I think it was General Electrical. I think it was more than six thousand. You should see her coat. Mink. It's marvelous. I'm hysterical about it."

Mr. Wrenn was absorbing the details of the ninth round of last night's fight at the Garden.

"And she made I don't know how much on Social Service—no, it was Publish Service. And other things. A lot of other things. She knows all the best investments."

Mr. Wrenn entered the tenth.

"She's going to Europe. She's going to Paris. Next spring. Even if Sam won't go, she's going. With her own money. Talcott Talcum. I wish I could invest on some. I'm hysterical to do it. It would be marvelous."

Mr. Wrenn finished the tenth and laid his newspaper aside. "Were you saying something?" he inquired.

"Elsie says they don't charge you any duty on pearls or anything in Paris," Mrs. Wrenn said. "Why couldn't we invest on some?"

"Some what?"

"Talcum Talcott. I mean Talcott Talcum. I've been telling you. It's going up higher. Elsie Dean says ——"

"Listen," said Mr. Wrenn. "For the ninety-ninth time, I'm through. I'm washed up and gone to the races."

"Mr. Stanwood," said Mrs. Wrenn. "He's Elsie's broker. He's separated from his wife. He tells Elsie what to invest on and make money."

"He probably wears spats," Mr. Wrenn remarked.

"Elsie says he's immaculate. And perfect manners. She says he knows the president."

"Hoover?"

"The president of Talcott Talcum. He told him, and he told her. Mr. Stanwood told Elsie. About the Talcott Talcum. It's going up higher. Why couldn't we invest on some?"

Mr. Wrenn glared. "Once more I ask you to get this," he said: "I'm through. I'm keeping out of the market. I got in right, and I played them right for two years, and I cashed in. I paid off the mortgage, and I got this place all dolled up, inside and out. You've got more clothes than Gloria Swanson. We've got a swell new car, and we're keeping the old one, which makes two. We've got a pea-green piano that plays itself, and a radio like Mrs. Astor's, and a police dog. And we've got sixty thousand dollars in Number 1, Grade A, first-mortgage bonds working day and night down in our box in the trust company."

"Elsie Dean," said Mrs. Wrenn, "thinks bonds are mid-Victorian."

"I don't care if they're mid-Noah's Arkian. The ones we've got are going to stay right where they are till this stock market gets the crack that's coming to it. They're going to stay there till the Elsie Deans and the wise boys in spats are moanin' low about the money they lost when the market blew up on them. Then, and not before, we'll take out our highbrow collection and sell it, and buy some of the stuff the manicures and the bus boys will be throwin' away because the world has come to an end. That's what I've got doped out, and that's what I'm going to wait for."

"Elsie says you're dumb," said Mrs. Wrenn amicably. "She says two months ago you said the stocks couldn't go up any more, and if she believed you instead of Mr. Stanwood, look at all the money she wouldn't have made. Her coat's marvelous."

"Sure I'm dumb," said Mr. Wrenn. "Any time you get doubtful about it go down to the trust company and take a look at the bonds. You've got a key. Go down there and count 'em, and have a good cry about how dumb I am. Take that Dean woman with you, and let her cry too. Let her cry all over her fur coat."

"She's going to get an evening wrap," Mrs. Wrenn said dreamily. "Ermine."

"Tell her Sam needs a new dress suit," Mr. Wrenn growled. He reached for his watch and found it missing. "What time is it? Where's that clock? What did you do with the clock?"

"Nobody has clocks any more," said Mrs. Wrenn. "You should see Elsie's wrist watch. I'm hysterical about it."

Mr. Wrenn snorted and dashed around the table to peck at his wife's cheek. "G'by," he said, and sniffed. "What did you pour on this morning? Something out of a lamp?"

Mrs. Wrenn smiled faintly. "Powder," she said. "Talcott Talcum. Isn't it marvelous?"

Mr. Wrenn departed, muttering. He had to sprint to catch the 8:17, and missed his second morning paper, which he always bought at the station. In the smoking car, Mr. Samuel Dean gestured with a pipe.

"Slide in here, Bill," said Mr. Dean jovially. "What's the password this morning?"

"Talcott Talcum," replied Mr. Wrenn without warmth. He wedged into the seat and found he had brought no cigars. Mr. Dean scanned a stock-market table and noted that Talcott Talcum's price was 93.

"Think it's good, Bill?" Mr. Dean asked. "Went up two points yesterday. Buying any yourself?"

"If you ask me," said Mr. Wrenn, "I wouldn't give a dollar for a bale of it. But don't ask me. I'm dumb. Ask the financial genius of your family."

"Elsie?" inquired Mr. Dean, with interest. "Yep; she's a distant relation of mine. Her children call me Pop, but still she's distant. What's she got on this Talcott?"

Bill Wrenn scowled. "She's got Madge babbling about it," he said, "and I want you to tell her to lay off."

"You tell her," said Dean. "Madge is your wife, not mine. It's up to you to protect her. Has she bought some Talcott?"

"She hasn't," said Bill grimly, "and she won't."

Sam Dean shifted his position and surveyed his seat mate with curiosity. "No?" he asked.

"No," said Bill, "I won't let her."

Sam continued his inspection. "Woof, woof," he said.

"Exactly," said Bill. "And she hasn't got any money. Madge overdraws her bank account three times a week."

"That's no bunker," Sam observed. "She could hock the house or the car or something. It's been done. These women are funny that way when they want to step out."

"Some of them," said Bill pointedly, "won't seem so funny when this stock market caves in."

"Uh-huh. I used to spring that line on Elsie once a day, but I had to quit. Elsie's good, Bill. You've got to hand it to her for pickin' 'em right and ridin' 'em. She's been making a row of passes for nice money, and I don't know the half of it, either. We don't seem to click on financial principles, whatever they are, but I'll say she's good. And this Talcott Talcum might be another bunch of ripe berries, eh? Why couldn't it be? Maybe I'll take a shot at it myself."

"Go ahead," said Bill sourly. "It's tripe, but what difference does that make? It hasn't gone up much yet—only from around 30 to above 90. It pays a big dividend—one whole dollar a year, if it pays it. Some people think it's a good investment—people in lunatic asylums. It's the kind of junk that makes a religious appeal to females who think heaven is where the fur coats grow under the wristwatch bushes. I don't know any reason why it can't go up a thousand points. Go ahead and buy it. I'm going back to another car, where the air's better."

"Bill," said Sam Dean, "if I had your disposition I'd poison it. If this Talcott is so loose-jointed, how come it's up sixty points? Don't that mean something?"

"It does," Bill said darkly as he squirmed out of the seat. "It means that a considerable number of people in this part of the world are considerably cockeyed."

He completed his journey in the train's rear coach, trying to forget the stock market and all its works. At his office his mail included four sprightly letters from Wall Street firms advising him to buy stocks without delay. Three he tossed away with contempt. The fourth he shredded emphatically after reading that Talcott Talcum bore all the marks of an immediate winner. At noon his own broker called him on the telephone.

"Thought you'd like to know how the market's doing, Bill," said the broker. "It's good and strong again this morning. Came right up from that dip of yesterday."

"Aleck," said Bill, speaking very distinctly, "as I have told you before, I don't want to hear anything about the market until it breaks its neck. I hope my meaning is clear. Not until it breaks its fool neck. When it is in the throes of death and is breathing its last, call me up. Then I may buy a few stocks—if they're low enough."

"All right, Bill," Aleck said. "If I'm still alive at the time, I'll do that thing. But for the years in between, I've got two or three hot ones. This Talcott Talcum looks like the real goods today."

"Well, well," said Bill. "So you think Talcott Talcum is the real goods today, do you, Aleck?"

"I hear twenty points in it quick, and I get that pretty straight. It's up four points this morning. Opened at 93, and now it's about 97."

"Aleck," said Bill with deliberation, "my attention has already been called to Talcott Talcum by others. They, like you, are deeply in love with it. And yet, Aleck, the fact that it is up four points today somehow leaves me quite cold. And furthermore, Aleck, if it happened to be up four hundred points today, I wouldn't give a damn."

He crashed the telephone on its stand and went out to lunch.

In the smoker of the 4:52 Mr. Wrenn opened his newspaper at the stock-market page and learned that Talcott Talcum had closed the day at 98¾. He was scowling at the figures when Sam Dean halted by the seat.

"Didn't I say Elsie was good?" Sam inquired truculently.

Mr. Wrenn said he had heard something to that effect.

Sam grinned. "Saw Talcott, didn't you, Bill?"

"No," Bill lied. "I didn't think any more about it."

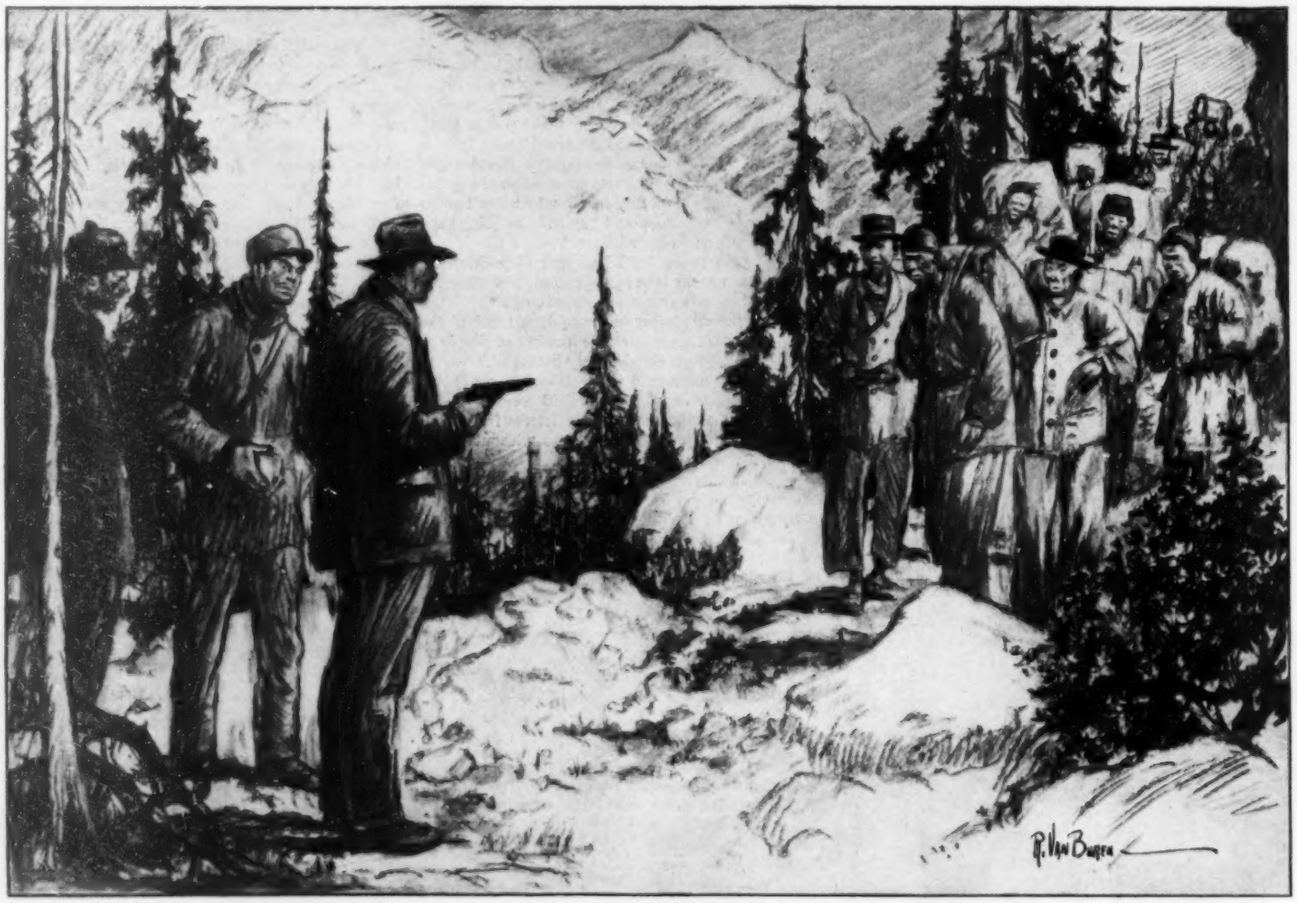
"Up nearly six points," Sam chuckled. "Closed at the top, and going strong. That's pickin' 'em, what? I bit into two hundred at 96, but that's under your hat. Don't tell Madge. She'd tell Elsie."

"What are you afraid of?" Bill asked.

(Continued on Page 115)

"Good Night, William," Elsie Said Sweetly. "I Do Hate to Mention it, Old Dear, But You Really are Dumb"

LONG TIME NO SEE



"An Intelligent Man Recognizes the Will of Heaven," Lee Song Reflected in Surrender

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

THE company house of the Yeung Wo Tong clung to the slope of Telegraph Hill above the Bay of San Francisco. The front of the house was painted light blue, against which a Cantonese in blue denim made a poor target for casual gunfire. A pair of gilded wood lions guarded the doorway. From the inner courtyard of the house a stairway ascended to the second story. The walls of the largest room on the main floor were posted with records of the names of the members of the Yeung Wo Company, inscribed on vermilion paper with black ink. Following the member's name was set forth the amount of his subscription to the general fund of the tong, and other vital statistics.

The attic story of the building was usually filled with newly arrived members of the company, or older members who had come down to San Francisco from the placer mines to rest. Sick men would lie around on their mats, exciting sympathy.

On a fortunate day of the eighth month of the fourth year of the Emperor Hsien Feng, into this scene, from a Canton suburb on an estuary of the Pearl River, came Lee Song. "So this is Cuba," he said.

"California," a countryman corrected. "The gold hills. You have escaped from the Island of Death. Our unfortunate cousins who depart from the Central Glory for Cuba and Peru are lost slaves."

"Heaven disposes," Lee Song returned.

"Aye. For you, calamity has changed into blessing. There is wealth for all in the gold hills."

"This is great recompense to small virtue. When I drink water I shall think of the fountain. Sweet after bitter!"

"I wish you plenteous days," Lee Song's friend said.

But the plenteous days were delayed by the frown of the Gods of Malice. For Lee Song and nine of his countrymen, working a placer on Mud Bar, tears were shed by heaven, and these tears fell as an October rain, until Rock River rose to a flood stage.

"Big water, little gold," one of the Chinese company observed.

"Let us offer a tribute to Long Wang, the dragon king who controls all waters, and perhaps he will tame this raging river."

The waters of Rock River were gray at that hour with their freight of silt. They yellowed presently, and then after a week, throughout which driftwood that had been rockers and toms and flumes was abundant on the flood, Rock River turned red, colored by its tributaries which flowed from the painted hills to the north. "Long Wang is angry," a cousin said to Lee Song.

"Heaven disposes," Lee Song returned. "Patience. We have enjoyed a double portion of prosperity."

"But both this land and the men thereof are suffering."

"Take heed for the morrow," Lee Song observed, "and this calamity may be changed into a blessing. Good rice, a dry hut, water to drink, one's bended arm for a pillow—that is our present recompense for labors of the past. You must not forget the golden reward that is ours."

"But the golden reward is the source of our greatest danger. We sleep beside a tiger's mouth."

"What do you mean?"

"Have you not heard what happened to our countrymen in the camps below here?"

"I journeyed through the hills seeking herbs at sunrise. What is the news?"

"Three of our brothers were killed by the white barbarians at Willow Bar. In the camps along the little river beyond the granite ridge the tax collectors are again at work, and that means ——"

The speaker was interrupted by a faint cry of distress which came from a rain-drenched hut near the Americans' camp at Mud Bar. Again: "*Pao cheo*—for vengeance!"

Lee Song looked down the trail. He saw a white man dragging a struggling Chinaman. Then, from near by, "Kill him as he comes," a desperate Chinese miner advised.

"Stay! Better to endure persecution than to follow depraved courses."

"Of clear perception," Lee Song thought, "whoever said that. Where men suffer, there is hell." To his companion, "What shall we do?"

"Flight is our salvation," his companion returned. "*Ta keo liao*—there has been enough of conflict."

Their flight was arrested fifty feet from its point of beginning by three white men who blocked the river trail. In Lee Song's boot he had a knife ten inches long, but no thought of using it came to his mind until he saw a pistol leveled at him, and then, "An intelligent man recognizes the will of heaven," he reflected in surrender. Surprised an instant later at the report of the pistol ringing in his ears, he felt a sudden sharp pain in his left arm. "With the impact of another ball from that gun I shall presently leave life," he thought, in resignation to his fate.

From the scowl on the face of the man who held the leveled weapon Lee Song judged that death was due; but his moment for departing from life was delayed by a rounded five-pound lump of white quartz aimed at the gun-bearer's head by one of his white companions. Sam Tanner, temporarily of Mud Bar, had thrown the rock that interrupted the murderous program. On the instant Lee Song realized that he owed his life to this white man.

Knowing perhaps ten words of English, it was difficult to put his gratitude into intelligible words, but his manner

conveyed his meaning. "That's all right, Chink," Sam Tanner said when the battle had ended. "We ain't killers—by choice. Leave that to the greasers and the Sydney men."

"No savvy," Lee Song said. Following this there came an incoherent chatter of Chinese words which served to release some of Lee Song's pent emotion. To one of his countrymen who spoke English, "Tell the white man I am in his debt for my life."

"He knows that. Your other debt is of more concern to him from what he says."

"My other debt?"

"Yes—the tax that the white men of the gold hills impose upon the miners from the Central Kingdom. This man demands a great share of our gold."

"I owe him all that I have, including my life."

"Your life is of no use to him. He demands five hundred dollars. Your share of our wealth is not that great. He demands five hundred dollars from each one of us, and we have not enough to pay him."

"By what authority does he demand this money?"

"I know not, save that the savage sovereigns of the gold hills levy upon us whenever the mood strikes them."

"Has he a document of authority from their emperor?"

"Does not that bullet wound in your arm burn with authority?"

"Aye; good medicine is bitter to the taste. The easiest course is to pay what he demands. A wise man understands a nod."

"Your words are freighted with wisdom. But the gold—that is another thing. They demand more than we have."

"There are the upper fields beyond the reach of the river flood—we could reap the golden harvest for them with a few days of diligent labor. Ask these men to return next week and we will have the gold for them."

The captive Chinaman who had been dragged up the trail by the fourth white man spoke now for the first time: "Peace, brothers, at any price."

"What he say?" one of the white men asked, turning to Lee Song's countryman who could speak a little English.

"He say more betteh work hard, get gold dust, pay what you like. He likee pay money, no likee die."

"Pay it, then, and pay it quick," Sam Tanner returned roughly. "We haven't got time to waste in this camp."

"Bimeby ketchum all money. Today no have got."

"How much you got?"

"Light now mebby thlee hund'ed dollah epry man. Come back thlee-fo' day, ketchum fi' hund'ed dollah epry man."

"There's ten of you. That's five thousand dollars. Hand over three thousand now, and we'll be back here Wednesday for two thousand more. If it isn't ready, soldier come, kill every Chinaman." Sam Tanner drew his forefinger across his throat in an eloquent explanation of this realistic fiction.

When the gold had been handed over, "Here's your receipt," Sam Tanner announced, handing a handbill to Lee Song. "You see—it say five hundred dollars."

The handbill read, in part:

$500

A REWARD OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS will be paid for the capture, dead or alive, of SYDNEY JIM, alias JIM THE DODGER, wanted for assault and robbery at Sonora and other camps in the Southern Mines.

With One Blade Coming at Him and Another Swinging Above Him, the White Man Prepared to Bid Farewell to Life

There followed a description of Sydney Jim. Sam Tanner pointed to it. "You be mighty sure to have that other two thousand ready by Wednesday. You no got money, soldier come kill all China boy!"

"Nothin' gits 'em as quick as an important-lookin' piece of paper," the tax collector explained later that night to a hilarious group in the bar of the What Cheer House. "I turned the trick with a handbill about a couple of robbers. It's easier than fallin' off a log."

"You're goin' to run onto a Chink some day that knows the law. He'll be mighty apt to git you into trouble."

"Not so long as old Bit Whisky is governor of this state! Not so long as we have a majority of our pards in the legislature, they ain't goin' to be no trouble. Drink your likker and let's have another. There's lots more dust where this come from. Three cheers for the Chinks—they're yellow, but they're pay dirt and easy diggin'!"

Idly, Then Instinctively Diligent, He Stuck a Flat Steel Knife Into the Wet Earth Near the Face of the Great Bowlder

In the San Francisco house of the Yeung Wo Tong no man could conceal stolen goods. Neither could strangers be brought to lodge there. Drunkenness and gambling were not permitted, nor could sacrificial papers be burned to the gods. The place was clean; no heaps of rags and trash. No wrangling and petty theft marked the days of the members of the Yeung Wo Tong when they were in the company house that clung to the slope of Telegraph Hill.

Poor men and men crippled in the mines who could no longer work were returned to China at the expense of the tong. Coffins were furnished for the poor who died, and when a man of the company was murdered a reward was offered for the killer, large enough to accomplish justice at a time when the white men's courts were lost in a maelstrom of criminal violence. When the conduct of a member brought disgrace upon the company he was expelled and his name was posted in the house.

The Yeung Wo Tong had three managers; one of them to attend to its internal affairs, another to transact business with the Americans and a third man to act as treasurer. The safe in the treasury had four different locks and the committee of four councillors were custodians of the keys.

A rule long established held that difficulties brought upon members by their own vice and follies would receive no attention from the tong, nor would the company consider complaints of a doubtful character or without sufficient proof.

A letter addressed to the committee of four, written by Lee Song, arrived at San Francisco on the second day following the violent scenes in the Chinese camp near Mud Bar on Rock River. The secretary of the Yeung Wo Company read it. In reply he wrote: "There is not sufficient cash in our treasury to meet the demands of the white barbarians. A timely retreat often wins a battle. Remember that a small stone can break a large jar. A bronze tiger does not fear the rain. Heaven will reward the diligent man."

Following this, with renewed assurances of the moral support of the home guard, the council in the Yeung Wo house in San Francisco abandoned the Mud Bar colony of their countrymen to the ravages of Sam Tanner and his informal tax-collecting crew.

"*Ta keo liao*—we have had enough of fighting," Lee Song advised his countrymen when he read the Yeung Wo letter. "The musk deer carries its own perfume—next time we must conceal our wealth. There is still much gold in these hills. It is folly to abandon it by departing from this scene. Good medicine is bitter to the taste. Let us work hard and get the balance of the amount which the barbarian officials demand, and after that, working in peace, what we find we can keep."

"Much of your argument is without reason," one of Lee Song's companions objected. "What is to prevent the return of these tax officials or others of their kind when next we have accumulated some small portion of gold?"

"Today's trouble fills today's cup. The future rests with the gods. Gold comes from work, disaster from words. Time is an arrow. Fill the rice kettle. Let us eat and then, despite the storm, let us work. Three or four days will surely bring us the price of our freedom, and after that the fruits of our industry will be our own. Enough of talk! Idle wrangling is death—labor is life."

The steep wooded slopes of the hills above Rock River which had been peopled through the summer by the marching populace of gamblers and grafters and gold hunters were now comparatively deserted. The cold winter rains of the Sierra had driven most of the white men to the towns.

Prospecting a dozen of the tributary gulches above their camp on Mud Bar for a day, Lee Song and his crew were unmolested by the roving white men. There was a little gold everywhere in this territory, and wherever bed rock could be reached a pan miner, working steadily, could make half an ounce a day. But it was not for this that Lee Song

(Continued on Page 107)

IN THE SENATE

The Course of Legislation

By George Wharton Pepper
Former United States Senator From Pennsylvania

AFTER the general election of 1922, Senator David A. Reed and I, now sitting as elected rather than appointed members, found our days and nights distracted by the throng of duties which a seat in the United States Senate entails. Because of his experience in the World War, I relinquished to my colleague my membership on the Military Affairs Committee and accepted instead an assignment to the Committee on Naval Affairs. In time I became a member of the Foreign Relations Committee, the select Committee on Revision of the Laws and of the Committee on Printing, in addition to the other committees to which I had first been assigned—namely, Banking and Currency and the Library of Congress. As a member also of the Steering Committee, I shared the responsibility of recommending to the Republican majority the order of priority for the consideration of legislative measures, and because of membership on Naval Affairs became automatically a member ex-officio of the Appropriations Committee sitting to formulate the Navy appropriation bills.

Each of these committees has its separate and distinctive functions. The Committee on Foreign Relations considers all treaties and measures affecting our intercourse with other powers. The Committee on Naval Affairs is in charge of legislation relating to the first line of the national defense. The select Committee on Revision of the Laws was charged, in coöperation with the House Committee, with the duty of collecting and codifying all the general and permanent legislation of Congress since 1789. The Banking and Currency Committee is concerned primarily with the welfare of the national banks and the coining and printing of our money. The Library Committee of the two houses, in addition to its supervision of the great Library of Congress, considers all measures for the erection of memorials and statues or any structures on public ground which will become part of the Capitol group. The Committee on Printing, among other functions, supervises contracts for the purchase of paper and supplies for the Government Printing Office—the largest establishment of its kind in the world, with a yearly output of money-order application blanks exceeding 200,000,000, and a capacity equal to printing 92,000,000 income blanks in thirty days, 32,000,000 books and pamphlets for the Department of Agriculture alone in one year, and a number of post cards annually which, as some of its statistically minded officials boast, would attain a height of two hundred miles if stacked in a single pile. During my term in the Senate I was for a while chairman both of the Library of Congress Committee and of the Committee on Printing.

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Senator Pepper and Senator Caraway With Pages on the Capitol Grounds

The Work of Congressional Committees

PROBABLY the clearest explanation of the nature and effect of committee work can be made by recounting the history of certain significant measures to which attention was given during my term.

Among the most interesting of these was the Isle of Pines treaty, considered in the Foreign Relations Committee. As a result of such work as I was able to do toward securing the ratification of this treaty, the Cuban ambassador invited me to Havana, with the promise that, if I accepted, a national holiday would be declared in my honor. I was, never able to put to the test this hospitable offer.

The Isle of Pines treaty had long been staring the Foreign Relations Committee in the face when I became a member. After the Spanish War a considerable number of American citizens had settled in the Isle of Pines, south of Cuba, in the hope that under the terms of the treaty of peace with Spain this territory would be appropriated by the United States and that farm products could thus be imported into this country without duty. Cuba deeply resented this effort to deprive her of a valuable island which had been governed for years from Havana and was regarded as Cuban territory. Two treaties were negotiated between Cuba and the United States; one ceding to us a coaling station at Guantanamo, the other surrendering to Cuba our claim to the Isle of Pines. The former treaty was promptly ratified by the Senate. The latter, as a result of the urgency of the American settlers and largely because Senator Penrose had espoused their cause, had remained unratified for more than twenty years. This situation had caused deep resentment against the United States throughout all Latin America. I believed our conduct to be indefensible. We had fought the Spanish War to end Spanish oppression. To substitute American spoliation would have been a tragic outcome. I therefore urged that the treaty be brought out of committee and ratified. After it had been favorably reported, Senator Borah, chairman of the committee, with characteristic fairness delegated to me the duty of handling the treaty on the floor, as he himself was opposed to ratification. A parliamentary struggle ensued. A filibuster organized by Senator Copeland, of New York, was finally worn down, the treaty was ratified and demonstrations of Cuban approval followed.

Another example of the complex problems attending consideration of international agreements in the Foreign Relations Committee was offered by the so-called Lausanne Treaty. In the old days, when Turkey's judicial system gave no guaranty of justice to litigants, the great powers stipulated that charges against their nationals in Turkey should be tried only in the consular court of the nation to which the accused belonged. Such a system, if imposed on a self-respecting nation, is apt to arouse bitter resentment.

After the Great War, Turkey, at Lausanne, accordingly forced the European powers to surrender these so-called capitulatory rights. We were not a party to that treaty; but our State Department negotiated and the President signed a separate Lausanne Treaty with Turkey in which we made the same concessions as had been made by the Allied Powers. The Allies had, however, exacted from Turkey a promise of fair treatment for Armenia. Our treaty was silent on that point—wisely, in my opinion. If Armenia were ill-treated it would be the business of the Allies to protect her, and we could coöperate with them or not, as we might decide. Had we, however, exacted a separate promise, and had that promise been broken, we should have had to acquiesce ingloriously or else resort to arms. The treaty left us free to help Armenia, but without commitment. It should have been ratified. Unfortunately, however, the Democratic Convention in 1924 had declared against ratification, thus making it a party issue. Still more unfortunately, a large body of Protestant clergymen fell an easy prey to propaganda hostile to the treaty and, as so often happens, succeeded in disguising a question of international policy as a moral issue. The combined opposition of Democrats and clergy proved fatal, and we never were able to muster the two-thirds majority necessary for ratification. Since the old treaty of 1839 has been abrogated, we are thus left without normal diplomatic relationship with Turkey, to the great disadvantage of American business men and of our missionaries in the Near East. This disadvantage has been mitigated by Turkey's willingness to give us temporarily the rights of the most favored nation.

Disciplined

I RECALL one very interesting situation which developed in the Foreign Relations Committee out of the lengthy discussions over recognition of Russia. Senator Borah introduced and had referred to the committee a resolution advising the President to extend recognition to the Russia Soviet Republic. In committee he urged that public hearings be held on his resolution. I opposed such hearings on the ground that nothing was likely to be developed which would change the attitude of our Government and that only embarrassment to the Administration would result. Everybody else was favorable to the hearings and they were ordered held.

Doubtless as a mild measure of discipline for my opposition, Senator Lodge, then chairman of the committee, appointed me a member of the subcommittee to conduct the hearings. Several such hearings were held with Senator Borah presiding. Witnesses from the State Department presented an admirably prepared documentary case, establishing to my satisfaction that disturbing and dangerous propaganda is inseparable from the governmental activities of the Soviet. Then, while the hearings were still in progress, Lenin's death was announced in the papers. At the next hearing the chairman announced that Lenin's death had introduced a factor of such uncertainty into the Soviet situation that it would be unnecessary, for the time being, to take any further testimony. Hearings were suspended and during my term in the Senate nothing more was heard of the matter.

Probably the most important measures before the Foreign Relations Committee during my term were those dealing with the so-called World Court. As it becomes increasingly clear that membership in the League of Nations is impracticable for a government organized as ours is, so it

(Continued on Page 156)

What I Really Saw and Learned in Europe in 1923

By Smith Wildman Brookhart

United States Senator From Iowa

In Contrast With the Scholarly But Provincial Picture of My Friend and Traveling Companion, Dr. Alfred Pearce Dennis

Senator Brookhart

EARLY in 1923 I planned a trip to Europe for two specific purposes—to bring the international rifle matches to the United States, if possible, and to investigate the growth and development of economic coöperation. My traveling companion was to have been Mr. Huston Thompson, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, who also wanted to investigate the coöperatives. At the last moment the sickness of Mr. Thompson's father delayed his going, although he did go later, and his report on coöperation should be rated as one of the most valuable things yet done by the Federal Trade Commission.

Prior to starting, it was announced in the press that I would visit Europe to investigate coöperation. President Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, called me on the long-distance telephone from Washington, District of Columbia, at my home in Washington, Iowa, and asked to send with me his personal representative in Europe, Dr. Alfred P. Dennis, and saying he desired accurate information about coöperation for himself and for his department. I welcomed this suggestion and it was arranged that Doctor Dennis should meet me at Cherbourg when I landed in France.

At New York I took the President Monroe, a government boat, since sold to private enterprise. On board, the first person I met was Christian Lynch, a steel manufacturer, a fine gentleman and an experienced traveler, from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. He introduced me to Dr. George E. Raiguel, of Philadelphia, a noted lecturer, peace advocate and traveler. We had never met before, but soon became friends, and they both decided to change their route of travel and go with me. This they did, and stayed with me all around Europe. We went into port, but did not land, and I got a glimpse of Plymouth, England, from shipboard.

In France

THE first European I met was a Scotch captain of pilots, an ardent prohibitionist, and from the same town in Scotland as the ancestors of my predecessor, Senator Kenyon, with whom he was acquainted. We then crossed the Channel to Cherbourg, and Doctor Dennis appeared with his interpreter. You will note that he needed an interpreter. The real truth is that the worthy doctor's French was not much better than my own. In fact, in a test, the interpreter said I had the better pronunciation. I had read several books in the original French, including Les Miserables, and I get the news from a paper quite readily—likewise with German and Spanish—but I got little of this in school, and, instead, dug it out for myself.

Doctor Dennis, like myself, was traveling light, and we at once decided we would not do much shining at banquets, dinners and dances, though we did eat wholesome and bountiful meals at farmhouses in many places.

I now had two doctors on my hands—both aristocrats from the scholarly but provincial East. Doctor Dennis was long a professor in Princeton University under Woodrow Wilson. He came with the learning, dignity and caution of his great school, modified by agreeable, versatile and energetic training in commercial salesmanship. Doctor Raiguel was a scientifically trained physician, who had quit his profession for the more inspiring pursuit of eloquence in social and political betterment and among the intellectually élite and fashionable. Widely traveled, he had acquired a knowledge of almost every language, and was able to make known our wants in a ready-made and effective way under all circumstances. These two doctors were as different as moonlight and bright sunshine, but I liked them both, got much valuable assistance from both and still feel a deep friendship for both. However, I soon noticed an amusing and sometimes entertaining jealousy between them. For instance, Doctor Dennis in his article quotes me as using the expression "ain't you," and so on—an expression I never use except in derision. The only recollection of its use, in my mind, on the whole trip was when the doctor himself used it in reference to the other doctor, saying, "He knows more that ain't so than any man I ever met." Doctor Raiguel's retort was generous, admitting he was a "buttinsky" on the tour, and conceding the right of Doctor Dennis to criticize, and so I avoided all bloodshed.

I Visited This Market in the Jewish Quarter of Warsaw

A Russian Peasants' Home, With the Barn, Stable and Human Dwelling All Under the Same Roof. At Left—A Husky European Field Laborer, With His Daughters

We were ready for business, and I told Doctor Dennis I wanted to see the rifle associations, which would not take long, and then all my time would be given to the coöperatives. I had read the history of all the countries of Europe, ancient, medieval and modern. I had read and studied books of travel until I saw but few unfamiliar scenes on the whole tour. Therefore it was my plan to let the "dead past bury its dead," take a look at the living present, and raise, as far as possible, the curtain of the dawning future.

A study of coöperation had convinced me that it had grown into a great economic system. The war had augmented rather than retarded its growth. It was becoming a powerful competitor of the whole competitive system. Why should it not transact the business of the whole world? Why had it not succeeded so well in the United States? The latter question was conclusively answered at my first interview.

The Interview With Mr. Herrick

I WANTED one minute at the tomb of Napoleon, a few more at the tomb of LaFayette, and a day on the battlefield of the World War, and then to my task. The commercial attachés were new to the government service, but they were enthusiastically efficient. Doctor Dennis was able to arrange our program in every country in advance; by the day and by the hour. It would have been humanly impossible to cover more ground or gather more reliable information in the same length of time.

My first interview was with Ambassador Herrick. My team had won his magnificent rifle trophies when he was governor of Ohio, but I had never met him. He was a gracious, a pleasing and a commanding personality. I told him my purpose was to investigate the coöperatives in the various countries of Europe. When I mentioned

(Continued on Page 165)

MODEL DISCONTINUED

Frances Put Her Hand on His Shoulder. "Let's Dance, Honey Boy," She Said Softly

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

"THERE goes the phone again," said Paul, and stood up, wiping his hands on a bit of waste. Even in overalls, he had a clean, tidy look. His shirt was white, his tie a good, dark blue silk, and under the cuffed-up legs of his overalls, his shoes were polished a gleaming black. Walnut, the mechanic, looked at him with awe. He had thought, at first, that this new Grover dealer, with his tidy ways, was a regular dude, but he had changed his mind with the passing months. Paul could work right along with the next one. He had his showroom open at seven o'clock every morning, and he was right there until nine at night, except for the time he spent out around the county with a demonstrator. He kept everything about the place as clean as he kept himself. The wash boy, with the only power washer in the county, was prospering; for the demonstrators were washed and polished constantly, the cars on the floor had to be gone over and kept bright, and custom washing was being done in Hilltown to an unprecedented degree. The floors of the showroom and shop were swept and washed every day. The whitewashed lines which separated the stalls for the new cars were renewed as soon as a footprint had marred them.

In the office, all the little gadgets in the accessory case were arranged in orderly fashion on bright crêpe paper. Even the batteries were stacked just so, and the table before the window, bearing its vials of lubricating oil, its nests of bright chains and flash lights, was dusted and polished every day, like a lady's parlor. It was a new one on Walnut—all this fussing. He had worked, right in this very place, for the seven dealers who had failed, but he had never seen anything like this. Old Cap'n Fox, who sold Spate cars so successfully across the road, had an old livery stable converted into a showroom and garage. And it looked like a garage, not a bank. There was plenty of oil and grease spots, the accumulation of waste and dust that came from handling cars. Cap'n showed his cars in the street, and kept books in a cubby-hole of an office, with his daughter Joan's help. Not that he was careless or dirty, but just that he thought a garage was meant to be that way. And because no one had ever been able to survive in competition with Cap'n, Walnut thought so too.

But even Walnut—and no creature on the face of the earth is harder to convince of the efficacy of a new thing than an automobile mechanic—even Walnut had to admit that Paul knew his stuff. He was making a little money already. He was going to succeed. Hilltown liked clean things, it seemed. They had an increasing confidence in Paul, as the months passed. He was concerned that the people who bought cars from him should have them properly serviced, and he kept after them to bring their cars in. He was gradually making a dent in the local business. The Spate dealer didn't seem to care, but went on his way with the same composure that had marked him all his life. Walnut wondered what would happen when the steadily increasing intimacy and friendship between Paul and Joan Fox flared into something more potent. Would the old man raise objections, or did he have his tongue in his cheek right now?

"Shall I answer the telephone, Blondy?" asked Walnut, and was surprised at himself. It was part of his code to do nothing willingly, yet he was always hearing himself offer to do things for Paul.

"No. You finish this job. Bowen's coming in for the car at four. I'll go. It's probably another wreck."

"We got more wrecks in here now than we can ever fix," complained Walnut, who would rather struggle with a wreck than eat. "Did you send for that new flywheel for the Nordic?"

"I telephoned. It'll be down on the evening train. Maybe we can get it fixed tonight. The man's a salesman and wants to go on in the morning."

The telephone was shrilling again, and Paul ran lightly through the shop, through the space set aside in the back of the showroom for used cars, and came to the office, which was only a square of linoleum rug set apart by a silk rope on standards. Walnut took the grease gun and went on with the work Paul had been doing. Paul had not wanted to go into the general garage business. But the fine shop he had outfitted to service his own new and used cars, the employment of the best mechanic in the county, and the possession of a powerful old Jewel, taken in on his first trade, and good only for a wrecker, had been a combination of circumstances too much for him. The Jewel could pull through ice and water, over hills, and out of ditches, and it was only natural that she should bring the wrecks in to their own shop. Now they had more work than they could take care of, and Paul himself was back in the shop whenever he could get an extra hour from selling.

He answered the clamorous telephone.

"Grover wrecking service." He was very businesslike.

Paul Edwards heard a soft laugh—a girl's laugh, gushing and sweet.

"I like that!" she said. "I'm not a wreck—not at seventeen! But would you save me if I were?"

Paul grinned. It was the kind of voice young men are always listening for.

"I've a notion I'd do whatever you asked me to do," he said, and was surprised at his own tone. He had eliminated girls from his immediate program, which was all concerned with getting out of debt and getting his little business on its feet.

"Then it will be easy for both of us. I just want to try out one of your cars. I thought perhaps you'd come up here and give me a demonstration. Papa is going to give me a car for school this year. It's just a week until I go, and I've always wanted a Grover. Mr. Franklin told papa that you have a Grover coupé down there that you tried to sell him—a last year's model. I think perhaps you might sell it to us if you tried hard, Mr. Edwards."

"Oh, boy," thought Paul. Would he? A gift—no trade-in, and a chance to get rid of the blue coupé, which was the only one he had left of the old models. He wondered who she could be.

"I'll be up there in ten minutes, if you'll tell me where to come," he answered eagerly.

"It's up the hill. The big stone house just above Delton Avenue. Gilde is the name. This is Frances Gilde speaking."

"I'll bring the coupé up, Miss Gilde. It is absolutely new. I got it a short time before the models changed. I'll let you try it yourself."

He knew where the house was. He knew the name—a prosperous retired farmer. He had solicited the man and demonstrated this very car to him earlier in the summer. Business was like that—old try-outs came back to bless you. He scrubbed his hands and combed his hair, took off his overalls and rolled down his sleeves. He put on his gray suit coat and set his hat exactly square. The day was hot, though it was almost the first of October.

Paul saw Joan Fox out on the sidewalk across the street, before her father's garage. She was standing there, looking up and down the street, as she sometimes did. He went across to her to get a line, if he could, on his new prospect. Joan was, he thought, the best friend he had in the whole wide world.

"Joan, do you know a girl named Frances Gilde?" he asked. Joan's honest dark blue eyes looked into his.

"Of course I know Fran Gilde. I've known her always. Why?"

"She called up for a demonstration," said Paul. "Her father's going to give her a car, she says. I'm going to take the sport coupé up there—the one I had left."

"Oh."

Paul smiled at her. They understood each other. He had not appreciated Joan at first. She wasn't his type, he had told himself—not feminine enough. But now he liked her better than any girl he knew, with an honest, respectful admiration. She was a real soldier. She was like a darling younger sister. She was smart, and she was kind and generous and honest. A wonderful girl!

"You don't sound very encouraging."

"Mr. Gilde must have had a stroke or something, if he's going to give Fran a car for herself," she said, "but you can't tell. She has a way with her father, and other men too. She's awfully pretty, Paul. And, of course, if they want the car, they can buy it. But Mr. Gilde is a notoriously hard man. Trade carefully with him."

"Well, I Wish You Luck," Joan Said

"But I'll probably have to make some sacrifice to sell the car now. Where does Miss Gilde go to school?"

"She's going to college. She graduated from high school last spring."

"She must be plenty bright. She says she's seventeen."

"She ought to know," said Joan. Someone drove up and stopped at the pumps. Joan put her hand on the indicator.

"How many, Barney?" she asked. Paul went back and got his coupé out, feeling a little dissatisfied with Joan. It wasn't like her to be this way. She was always interested and helpful. He felt a sense of loss at her indifference.

He found the stone house without any trouble. A small person dressed in white was on the porch. She came down and laughed up at him.

"Hello, Mr. Edwards. I'm Fran Gilde."

He stood by the car and took the little hand she offered him.

"You surely haven't been here all this time!" he said.

She was extremely pretty. Her white felt hat shaded dark curls and a heart-shaped face of rose and cream, with lovely big black eyes, set in long curling lashes, a small perfect nose, and a soft red mouth. Paul didn't know when he had seen such a pretty girl. Her hand was soft and plump and warm in his own. She looked at him roguishly. She laughed. Her teeth were like the small milky grains of young corn.

"A high-powered little vamp," Paul told himself.

"Are you going to show me your car, Mr. Edwards, or aren't you?"

Paul felt a positive urge of gallantry. "I've been too busy staring," he said. "You drive, so I can look."

"No, you drive. I'll listen and learn."

He put her in and closed the door and ran around. He showed her, first of all, the gauges and dials on the instrument panel, and told her what a good car it was. He lowered the back window.

"When you've anyone in the rumble seat or want the air, it is like a roadster. When it's raining or cold, you have a closed car."

She was dimpling and smiling at him. "I've been dying to meet you," she said. "Joan Fox is the only girl in town that knows you, and she's too selfish to introduce you to the rest of us."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," he protested. "There's not a selfish thought in Joan's mind. I never knew a more generous girl."

"Now you're sticking up for her," she pouted. "I say the rest of us deserve a break anyhow. I've seen to it that you had half a dozen invitations, and you haven't accepted any of them."

"I haven't had time," he told her. "I like to be downtown at night, so if some man that works all day wants to see one of the cars, I can show it. After I get established I'll be glad to go to parties."

"I know you're terribly ambitious and serious. Everyone knows that. Father says you're the most ambitious young man he ever saw. But you mustn't be so selfish. We don't have a new boy around here often. There's a lot in life besides hard work. Isn't there?"

Paul started the car. He was gratified by her admiration. They drove out into the country. She cuddled down beside him. Not boldly, but just because she was affectionate. He could see that. When they got out over the quarry hill, Paul had a feeling that she wasn't listening to any of the things he was telling her about the car. He had had that feeling with women before. They asked you questions and paid no attention to the answers you gave them, or else looked entirely uncomprehending. But most women were simply deaf to mechanical descriptions, thinking of things to say to their husbands, trying to decide whether to oppose or abet the salesman. Frances Gilde wasn't listening, because she was looking at and thinking about Paul.

Frances Came Downstairs, Freshly Rouged and Powdered

"Now you drive," he said, stopping in an open place and giving her the wheel. She started the car with a jerk, clashed the gears so that Paul winced, and then she drove too fast.

"You're going too fast, Miss Gilde. You mustn't drive so fast."

She laughed hysterically. They were approaching a curve and she put the brakes on too hard, and then had to speed up again to get around. A car was approaching, and she was far out in the road.

Paul reached over instinctively and held the wheel hard against her tug. She would have pulled it back too far. He reached out and turned off the ignition, and the car slid to a rest.

Frances threw up her hands and laughed.

"I'm afraid I need lessons," she said demurely. "If we buy the car, will you teach me to drive?"

"Certainly. Whatever is necessary to teach you properly."

She sat there, behind the wheel, and looked up at him. Without taking thought, Paul bent above her. His lips touched hers. She was very sweet. She did not move, but returned his kiss. She looked at him with shining, triumphant eyes, smiled exquisitely, and said:

"Lesson Number One."

Paul felt a little foolish. "I didn't mean to be so fresh," he told her.

"Were you fresh?" she asked. "I wondered if you knew how to kiss a girl. You're so terribly stern."

"What do you think now?"

"I can't tell yet." Paul put his arm around her. The second kiss was not so sweet but somewhat more intense. He was girl-hungry, he discovered—starved. In that moment, his feeling for her, however lacking in depth, was genuine enough. She put her soft bare arms around his neck.

(Continued on Page 170)

UP THE LADDER OF GOLD

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

"Then They Were Silent for a Few Moments. The Young Man With Gaudois Unrolled What Seemed to be a Bundle of Bathing Clothes, and Tied Them Up Again. It Appeared to be a Very Curious Collection of Articles"

XVIII

THAT evening, the Prime Minister, who was feeling far too upset for any festivities of the sort, was the unwilling dinner guest of Mr. Philip Hawkeson, the governor of the Bank of England, himself a very wealthy man, the husband of a beautiful woman, and the occupant of one of the finest houses in Grosvenor Square. During the three or four minutes before dinner, a period spent in a magnificent gallery hung with famous pictures, where cocktails were served and light conversation indulged in, Trowse buttonholed his host.

"Hawkeson," he asked, "do you by any chance know a man named Warren Rand?"

The bank governor made a wry face.

"I can't say that I know him," he admitted; "very few people do. There's no man at present, however, whom we poor little financiers in London hate more cordially."

"Why?"

Hawkeson shrugged his shoulders.

"It's rather a technical matter, and I know you're not keen on finance," he explained, "but Warren Rand is a man with enormous interests in many of the great banking institutions both in America and all over Europe. Just now, for some reason which no one seems to understand, every one of the banks where he has influence is pressing for gold. Furthermore, for every shipment which arrives from Australia or South Africa and comes into the market here, there is always a mysterious buyer whose identity the agents refuse to divulge, and who upsets all our calculations. Frankly, I can't understand it, but there is one name which is beginning to be whispered around, and that is the name of Warren Rand."

"But what does he want to buy gold for?" Trowse asked. "I don't know much about finance, but gold doesn't breed money."

"Not directly, but the withdrawal of gold unexpectedly from different countries depresses markets."

"Talk to me about it after dinner," the Premier begged. "We shall be forced to have a consultation at the Treasury within the next few days. . . . That's a very beautiful woman talking to your wife."

"The Princess de Montmercy. Let me present you."

Trowse was half inclined to draw back.

"Only when it is necessary," he begged. "I'm a terrible French scholar, I'm ashamed to say."

Hawkeson smiled.

"The princess is an American," he confided, "as more than half the foreign women with titles are nowadays."

"In that case," the Premier assented, "I shall be delighted."

Hawkeson laid his hand upon the arm of his august guest, and the two men were halfway across the room when he suddenly paused.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "I quite forgot. Do you know who the princess was before she married the Prince de Montmercy? Of course you don't. She was the divorced wife of Warren Rand."

"He has better taste in women than in most other ways, then," Trowse muttered. "Present me all the same, if you don't mind."

The princess, like a great many women of her race, was bright and entertaining, but frankly avowed her entire ignorance of English politics.

"Or even those of my own country, or my adopted one," she went on. "Life is so full and interesting."

"What is your chief absorption, then?" Trowse asked her as they stood for a moment alone.

"Life," she declared.

"And what does life mean for you?"

"I see you're going to drive me to declare myself a frivolous woman," she complained. "Well, life to me means a box at Covent Garden, a box at the Opéra in Paris, an *appartement* in the Bois de Boulogne, a villa down in the South—Cannes, for choice—and a suite for the season at my favorite hotel at Le Touquet, unlimited credit with my dressmaker and my other tradespeople, a ride almost every morning in the spring and autumn, and a good deal of bathing in really warm weather in the summer."

"It doesn't sound too frivolous," Trowse pronounced.

"You, of course," she ventured, "you have no other thought but politics?"

"Politics just now," he admitted ruefully, "give one little time to develop other thoughts. I sometimes wonder whether I wasn't happier as managing director of my boot factory."

"But you must have been very ambitious," she observed, "to climb so far away from local affairs."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"My position is largely an accident," he assured her. "I have always stood halfway between the two parties who have a scratch majority just now."

"You are a very modest man," she remarked.

"I have had all the conceit taken out of me," he acknowledged.

Their hostess crossed the room toward them.

"My dear princess," she explained, "we have all sorts of queer people dining tonight—the dear old Marchioness of Gorham, and wife of our premier marquis, who is terribly touchy, and the Princess de Brenoda, who expects to be treated as semiroyalty. Philip was distracted when I told him that he couldn't have you, but so it has to be. I am going to put you next to Mr. Trowse, who will be, of course, on my right."

The princess expressed her pleasure, Trowse his gratification. Soon they made their way along the gallery into the beautiful dining room. Trowse, who was not deficient in a sense of humor, smiled as he settled himself down in his high-backed Jacobean chair. He glanced along the brilliantly decorated table, and then back again at the woman by his side.

"I never dreamed," she remarked, "that I should sit next a coalition Prime Minister of England. I thought the Conservatives—they are the aristocratic party, aren't they?—had the country in their keeping for all time."

"They let it slip," he confided. "I don't mind saying, so long as I am at a private dinner party, that I wish they hadn't. They left every political department—foreign, financial and domestic—in such a hopeless condition that we should need a Gladstone or a Disraeli to restore our prestige."

"They tell me that a Trowse is doing it very well," she murmured, with a gracious smile.

He sighed.

"One can't perform impossibilities," he regretted. "No country could have a definite standard of living or be what I should call a happy and contented country with an income tax like ours."

"Why not reduce it?" she suggested brightly.

"Come and see my Chancellor of the Exchequer and talk to him," he invited.

"If he's as nice-looking as his pictures I should love to," she assented. "I couldn't absolutely promise though," she went on, laughing up at him, "that I could offer him any practical advice."

She turned to her right-hand neighbor, and Trowse spoke a few words to his hostess. Dinner was an epic of light and color and sound, concealed music playing softly in the background.

"May I ask you a somewhat personal question, princess?" Trowse begged when the Princess de Montmercy was free again.

"So long as it isn't my age or the name of my coiffeur," she warned him.

"Worse than that," he confessed. "Weren't you once married to Warren Rand?"

Abruptly, she was no longer the suave and very beautiful woman to whom words were playthings.

"Yes," she admitted. "I started life as Mrs. Warren Rand. I divorced him by arrangement, years ago."

"You couldn't tell me anything about him, I suppose?" he asked a little wistfully.

"Not a word. I don't wish to talk about him, and I am under a solemn promise not to. All that I can say is that we parted by mutual consent, and that he treated me with magnificent generosity. His views are not my views, nor his world my world."

"I can quite understand that," Trowse murmured.

She shrugged her white shoulders.

"They tell me that he is an enigma to a great many people," she went on cautiously. "He happens to be an enigma to me also, but if he were not, if I could help you to understand him, I still should not do it. *Voilà!* Now let us investigate this delicious *mousse*."

"It is a very amazing circumstance," Trowse remarked, as he took up his fork and followed her example, "that nearly everyone who does know anything about him replies very much as you do. He seems to have the world under his thumb."

"He is the sort of man," she said, "who, if he lives long enough, probably will."

The conversation drifted away on a lighter note and the service of dinner drew toward an end. Trowse, with the privilege of a favored guest, led his host to one side as they passed out toward the gallery.

"I must be in the House in half an hour," he confided. "This man Warren Rand, Hawkeson. It seems to me he's trying to take a hand in international politics. Tell me, is he dangerous?"

"He could be—horribly," Hawkeson admitted frankly.

The Prime Minister frowned. Like most men new to a great position, he hated alien influences which he failed to understand.

"But how?" he demanded.

"In a dozen different ways. For one thing, he could starve of gold any country he had a feud with."

"But surely he couldn't control more than a certain amount, could he?"

"No one can form the slightest idea as to what his means are. He has already proved himself to be what I should consider fabulously wealthy."

"What about our own reserve?"

"It is perilously low," Hawkeson acknowledged. "I don't mind telling you, sir, that a few years ago I should have scoffed at the idea of any one man wielding the power Warren Rand does, but when one considers the matter calmly, when one looks through the list of banks where he undoubtedly has control, and is faced with the amount of his holdings in nearly every one of the great commercial companies of the world—well, it gives one nerves. Of course any actual interference of his in politics is more or less incredible, and yet—if I might advise you—study his wishes if you can. They say he is almost fiercely anxious, for instance, for this disarmament question to be absolutely settled. What about that?"

"It will be settled all right in due course," Trowse affirmed, "but our friends in France and our people here are both of the same mind—that we can sign the Peace Pact without waiting for the details of the disarmament question to be finally settled. The whole thing is so technical, you see, that it might take another year."

Mr. Hawkeson stroked his gray imperial and looked his distinguished visitor in the eyes.

"I am aware that everything that happens at Geneva isn't made known," he said, dropping his voice a little, "but there's an impression about that practically every country represented there has come to an arrangement except France and ourselves."

"Entirely a wrong impression," Trowse contradicted, almost angrily.

"Well, it isn't in my line anyway," the bank governor observed. "Try one of those cigars, sir, and just a sip of brandy. You needn't go back. I'll make your excuses. The Prime Minister doesn't need any."

Arrived at the House of Commons, Trowse, although he was anxiously expected, sent first for his secretary.

"Carstairs," he directed, "I want to get in touch with the Chief Commissioner of Police—Sir William Crutcheley. Try him at Scotland Yard, in case he's late there. I forget where he lives. You can find out. His club's the Reform, I think. How are things going in the House?"

"Wabbly, sir," the young man reported. "Bendon is demanding a clear statement as to the progress of affairs in Geneva."

"I hope he gets it," the Prime Minister chuckled as, with a little grimace, he made his way toward the corridor.

XIX

SIR WILLIAM CRUTCHELEY was dining at the Reform Club, and would very much have preferred to stay there. The message which he received, however, left him no alternative, and he made his way at once to Westminster. After a few minutes' waiting in the official chamber, the Prime Minister made his appearance. The latter was looking a little harassed, for the Opposition had been treating him with less than their usual consideration. He himself was a fluent and by no means a bad speaker, but the quiet sarcasm indulged in by certain of his opponents never failed to irritate him.

"Good of you to come, Sir William," he said, taking his own chair. "I won't keep you longer than I can help. Tell me, does Scotland Yard know anything about Warren Rand?"

Sir William in his younger days had been associated with the detective force, and had attained a very complete control over his expression. Nevertheless, he was forced to raise his eyebrows.

"Scotland Yard knows a little about Warren Rand," he admitted guardedly, "and would like to know a deal more."

"They tell me," the Premier went on, "that in that mammoth establishment of his, among other extravagances, he has a complete espionage system."

(Continued on Page 126)

"If You Come to Think of it, it's More Than Queer," Sarah Reflected

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Present and Future

THE immigration problem, once more to the forefront, resolves itself into a rather simple question despite the endless economic, racial and biological complexities involved. We have to ask ourselves whether we prefer immediate gain or future trouble. However sound or unsound the strictly economic arguments favoring the continued influx of Mexican peon labor may be, the conviction is widespread that this movement must be curtailed unless there is to be a further lowering of American standards. A plausible case is made out for the Mexicans. They are quiet and docile as compared with certain other types of cheap immigrant labor with which the industries have experimented to their sorrow in years past. Moreover, many of them come into this country for seasonal labor only, returning to their own land as soon as the need is over.

But this very fact raises the major issue. Do we want the work of the country done by labor which is nonassimilable? To ask the question is to answer it. The Mexican peons who come into this country for seasonal or even for more permanent labor do not become citizens, the percentage taking out naturalization papers being strikingly small. Grant their domestic and other virtues, they do not become part of us. They fail to assimilate and they delay by that much the harmony which is necessary to continued national success. The point has been reached in this country where the crying need is for unification; the last thing we should have is further national and racial diversity. The native Indian problem is difficult enough, even with only a few hundred thousand aboriginal descendants. Why add a Mexican Indian problem also?

Nor do all the Mexican peon laborers return to their own country when the various crops have been harvested. They seem to be pushing farther north and crowding into the city slums. Because of the difference in economic conditions in Mexico and the United States and the lack of immigration restrictions, there is a tremendous suction of labor from the former country to the latter. If we had not shut down on European immigration some years ago, literally millions would have come in from that continent, and for very much the same reasons.

The simple truth is that the dilution of the people and institutions of this country has already gone much too far. Is anyone so simple as to suppose that no connection exists between this unquestioned dilution and the lamentable criminal conditions which obtain in our cities? The country is groping, must grope, toward more rather than less homogeneity. We may be obliged to absorb great numbers of Porto Ricans, Hawaiians and Filipinos; indeed, the Philippine problem has already reared its head in California. With the Mexicans already here, with the as yet unassimilated immigrants from certain European countries, and finally with the vast and growing negro population, we already have an almost superhuman task to bring about requisite national unity. We are under no obligation to continue to make this country an asylum for the Mexican peon, and we should not do so.

World Standard

EVEN while the experts were telling us that we could not hope for any large-scale conquest of foreign markets because we were too self-sufficient to study oversea preferences and prejudices, we were quietly penetrating those markets.

During the past twenty-five years the picture of our export trade has altered beyond recognition. In the first five-year period of the new century our exports of finished manufactures amounted to only twenty-four per cent of the total. By 1913 it had crept up to thirty-two per cent. For the first half of the present fiscal year it mounted to fifty-two per cent. Both in percentage and in dollar value, the figures are steadily rising; and all signs indicate that they still have further to go than they have already come.

The statistical files of the Department of Commerce are not, perhaps, a quarter in which one would look for thrills; but Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of that department, in a recent address, brought out facts and figures that are striking enough to thrill any American who takes the smallest interest in our national achievements. Though we have every reason to be gratified by the substantial contributions made by exports of finished manufactures to swell our international trade balance, our greater rejoicing must be over the fact that American-made goods, once in small favor, have found world-wide acceptance as standard merchandise.

The surest proof of this is found in the frequency with which American goods are imitated all over the world and in the way in which our designs and trade-marks are appropriated by native manufacturers in those countries which do not grant our nationals the protection of the law in such matters. Doctor Klein is authority for the statement that nine times out of ten it is the foreign manufacturer who attempts to imitate American models.

This condition of affairs arises from the fact that our national genius for making things has manifested itself not only in resourcefulness of ingenuity and invention but in style of line and mass. Grace and beauty are characteristic of the best in American manufacture. We need not cite such intricate mechanisms as the motor car in support of this assertion. Consider our boots and shoes, how they lead the world, not only in style, comfort and durability but in cheapness as well. Consider such humble tools as the ax and the hammer. American tools are the delight of the European mechanic, and they are everywhere being imitated with varying degrees of success; but those who can afford them will not be put off with imitations.

One of our strong points is our knowledge of how to make things in the scale of the material employed. We have a national abhorrence of clumsiness. Our designers plan models strong enough and rigid enough for the purpose for which they are to be used and then apply an appropriate factor of safety. They do not worship mere size and bulk and ponderosity, in the belief that the bigger and heavier a piece of machinery is, the better it must be. They are far more concerned with economy of space and weight, with grace of design, with portability, flexibility and broad scope of operation.

The dislocations of the war jolted every European kaleidoscope into new patterns quite unlike the old. Europe will never be the same again; for among the things which happened to her, for better or worse, was her exposure to the contagion of American contacts. These contacts were not only with our physical products but with our personal traits and characteristics, such as our passion for raising our standard of living, our worship of convenience and efficiency in home, office, shop and factory, our incurable aversion for doing anything by man power or woman power that we can have done for us by turning an electric current into a motor-driven mechanism. Europe has caught our love for machinery, if not for its own sake, certainly for the benefits it confers upon those who press it into their service.

The motion-picture films which we send to every quarter of the globe have had no small part in stimulating foreign demand for American manufactures. There has been much lamentation over the fact that some of our more sensational movies give the populations of other countries a grotesque and misleading idea of American life, but the fact remains that pictures which are rich in such properties as domestic electrical devices, modern office equipment, and other labor-saving inventions whose merits can be seen at a glance, have stimulated the foreign desire for such goods to an extraordinary degree.

Continued exposition of what we have to sell to the rest of the world will be essential if we are to make the most of our opportunities. Proud, as we have a right to be, of the fruitage of our mechanical genius, it would be the height of folly to close our eyes to the menace of future competition. Nothing could be more fatuous than to assume that all the world's brains and energy are to be found on this side of the Atlantic. Continually ocean liners are bringing to our shores delegations of experts sent hither to study some phase of our industries and to learn the means and methods by which we produce such outstanding results. Mass production, the increased use of automatic machinery, the broader application of electrical power—all these are games that two or twenty can play at; and if we suppose that we shall forever hold our supremacy in certain fields without constant struggle and unremitting progress and improvement, we shall soon be jolted out of our complacency.

One of our strongest defenses, and one of the features of our industrial life which Europeans find most impressive, is the formidable volume of research in pure science as well as in industrial technology which is financed and fostered by an increasing number of long-sighted corporations.

Constant betterment of our methods must go hand in hand with resolute determination to maintain the quality and standards of our goods. Mere cleverness, either in a man or in his merchandise, cannot long be successfully employed as a substitute for sturdy character. The farther away we send our goods, the greater is our obligation to stand behind them. Any other policy is foredoomed to failure.

The Farm Board Takes a Stand

THE Federal Farm Board has recently advised producers of cotton and wheat that production ought to be adjusted to demand. This was given partly as negative advice, as a warning against possible or contemplated increases in acreage. But in part it was positive advice, suggesting a restriction of acreage from the current level. The different members of the board have developed the thesis that the expectations of producers cannot be realized without intelligent adjustment of production to demand—which means, for the moment, restriction of acreage.

It is a courageous as well as a wise act to take this position openly and at this early juncture. Without doubt, the board understands fully that success in this direction is to be attained through coöperative developments. Merely an official edict will avail little with a far-flung agriculture. The lesson must be brought home to the individual farmer through his coöperative association. He must learn to trust and follow collective policy. He must learn to seek advancement not through exception but through concordance. Coöperative marketing is only the final stage of cooperative farming—perhaps the least important stage. We prevent manufacturers from getting together on policy of production, but we urge our farmers to get together on policy of production. Certainly this illustrates governmental benevolence toward agriculture. It is up to the farmers to take advantage of it.

LAST LEAVES

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

CHILDREN alone know the enchantment life really is. After we are older and find out what we are, we think more and live less. We become involved in a system called living and begin to tread the circumstances of our days and desires. No man ever knows the child's blessed privilege of crying for the moon. He has discovered his limitations—how far off the moon is! He is reduced to striving, hoping, fearing, loving, hating—spells we weave that do not last, something else to win or to escape. If a man says "I am satisfied" see him tomorrow, when he will have another ambition to gratify. If a woman vows she is "perfectly happy," by that very assertion she proves the contrary. Happiness is an unconscious experience. If you know enough to define it you know too much to hold the illusion. In the very moment of ecstasy the future peeps at you threateningly. The past warns you that this joy will not last.

Disaster is the oldest creed of man and accounts for his long search for some abler providence; he must have an Almighty to defend him against the prescience of his own imagination. Without some such faith, neither his brains nor his powers are equal to the situations he creates for himself. His very victories defeat him, leaving the hero and philosopher of him betrayed, too feeble to rise upon the wings of his own spirit. Whatever may be said about the answer to prayers, the idea of God is convincing, if for no other reason than that He is proved to be the complete and perfect justification of a faith a man can never have in himself.

Meanwhile the child wins only because he has no knowledge of the past, no sense of the future, and because he can believe everything. It is natural to believe right or wrong. And there is no better illustration of this than the amazing credulity of rationalists and materialists. They are reduced by their own egotism to the very pauperism of faith; still they go on believing in their own vain speculations, like a man dealing with figures instead of the wealth these figures represent.

A Dreaded Blessing

THE greatest blessing we have is the one we dread most—old age. A man's time falls about him in a circle that brings him back to where he started. He is a child again. Whether he was a fool or a wise man, Nature retires him. After that he has no gift even for his follies, no shrewdness of wit beyond the artless cunning of the very young. The convolutions of his brain have let go, smoothed out. The great warrior cannot remember the name of the city he took. The rich man cannot think in the terms of his millions; he has lost them, though they may still be invested in his name. The philosopher retains only the faded traditions of his former intellect and can no longer expound his theories, nor the saint his doctrines. They have all come down to that comfortable feather bed of old age—forgetfulness. They have lost the past and do not expect the future. They only know what they feel and what they are told—a blessed state of confidence.

For my part, I am already aware of being much more credulous than at forty, when I was very anxious and troubled about everything. I no longer feel the need of knowing so much—more conscious of being surrounded by the protection of a Great Knowledge, forever beyond the wisest to change or understand. I have a disposition now sometimes to fold my hands as a bird folds its wings and goes to roost. It is like dropping a stitch in time and actually resting in the spirit, where there is no time.

But during what is usually regarded as one's best years, I had no such sense of peace. The wisdom of childhood faded out and I became the slave of that blind purpose which we call life. I had an anxious housewife's relation to sunrise and a weary woman's relation to sunset. The word "saint" was some kind of heavy mortgage I assumed without knowing that it could not be paid off in the terms of harassed human nature. My pieties were a great burden, without ever winning the least distinction along that line. I was armed to the teeth against misfortune and did not discover, until I was old, that there is no such thing as misfortune. My cheerfulness was rarely real, but a gallant hypocrisy I practiced for conscience' sake. The Bible was a fearful manual of duties, prayers and sacrifices stringently taught by the elders.

They Did Their Best

I REMEMBER still the sinking meekness with which I listened when one of them took his text from a verse of Scripture which began, "And the Lord said"; whereupon followed something especially searching and severe that the Lord had said in so many words, always applicable to me, still plentifully fringed with my transgressions in spite of the best I could do. I was nearly sixty years old before it was perfectly obvious to me that the Lord has never said anything. Now it passes my comprehension how anyone can believe in a God with a larynx, vocal cords and the nervous weakness of human speech. The phrase "The Lord said" is no more than the typist's effort, so to speak, to interpret what the Almighty meant by the inspiration he received. Having had dealings with the mortal limitations of copyists, I simply give Moses and the prophets credit for doing the best they could, but bear in mind that they probably exaggerated or diminished the inspirations they received. The chief reason why I accept the Scriptures as authoritative is not because the chroniclers started off with that grand phrase, which was probably to frighten the Hittites or the Israelites into obedience, but because my own experience with them has been terribly convincing at times. And I have seen the truth of them verified all my life in the characters of men both by blessings and punishment.

In so far as a man is religious, he is that much of a poet, because the literature of immortality is inspirational. No man can get the sense of it or the experience by mere study and thinking; only by some kind of spiritual exaltation—the essential condition upon which faith and poetry depend. In my day I have known men, and many women, ignorant and poor, who were noble and charming companions on account of a singular refinement and poetic sense of all life, due to a culture of the spirit which they obtained by faith in God, in angels, a curious sort of intimacy they had with David, the scriptural audiences they had with the major and minor prophets. They were not

(Continued on Page 75)

I Was Columbus in a Little Ruffled Sunbonnet Trying to Find the Garden of Eden

POST SCRIPTS

DRAWN BY GRAHAM HUNTER

"Come, Toodles—Kiss the Nice Man for Giving Mamma Such Nice Directions"

Budget

NORTH: How do you spend your income?

WEST: About 30 per cent for shelter, 30 per cent for clothing, 40 per cent for food, and 20 per cent for amusement.

NORTH: But that adds up 120 per cent.

WEST: That's right!

Triolet in the Midst of a Trousseau

I'VE no time for making love,
Kiss me, dear, and run away.
What can you be thinking of?
I've no time for making love.
Have I towels and sheets enough?
Shall I buy that negligee?
I've no time for making love,
Kiss me, dear, and run away.

—*Margaret Fishback.*

The New Slavery

DID the gallant boys in blue fight for nothing? Was Uncle Tom's Cabin written in vain? Do you know that slavery still flourishes in this land? Yes, think of it! Slavery! Men are openly bought and sold for gold. They are traded for other men or goods and chattels. The Ole Massa can yank them from their happy homes and sell them down the river. A man, like you or me, or approximately like us, can one day be gayly laboring in a great city, and the next find himself in a town where the natives have round haircuts and sleep in their balbriggans.

The other day I was talking with one of these wretched serfs. He was a pathetic sight as he sat in the drawing-room of his ten-room, four-bath hovel, with nothing between him and the wintry blast but a suit of silk underwear, a purple velvet bath robe and the steam heat.

Sadly he said, "I was goin' good—battin' .320 and ketchin' everything but the measles, and givin' me best like I always do; but the Old Man needed a left-handed pitcher, so he swaps me to St. Looie for a big rube with a corkscrew drop, and a couple of rookie outfielders. Of course, I'll keep on drawin' me twenty grand a year, but I don't like St. Looie. The gals and the caviar is fierce."

He wept quietly into his champagne, until his man came to tell him that his second-best limousine was at the door to take him out for an airing. The poor bondsman was all worn out, having worked two hours a day, three times a week, from May till October; and he had a scant four months in which to sleep before his owner cracked the whip and sent him South for spring training.

Is it not high time that the shackles were struck from the limbs of these luckless wights? After all, they are human beings, just as much as clam diggers and radio announcers—perhaps more so. Unless something—I can't suggest what—is done about them, all the rest of us may be drawn into the slave system, and the newspapers in the not so distant future may, indeed probably will, contain advertisements like this:

For Sale: One Secretary. Blonde. Three years in big-league work. Writes and spells left-handed. Will sell for cash. Any reasonable offer considered. Or might trade for personable young brunette. Apply, Manager, Dorber and Shink, Tunnel Manufacturers, Box 39.

Who wants a clever, right-handed Oyster Opener? Very swift on blue points. Fielding average .978. Ten years in fast company. Reason for selling: Have just signed up man who led the Pacific Coast League last season. Will trade for two promising young pastry cooks, or a slightly used electric player piano. Write Ye Olde Colonial Tripery.

I am in the market for a hard-hitting young cashier from the bush leagues. Must have good eye for rubber checks. Must be speedy, with tough thumb for counting bills. Will trade two experienced paying tellers, a 230-pound doorman and three or four vice presidents. Send all bids to Mr. Abelard Groop, President, The Second Farmers', Divers' and Waiters' Trust Company.

Father of six growing girls would like to exchange any two for suitable son. Must be smart, healthy and willing to help in linoleum store. Wire, Pater Familias, Box 739576097.

Special Holiday Offer. I am asking waivers on my wife, Gertrude, who will make a dandy little helpmate for somebody, but who must be disposed of at a sacrifice because she simply can't learn to play contract and has no sympathy for a golf player. Will take cash—convenient terms may be arranged—or will exchange for income-producing duck farm near golf links. Might consider even swap for outdoor wife who shoots around 95 and knows her spades and clubs. Act now, as offer may be withdrawn any minute. Homer Quiller, Hotel Haggis.

—RICHARD CONNELL.

DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

"I Am in Despair, Mr. McGregor. This is the Worst-Acting Child I Ever Had. I Don't Know What to Do With Him." "Hae Ye Tried Drownin'?"

DRAWN BY C. W. ANDERSON

"She Could Have a Fine Mind and Still Pull Up Her Stockings, Couldn't She?"

Round Again

SONGS have been sung to
the slender and blithe lady,
Facilely gracile and lathily
lithe lady,
Taperly roguish
And weedily voguish
And lissomely strong.
Girls, here is one ditty
Praising rotundity—
Thinness looks frightful
since dresses are long!

Shortening skirts called for
shortage of calories;
Curves were taboo on the stage,
in the galleries.
Lengthening dresses

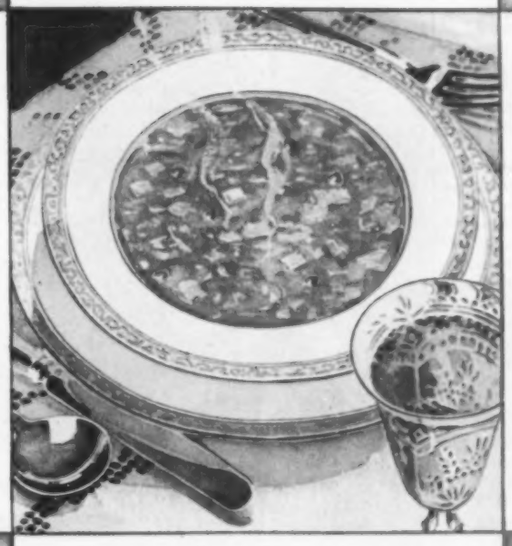
(Continued on Page 142)

In the great quest for vegetables, people turn to this soup!

The demand for vegetables grows and grows. People are eating more vegetables than ever before in our history. It's a "revolution" worked by science, teaching the wonderful healthfulness of vegetables.

In the great quest for these beneficial foods, people by the millions turn to Campbell's Vegetable Soup. For how else can they obtain in the one delicious and tempting dish, the combined flavors and benefits of 15 garden vegetables!

Invigorating broth and substantial cereals are also blended in this famous hearty soup. What a lunch! What a supper! And it's already cooked, on your table in next to no time. 12 cents a can.



Your choice . . . Order any of these Campbell's Soups from your grocer

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

I love to be a sunbeam—
To help in every way—
Especially to help myself
To Campbell's every day!

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

THE DOOR

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

XXVII

I HAVE before me now that statement of Jim's. Given, much of it, in question and answer, and broken by cross-examination and objections here and there, it takes many pages of the stenographic report. As I have also, however, that document which Jim himself prepared later as the basis of an appeal, I shall use that instead. I give it word for word:

"I had nothing whatever to do with the death of Sarah Gittings or of Florence Gunther. I am willing to swear that before God. If I have kept back part of what little I know, it has been partly because I saw that things looked pretty hopeless for me, and partly because of my sister, who has been and is in deep trouble.

"I did not see Sarah Gittings on the night of the eighteenth of April. I had expected to see her. She had made two previous attempts to get in touch with me, both of which had failed. But on that day—a Monday—I received a telephone message from her, in which she mentioned a letter she had sent me. She seemed disturbed when I said that I had not received such a letter.

"I examined my desk, but there was no such letter. Then she asked me to meet her that night on a matter of vital importance.

"I agreed to do this, and I started rather early, intending to walk to the address she had given, which was at 1737 Halkett Street. I was to ask for a Miss Gunther.

"I wrote down the address, but on the way I found that I had left it in my other clothing, so I stopped at a drug store and telephoned to the Bell house, hoping to catch Sarah before she started out to meet me.

"She had gone, but I remembered that the address was in the seventeen hundred block, and rather than go back, I decided to make inquiries in that block.

"I walked across the park and out. I walk rather slowly, and it was fully eight when I reached the block, and possibly 8:15 when I had located the house. Miss Gunther was waiting on the steps, and she took me into the house. I had never seen her before. She seemed very nervous and had very little to say. When I asked her why I had been sent for, she said that Miss Gittings would tell me.

"We sat there until perhaps twenty minutes to ten. I asked her repeatedly to give me an idea of what it was all about, but she would not.

"It was not her affair, she said. But she asked me to keep my visit a secret. She made me promise it, as a matter of fact. She said she 'didn't want to be mixed up' in anything. And I did so promise.

"She seemed unduly uneasy about Sarah Gittings. I could not understand it, and as time went on she was more and more uneasy. She said she was sure something terrible had happened, and at last she began to cry. I tried to reassure her, but she said I didn't understand, and at 9:40 her condition was such that I advised her to go to bed, and myself started for home.

"In my statement to the district attorney I said that I had reached the path to the Larimer lot at 9:50. This was not true. I saw that I was under suspicion, and so I changed the time. I was on the path, or beside it, at or about ten o'clock.

—— and When I Felt a Little Better I Told Him the Story. It Upset Him Greatly. The Hand Holding the Glass Shook Until the Spoon Clattered, and He Had to Steady Himself by a Chair

"I took the same route on my return, but when about halfway up the hill toward the Larimer lot I sat down to rest. I left the path and moved some feet to the right—that is, in the direction of the Bell house. I lighted a cigar there and rested. I may have been there five minutes, when I heard someone moving on the hillside to my left, and some distance away.

"At first I thought it was a dog. I had heard dogs barking a few minutes before. I had thrown away my cigar, and I believe that against the hillside where I sat I was practically invisible to anyone at that distance. But I was not certain that it was a dog, and as that part of the park has been the scene of several holdups, I pressed the spring which released the knife in the cane, and then waited.

"There were two people in the park below. I could hear them talking, and it occurred to me that somebody on my left was hiding there, possibly with the idea of attacking and robbing them. But this was not the case, and I believe now that this man on my left was the one who killed Sarah Gittings, and that he was dragging her body down the hillside for later disposal.

"With the two people—Mr. and Mrs. Dennis, as I now know—at the foot of the hill, and myself more or less hidden above, something alarmed this man. Possibly a park policeman. I believe that this end of the park had been watched at night for some time.

"He ran toward me. I could hear him coming, and he was breathing very hard. I had the general impression of a tall man, in evening dress or dinner clothes, and wearing a soft cap drawn down over his face. That was my impression of him. I may be wrong.

"But I swear that this man was there, that he ran toward me, and that he almost ran over me. So close was he that in passing he struck my stick with his foot and knocked it to a considerable distance. He ran past me and disappeared along the hillside beyond, taking a slanting direction down into the park.

"When I had recovered I felt around for my stick, and, unfortunately, it was the blade which I found. I cut my hand, and I bear a small scar from that cut to this day. I have not invented this. The blood on my clothing and on my handkerchief that night was my own blood. Mrs. Dennis saw me tying up my hand. I went home and went to bed.

"The next morning I was not well. My servant, Amos, brought me some coffee and laid out my fresh clothing. He picked up the handkerchief I had used the night before and asked me if I had hurt myself. I told him I had cut my hand, but that it was nothing of any importance. I never thought of Sarah Gittings in connection with all this until I learned that day that she was missing.

"I began to worry then. I had had an appointment to meet her, and I was uneasy. I called up Florence Gunther at her office, but she was not there, and I had no knowledge of the house where she lived save the street number—that is, I could not call her on the telephone.

"But in view of what had happened on the hillside the night before, I felt anxious. Sometime around noon of that day I went back to the Larimer lot and walked over it. I examined the hillside. But I found nothing suspicious.

"I went to the Bell house that afternoon, but Sarah was still missing, and, in addition, the house had been entered the night before and Sarah's room had been searched. On leaving the Bell house I went back again to the hillside. I located the spot where I had rested, and went to the left of it along the hill for a considerable distance. I found nothing suspicious and no trace of Sarah Gittings.

"The next day I had a desperate letter from Florence Gunther. She had seen in the papers that Sarah was still missing, and she was certain that she had been killed. She begged me not to bring her name into it; that it meant the loss of her position, and maybe physical danger also. Also, she asked me to destroy the letter, which I did. I should have acted anyhow; as it turned out, my silence did not save her. But in that interval several things had happened. While I was debating what to do, Sarah's body had been found, and she had been stabbed. Not only that, but I had been on the spot, or close to it, at the very time the reports said she had been killed.

"Walter Somers and I made the identification that day together, and Walter drove me home. I let myself into the house through the garden, and I found Amos in the front hall with the sword stick in his hands. He was trying to get the blade back when I found him.

"I knew then that he suspected me. Later on I sent him out and examined the stick. There was a little dried blood on the blade, and some bits of grass and earth. That frightened me. I took it to the lavatory downstairs and washed it, and then I hid it. I put it in my liquor closet in the lower hall, and locked it there.

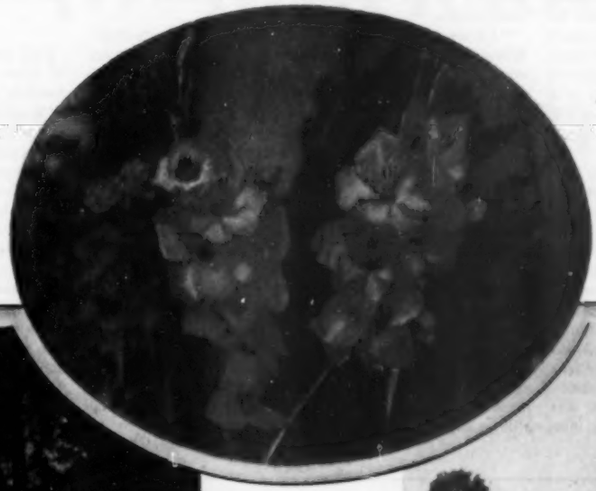
(Continued on Page 34)

Everywhere – thanks to Vigoro

Better lawns and gardens now

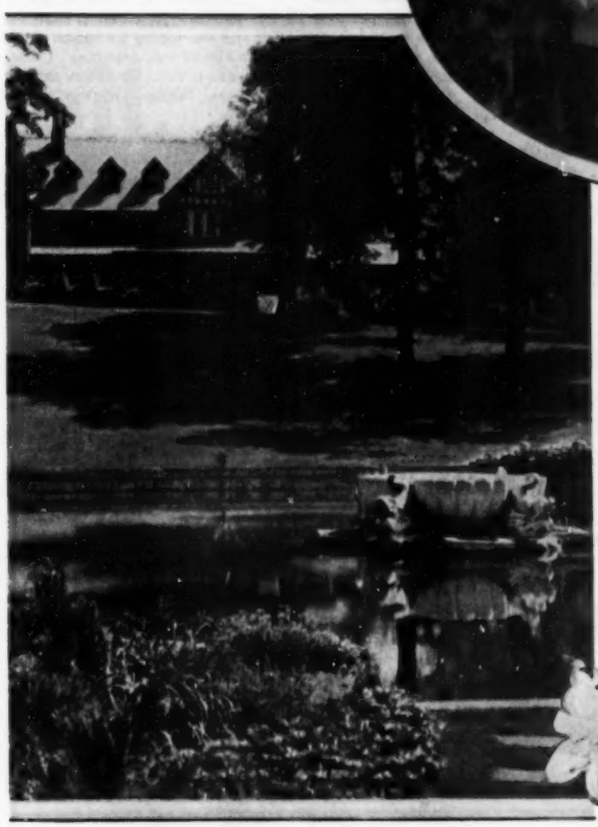
On the **ELKINS** *Estate (Below)*

Where a quiet pool mirrors only beauty of line and color. Scene on the George Elkins Estate, Elkins Park, Pa. "We have used Vigoro for the past two years in the greenhouse, on lawns and perennial gardens," says James Palapoli, Superintendent. "The results have been remarkable. Vigoro is the best plant food we have come in contact with."



At the home of **L. F. BIDINGER** *(Below)*

Variety is its keynote! And unusually large, bright blooms make this flower garden just what its owner, L. F. Bidinger, Kenosha, Wis., wants it to be. "I cannot praise Vigoro too highly," he writes. "We tried without it to have the kind of flowers we wanted and failed. With Vigoro we have been more than successful. To it we attribute the remarkable beauty of our garden this year."



Gladiols of exquisite coloring, at the home of Edwin B. Willis, Beverly Hills, Cal. "Never have we had so many large and beautiful flowers," writes Mr. Willis, "nor such fine shrubbery, luxuriant green lawns as we have since using Vigoro."

Lilies are only one of the many kinds of flowers successfully grown with Vigoro at Rose Hill, the Massie home at Greenwood, Va. "We have used Vigoro on our lawn, flowers, shrubs and trees, with very satisfactory results," says Mrs. Wm. R. Massie, formerly president of the Garden Club of Virginia.

MORE beautiful lawns, leafier shrubs and trees, finer flowers—all achieved with Vigoro. Better-grown, juicier vegetables, too!

All because of *proper plant feeding*. Not the old makeshifts, but one complete plant food containing *all* the elements that plant life requires.

Vigoro! Complete, properly balanced. Clean, odorless, pleasant to handle. Formulated by the plant food experts of Swift & Company.

Easy to apply! Just three simple steps: Read directions; apply evenly as you would grass seed; wet down thoroughly.

Vigoro makes better root systems, early vigorous growth—makes plants more resistant to disease. Increases humus. *Helps choke out weeds.*

Cost? Only 10c to 20c per 100 square feet. For a thick growth of healthy grass, beautiful flowers, leafy shrubs and trees, crisp, succulent vegetables! Your property greatly improved, its value increased.

Vigoro comes in 100, 50, 25 lb. bags; 5 lb. and 12 oz. packages. There's a dealer near you. Get enough for everything you grow.

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Complete plant food for lawns, flowers, gardens, shrubs, trees

Get Vigoro where you buy lawn and garden supplies

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Please send me, *free*, the new 36-page book on plant feeding, written by Dr. G. J. Raleigh, Plant Physiologist.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

(Continued from Page 32)

"But things grew worse. Mary Martin had produced the uniform, and it was evident that Sarah Gittings had written to me, as she had claimed. I was frantic, and that night I made an attempt to see Florence Gunther. She was not at home, but I found her walking on the street, near an Italian fruit stand. But I was horrified to see her go white when she saw me.

"She refused to speak to me, and when I insisted, she said that I had killed Sarah; that she knew it and knew why, and that if I didn't leave her, she would call an officer. On the way home I worked that out. I remembered that on the night when I saw her, while we waited for Sarah, I had idly shown her the mechanism of the sword stick. I am not surprised she believed that I had killed Sarah Gittings. It is easy to see why, now. She believed that Sarah Gittings had come to me with that copy of a will which disinherited me, and that to get possession of it I had killed her. I made no more overtures. I was afraid I would drive her to the police.

"I went home that night a sick man, and took to my bed. Sometime during that week, however, I crawled downstairs. It seemed to me that if she told the police and they found the stick hidden, it would damn me. I decided to put it back in the hall, where it had stood before.

"I unlocked the door, but the stick had disappeared. I do not yet know how it disappeared or why it was found in the cellar. My personal belief is that my servant Amos was alarmed at the situation in which I found myself, and that he buried it himself. It is also my belief that Amos has been either killed or bribed to leave the city, for fear he may make this confession and thus help to clear me.

"In a similar manner, I believe that a ring of oil was planted in my car, so that I might be suspected of having killed Florence Gunther. The police know that this ring was not in the car the day after her murder.

"During this trial much has been made of the fact that by a new will made by my brother-in-law, Howard Somers, I lost a bequest originally devised to me. In reply to that I say most solemnly that I never knew that Howard Somers had made a new will until Mr. Alexander Davin told me in New York, following Mr. Somers' death. Even had I known of it, the murder of these two unfortunate women could certainly not benefit me. The will itself was safe among Mr. Somers' papers in a New York bank vault and Mr. Waite could testify to its existence and its authenticity.

"I know nothing whatever of Florence Gunther's death. When I found that she suspected me of Sarah Gittings' murder I made no further attempt to see her, and I solemnly swear that I never did see her. Nor did I make any visit to Howard Somers on the night of his death. Whoever saw him that night deliberately used my name to gain access to him. Nor did I receive a check from him for one thousand dollars.

"As to leaving the country, I had such a thought at one time. My position was unbearable, and I was helpless. I did nothing further about the matter, nor have I attempted to escape. I have not invented this story since my arrest or preceding it. I have told the absolute truth, under oath. I have never killed any human being. I am innocent of this charge. If I suffer for it, I suffer for another man's crime."

Much of this was in the story he told on the box. I believe that, outside of ourselves, hardly a soul in that crowded court room believed it. And against it was that mass of accumulated testimony, including our own unwilling appearances on the stand.

It should have helped him that on that very day the body of poor Amos was found floating down the river, but it did not. He had been drowned, poor wretch; and although we have our own suspicions, we do not know to this day that he was murdered.

But I think I can reconstruct that scene: Amos confiding and amiable, flattered at being consulted; on a bridge, maybe, or on the river bank somewhere; and then a sudden thrust of a muscular arm, and the muddy, swirling water closing over his head.

Jim was found guilty after only three hours' deliberation by the jury—guilty of murder in the first degree.

XXVIII

JIM was sentenced to the chair on the twenty-fifth of June. One and all, the newspapers were gratified by the verdict, and not a few kind words were said of the acumen of the police and the fairness of the trial.

Godfrey Lowell at once moved for an appeal, but he warned us that, lacking fresh developments, there was little to be hoped from a new trial, if it was granted.

We were stunned. Katherine took to her bed, not as a refuge, but out of sheer necessity, and Doctor Simonds saw her daily. Judy went about, a thin and pale little ghost of herself, as convinced as ever of Jim's innocence.

"He's protecting somebody," she said. "He saw that man on the hillside. He was twenty feet from the path, and that precious Dennis pair saw him well enough to know he had on a golf suit and was wiping his hands. And this man he tells about—he almost ran over him. Uncle Jim saw him, and he knows who it was. He knows and he won't tell. And Wallie knows. Wallie ran away so he wouldn't have to tell."

(Continued on Page 83)

We Were Stunned. Katherine Took to Her Bed, Not as a Refuge, But Out of Sheer Necessity, and Doctor Simonds Saw Her Daily

Industry the world over has for years accepted Gargoyle Cylinder Oil 600-W as the highest quality oil for steam engine cylinder lubrication. Consequently:—

"600-W"

(Trade Mark reg. U. S. Patent Office ★)

is used to lubricate more reciprocating steam engines than any other brand of oil.

QUALITY BRINGS LEADERSHIP

Out of our 64 years of experience in the manufacture and application of high quality lubrication, has come a knowledge and experience which, we believe, cannot be duplicated in any other organization in the world.

When one of our representatives comes into your plant, he brings with him the entire background of this experience, brought up to date.

That is why we have been able to show many notable achievements along the whole gamut of operating economies, in thousands of plants. We have been able to save power, labor, overhead, repairs and depreciation.

A visit from one of our representatives will entail no obligation.

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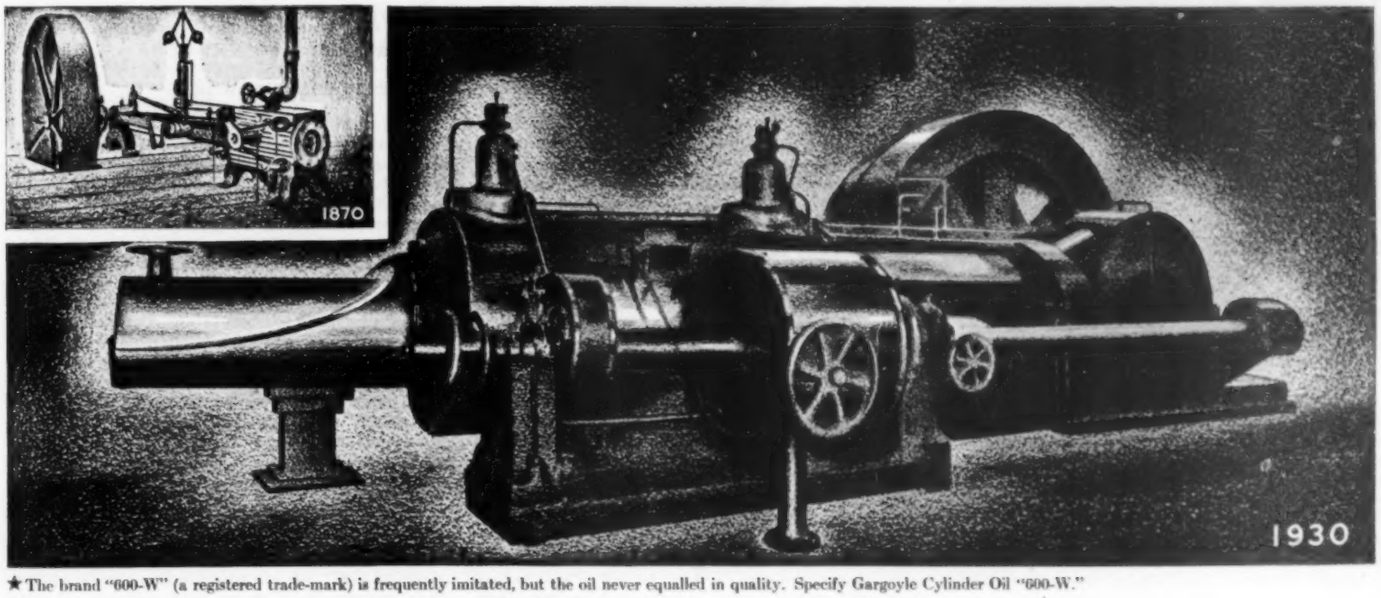

★ The brand "600-W" (a registered trade-mark) is frequently imitated, but the oil never equalled in quality. Specify Gargoyle Cylinder Oil "600-W."

AFTER ALL,

MOTOR CAR VALUES *ARE* RELATIVE

Publicity and propaganda would seem to make all motor cars pretty much alike in the service they render . . . Of course a moment's serious thought immediately disposes of any such idea . . . It is perfectly obvious that varying types and prices must mean varying performance . . . In their ability to go somewhere and safely return, all motor cars render a very valuable service . . . Above and beyond that, however, or added to it, they can render an even greater service—which is to go somewhere and return *with the greatest possible measure of comfort to the traveler* . . . This service, various motor cars render in varying degrees . . . There are two motor cars which are conceded to render it in the highest possible degree . . . As long as the owner of other cars does not know of this greater degree of ease which these two cars provide—as long as he does not realize that the moments and hours which they give are richer, fuller, more refreshing moments and hours—he should, and probably will, remain content . . . Those who realize, however, that motor car values *are* relative—who wish every moment of motoring to be a golden moment of ease, and efficiency, and refreshment—know perfectly well where to find that which they seek . . .

All three Cadillac cars—the Cadillac V-8, the La Salle V-8, and the sixteen-cylinder Cadillac V-16—draw on the combined superlative resources of General Motors, Cadillac, Fisher Body and Fleetwood, and share the same economies and efficiencies, giving the Cadillac Motor Car Company an advantage the like of which exists nowhere else in the world

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

GENIUS BACKSTAGE

By Olin Downes

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The Polish Pianist and Mrs. Paderewski

A CERTAIN internationally famous pianist and former premier, whose name is one to conjure with, and who, until undergoing a sudden operation, was expected to visit the United States this season at a higher fee than any other pianist in the world can command, was about to play. Now when this man plays, there is a definite and fixed order of procedure. He is taken by his guide, piano tuner and friend of many years, the indispensable Joubert, to the dressing room. There he is left alone, guarded, hermetically sealed against any form of intrusion, for twenty minutes before the concert begins. At the end of that time Joubert appears without a sound or a word and leads his master to the stage.

On the particular occasion in mind, there was a hitch. Joubert appeared as ordained in the execution of his silent task, but the corridor which led to the platform was long and dark, and he had forgotten the presence of a step halfway along the route. Suddenly he tripped forward, crying as he did so, "Master, look out! There's a step!" Master made no reply to this admonition. Master turned on his heel, reëntered the dressing room, shut the door behind him and stayed there another twenty minutes. After which, poised, composed, prepared to project his conceptions with the sure mastery and dynamism of genius, Ignace Jan Paderewski stepped from the wings.

The Artist's Zero Hour

THIS episode is significant of one of the most amazing and romantic careers in the history of music. The incident is small, but it casts a bright light before it. Here is a man with the face of a dreamer and the manner of a grand seigneur out of another epoch; a man who would seem peculiarly unfitted by occupation, temperament and background to cope with the close-cropped and hard-boiled conditions of this one. Yet he has proved a leader in everything he undertook and has forced from a rough and busy world every condition essential to the exercise of his genius. It does not matter from what angle you view him as man or artist, he is unique and he compels homage. Nor is he content with less than his just prerogatives. So that, for once, history has been reversed; the superior man has not been shoved aside and humiliated while cheap people grabbed the power and the swag. This artist, dreamer, genius, has taken blows and given them; taken life as he found it; asked no quarter, and won through in an arena where there can be no protective covering.

His methods are worth considering.

Paderewski, high priest of preparedness, knows better than most people how those twenty minutes before a concert can wreck a recital, a tour, a career. They are for the artist the zero hour, when nerves and imagination hit the ceiling and play horse with his universe. The student of psychoanalysis, indeed, would find here some of his richest material, and the public would be amazed and often amused if it could know what went on just before the virtuoso bowed and smiled from the platform. For the artist, like every other man who matters, is a curious complex of ideas and feelings. Back of the stage door this one sits silently and smokes like a chimney. That one wants a group of friends about him and chatters volubly until the moment when he turns with an attempt at nonchalance to face the footlights. Another paces the floor and mutters and sweats. Another reclines with a wet cloth on the temples. Mr. Hitemhard practices until the last minute in a room back of the stage. A violinist plays scales slowly, with a long and trembling bow, and tries vainly to get one note in tune. A singer gargles, spits, curses in a manner most unladylike, swears that her dressmaker has ruined her diaphragm, so that it is out of the question to sing the "Casta diva" this afternoon. And there, outside, sits M, the critic—that devil who wrote that she trilled like a coffee mill. And now, her throat —— Bring the doctor! Go out at once and telephone Doctor —— He must come at once. And so forth.

Yehudi Menuhin, a Young American Violinist

Nor, according to history, have the greatest ones of the past escaped. A Jean de Reszke, trembling in every limb, pale as a sheet, scarce able to walk on the stage and cast his magic spell as the shining knight in Lohengrin. A Rubinstein, sweating blood, fuming, cursing under his breath, the great drops rolling from his forehead as he blunders and fakes through the cadenza of his concerto. He has forgotten the very key the piece is in. Karl Muck, who conducted for him that night, told me the story, and anyone who has watched Muck can visualize the scene: The orchestra waiting for Rubinstein to find the right chord, so that it can strike in with the accompaniment. The audience waiting, too, aware that something is wrong. And Muck, his baton poised with mock solicitude, waiting to give the long-awaited signal. He watches with a saturnine grin; he lets the lion suffer.

At last, when the tension has become almost unbearable, Muck leans over, saying, in a whisper distinctly audible, "D major." Rubinstein, in the dressing room after the performance, cursing the day he was born and the "*verdammte* box of keys" which had nearly been his ruin. He had criticized Muck years before, when that young man remarked that he did not intend to become a pianist, but to lead orchestras. And now Muck's turn has come. "You see," Muck murmurs affably to the surrounding air, "I preferred to be a conductor."

This for the light touch, the retort courteous. Not all professional amenities exchanged by musicians are so delicate and sharp pointed. As, for example, when a young violinist is about to make his debut at an important orchestral concert, and some envious fiddler in the ranks, who believes himself just as good as or a little better than the lucky soloist, takes his stand in the corridor outside the dressing-room door a few minutes before the concert begins and plays in a wise-cracking manner the more perilous passages of the score which the trembling debutant is about to interpret for the audience. Charming spirit, isn't it? It has happened, and not only once. It will be seen that the successful virtuoso encounters obstacles of every kind in the course of his career.

Paderewski Fortified Against Failure

BUT the ultimate necessity, which the hardest practicing and the utmost foresight are in themselves powerless to meet, is the summoning of mind and will to their duty. This is the finishing touch of Paderewski's preparations, which cover everything from the phrasing of the opening measures of Beethoven's sonata opus 111 to the pitch of the piano. Others may trust to a good mood, inspiration, the throw of fortune's dice. The basis of Paderewski's eminence is the elimination of the possibility of failure and the domination of the strategic position before the battle begins. Therefore the twenty minutes in the dressing room before the concert. Therefore his instant refusal, as in our little story, to go before his audience when the electrical current of thought and creative power was interrupted. Incidentally it may be remarked that it takes courage and decision to say no in a moment of tension and make a few thousand impatient people wait for you. And some, remembering long waits in twilit concert halls before Paderewski plays, will grunt resentfully at this observation. The Paderewski waits may not be always susceptible of such dramatic interpretation. But that particular act was carried through by a man who knew what he wanted.

PHOTOS. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

Josef Hofmann and Mrs. Hofmann

Such a man has learned his lessons in a hard school and enormously profited by them.

Paderewski's achievement is especially impressive because of his early disappointments and failures. The recital given by Paderewski in Berlin in his early twenties was a failure. Why? It is easy to believe that the German critics were hostile in advance to a foreigner, and, still more likely, hostile and unreceptive to a foreigner's romantic style of interpretation. But possibly the recital was poor. Poor things have been done by great men in formative stages.

(Continued on Page 39)

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

Fritz Kreisler

(Continued from Page 37)

Anyhow, the event was a fiasco. And Paderewski never forgave. Since that early day he has never played in Germany, although he has, of course, refused countless invitations to name his price and do so. Whether it is just, so to interpret his course after the Berlin recital, it is not possible to prove, but it appears as if the catastrophe discouraged him. He turned to composition. He seems to have vacillated for several years before he gathered his forces together and made the greatest public sensation of any pianist since the days of Liszt and Rubinstein. This was contingent upon the famous six months with Leschetizsky and followed the triumphs in Vienna and Paris. It was then that fortune knocked at the door in the form of the invitation to America and found its beneficiary prepared by bitter experience and poverty to have and to hold the prize. This time there was to be no failure. Paderewski practiced from thirteen to seventeen hours a day. And thereby hangs a tale. Believing this inhuman and incredible statement to emanate from the press bureau, I questioned Paderewski personally about it. He confirmed the statement—and he does not brag. Then, speaking of the terrific price—which, indeed, no one with less than superhuman will and vitality could have paid for his objective—I asked, "Would you do that again if you had to? It is appalling to think of the price you have paid and must pay, as long as you live, for your eminence. Has the game proved worth the candle?"

He reflected a moment and gave an answer I shall never forget. He said very simply, "I can only tell you this: I've fought some good battles."

The Statesman

THAT was all. He was not analyzing, moralizing or posing for posterity. He was simply stating his faith, accounting for his stewardship of what had been given him. "I've fought some good battles." I wonder if there could be a nobler epitaph?

Five years after that there was another conversation. In the interval there had been a World War. In the course of that war Paderewski had displayed an astonishing capacity for practical organization and gifts as a political orator in a language other than his own. In the building of a state he had done for Poland very much what Masaryk has done for Czecho-Slovakia, and had finally, in one of the most stressful periods of human history, forged through to the premiership of the newborn Polish Republic.

Then had come his retirement from that premiership, and Paderewski returned to his career as pianist. His audiences were happy. No doubt many agreed with the words attributed to Clemenceau when he met Paderewski at the green table in Versailles and ripped out one of those sayings for which the Tiger was famous: "Paderewski, the greatest pianist in the world! Paderewski, the Premier of Poland! My God, what a come-down!" Did Paderewski, disillusioned, his stomach full of politics, at last acquiesce in this view? One wanted to know. "Mr. Paderewski, which do you consider the greater—the greatest artist or the greatest statesman?"

Did he fling his hands in the air in self-vindication and thank God he was out of politics? Did he paraphrase Shelley's remark that artists are the true, if unacknowledged, legislators of the world? He answered immediately, "The statesman."

"Of course," he continued, "you understand that I do not talk of all those who are called statesmen, but who are really nothing but maneuvering politicians. They are an entirely different subject. I speak of that man of state whose courage, morality and wisdom open for humanity a greater path of destiny; of those rare spirits which, voicing the innermost hopes and visions of the race, mold the future and hold up the torch for Life. Are not they the greatest artists of all? And shall not all the others, great and small, spend their lives in interpreting, directly or indirectly, their conceptions?" He had been talking of Woodrow Wilson. I am not putting it so eloquently as Paderewski did, but the substance is accurately conveyed. It will be seen that his is not a mind bounded by seven and a half octaves.

Perhaps the greatest need of the living world is the dreamer who can turn the dream to reality; the eyes that, looking into the far distance, are not abstracted or blinded to immediate contingencies. Therefore the logic and exactitude of Paderewski's working arrangements. "He detests letters," said George Engles, his present manager, "or any form of written communication. As a matter of fact, he will not tolerate unnecessary transactions of any kind. He never repeats an order. Things are to be done as they were done last time until instructions are changed. If he found that he had to repeat an order he would get another manager. I have had no letter or wire from him for months, but I know that he will be on a certain ship, landing in New York at a certain time."

One Artist to Another

THIS conversation took place before Paderewski's attack of appendicitis and the resulting postponement of the opening dates of his forthcoming tour. "He knows that I will be with the hotel crew at the dock; that his seven pianos will be waiting for his examination, and then routed over different parts of the country to meet him as he needs them; also that his private train, with its piano and its crew, will be ready for him to occupy and live in during the major part of his tour."

"Without Copper?" I asked.

Alack, without Copper, the culinary *deus ex machina* for so many years of the Paderewski tours. Copper is retired.

PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

Vladimir de Pachmann

Paderewski is never tired of telling about him. One night, in the dining car, the pianist, delighted with the dinner, and in general high spirits, said to the attendant: "My compliments to Copper. Tell him the fish was superb, the entrée unsurpassable, the dessert a positive triumph."

The attendant returned.

"Did you give my message to Copper?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he say?"

"He said, sir, please to tell you that the soup was good also!"

"Since Paderewski's first tour under my management," said Engles, "when I learned his wishes, we have had no contracts. The arrangements for another tour were made in ten minutes' conversation, after he had extended me princely hospitality for two days at his home at Morges, Switzerland. A third tour was arranged in about as short a time by wire. I received,

(Continued on Page 180)

The Orchestra of the Warsaw Conservatory in the Days of Paderewski's Youth. The World-Famous Pianist and Premier of Poland of Later Days is Seen, Holding His Trombone, Between Another Trombonist and the First of the Three Players of the Big Double Basses

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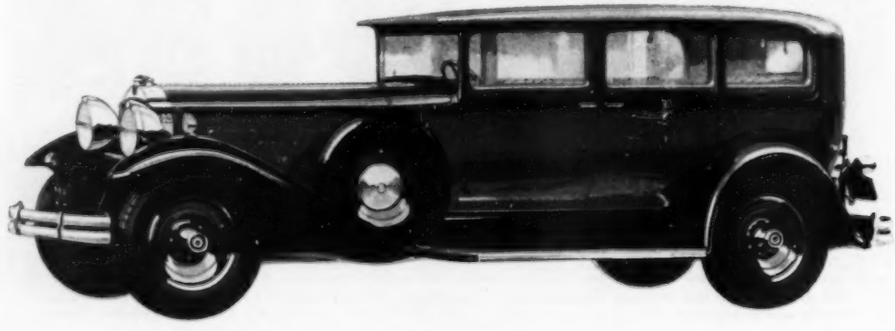
ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



American Business and Business Men—By David Lawrence

THE commonly accepted theory is that men of wealth, men of affairs, men of large responsibility, prefer isolation and are protected from the outside world by a barrier of secretaries who stand guard at the entrance to secluded private offices.

But there are exceptions to all rules, for there is one man in New York who not only defies the customary practice but insists upon sharing a large room with others. His wealth is considerable, his interests widespread and his activities correspondingly numerous—Otto H. Kahn, of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., has a private office, but he is rarely in it. Seated at a flat-top desk, which looks more like a table than a desk, at one end of a large room, Mr. Kahn is seen by scores of people who pass in and out of the Kuhn, Loeb offices, but whom he never sees. He scarcely ever looks up. He has a voluminous correspondence and is an incessant reader. Callers will visit other persons in the large room, but according to the etiquette of the offices, Mr. Kahn is never disturbed by casual visitors. Anybody who wants to see him goes outside again to the lobby, where the gray-uniformed guards receive cards. It is just as if there were an imaginary partition around Mr. Kahn's desk. The truth is he never hears what goes on in the large room; he has learned the art of concentration so well.

I asked Mr. Kahn one day how he could work with so many people going in and out of the large room. He said he believed it was a habit he had acquired early in life, when he worked with a number of other people.

"Not everybody early in life," he said, "has a private office. We grow accustomed to working with others and learn how to concentrate."

Theoretically, all the partners of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. have desks in the large room where Mr. Kahn sits, but most of them use the private offices off the central room. The doors to these private offices, however, are seldom closed, so that the visitor in the high-ceilinged room, which is about sixty feet by forty, can observe in each corner the various members of the firm. Mortimer Schiff is not often seen in the big room. Jerome Hanauer likes the retreat of a private office, and so does Felix Warburg.

Otto Kahn has a stream of callers—he likes to talk with people. The outer guards can discern those who are bent on time-wasting errands, but for the most part, Otto Kahn is accessible. Like other business men, he prefers to have his callers come by appointment, so he can organize his own time, but during the course of a day he sees a good many persons, and not a few of them on questions wholly unrelated to his business. For Otto Kahn is a man of many hobbies as well as many business tasks.

He gets a lot of work done in a single day, however, because he has a penetrating way of reaching a result directly and without rambling. He has a faculty of positiveness which reflects an orderly mind as well as a definite method of working. This is a product of deep concentration—and he concentrates best when forced to do so by the noise of an office in that large room on William Street, in the heart of New York's financial district.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Decisiveness is sometimes mistaken for hasty or impulsive action. Samuel Insull, of Chicago, utility magnate, has been challenged so often in business by the necessity of a prompt decision that his whole business career is filled with incidents that mark various turning points in the electrical industry.

When he was about fourteen, Mr. Insull made up his mind he wanted to go to work, and talked his father into consent. The elder Insull, in England, was a friend of Thomas Cook of travel fame. Mr. Cook promised a job for the boy, but the younger Insull would have to wait a few weeks for it. He was in a hurry and therefore got a job for himself—as office boy for a firm of auctioneers. He studied shorthand nights and then bookkeeping and accounting, and came to America, where he became the private secretary of Thomas Edison. There he breathed the atmosphere of invention and scientific exploration.

When the first large steam turbine was installed in the Fisk Street station at Chicago, Mr. Insull took a significant step. The installation was large for those days—only five-thousand-kilowatts capacity—but it was revolutionary in its effect upon the industry. It cheapened production, and this permitted transmission over longer distances. The generating company could afford to transmit the cheaper power farther because the inevitable losses in transit of the cheaper power were of less consequence. In fact, this

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Mr. Samuel Insull

opened the way to the later long-distance-transmission developments which have been characterized as superpower. The Parsons turbine had had some success in England. Also General Electric had an experimental turbine in the Schenectady factory with a capacity of about five hundred kilowatts. Mr. Insull was using, in Chicago, steam engines of the marine type, with a capacity of about thirty-five hundred kilowatts, or about five thousand horse power. He had planned a new station at Fisk Street. His consulting engineers were sent abroad to study the latest developments in power plants and to survey especially the turbine possibilities.

Mr. Insull was urged by the late C. A. Coffin, then president of the General Electric Company, to install a turbine of only one-thousand-kilowatts capacity, but he thought that would be a step backward, since the older type of steam engines were already in use with a much greater capacity. The technical advisers were doubtful, in their final report, about the risks of installation. Mr. Insull had to make the decision. He told them to go ahead.

The upshot of it was that Mr. Insull said to President Coffin substantially this:

"Build for us the largest steam turbine that the General Electric Company will stand back of, and we will put it in operation in the Fisk Street station."

It was in the fall of 1903.

"I shall never forget that first day," said Mr. Insull, "when we turned steam on the first turbine. It had worried me considerably. I was so nervous that I had to leave my office and go to the Fisk Street station and watch the workmen. It was, of course, an important experiment for a central station to build a steam turbine.

"When steam was turned on, Mr. Sargent suggested that I had better go back to my office. The inside of the turbine was scraping on the casing and the noise was terrible. I asked Mr. Sargent why he wanted me to leave.

"'Well,' he said, 'I don't know just what is going to happen.'

"'Well, then,' I suggested, 'you had better go out too.'

"'No,' he answered, 'it is my duty to be here, and it isn't yours.'

"'Is the thing going to blow up?' I asked.

"'No, I don't think it is,' he answered rather uncertainly.

"'Well, Sargent,' I replied, 'if it blows up, the whole company will blow up and I'll blow up, too, so I might as well stay here, and between us we will finish the job.'"

Three other units were installed in the next twelve months and the first four turbines ran about five years, being replaced with twelve-thousand-kilowatt vertical turbines. Today steam turbines of capacity up to one hundred fifty thousand kilowatts are in operation and a compound of two-hundred-thousand-kilowatt capacity is in the State Line station, just over the Indiana line on the shore of Lake Michigan, and the shell of that original turbine installed in 1903 stands on the lawn at the General Electric Company in Schenectady with a plate commemorating its history. But it was not an engineer who made the first decision—it was Samuel Insull, the adventurer in electrical development.

Another epochal experiment, which is regarded by many people as the forerunner of the present network of transmission lines over the greater part of the country, developed out of a situation in which Mr. Insull's decisiveness was put to a test. Just north of Chicago, there were ten little towns with a total population of about fifteen thousand, with electric service from local plants, but only at night. These properties were acquired in 1910, their distribution systems were interconnected and the little generating plants were junked while a new station to supply all the territory from one central plant was constructed.

Within two years twelve additional little towns, with a total population of nearly eight thousand, were supplied with electric service, together with one hundred twenty-five farms, and the whole area was given twenty-four-hour service. Some of the Chicago financial writers intimated that Mr. Insull was putting together "a lot of junk in Lake County." It involved an investment of about a half million dollars, on which the fixed charges of maximum demand were more than doubled over the aggregate of fixed charges on the isolated plants that had been acquired. The critics said Mr. Insull was embarked on a wild adventure. But he stuck to his decision and insisted upon a unified power supply with connections in various communities. He depended on stimulating the use of electricity. He improved the load factor, and unit operating costs were reduced, so that the final cost of electric service per hour was diminished to a point nearly one-third of what it had been with the ten isolated plants.

What Mr. Insull tried to demonstrate was that while capital investment, interest and dividend charges were increased, operating expenses could be made so much less that rates of service could be reduced. The last objective was not immediately discernible—it did not come until years later—but the tenacity of Mr. Insull did not permit him to take a step backward.

Today there are few places where electric power is not available. There is still plenty of controversy about rates and efficiency, but looking back over many years of experience, Mr. Insull can chuckle and wonder how long it would have taken for interconnection to come if he had not stubbornly insisted upon sticking to his first decision in tying together ten towns in the first real test of the value of interconnection.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Few people know that North Carolina paid into the Federal treasury last year more dollars in taxes than any other state in the Union, with the single exception of New York. The enormous tobacco crop was the principal reason for North Carolina's large contribution, but there are other industries which helped to pay that bill. For North Carolina has a production of more than a billion and a quarter dollars annually and is estimated to have a billion dollars in capital invested in her industries. For generations North Carolina has been regarded as an agricultural state, but only 30 per cent of her wealth is now in agriculture.

Coincident with the industrial evolution of North Carolina came a change in her governmental affairs. There is more businesslike procedure in Raleigh than in most state capitals nowadays. Angus McLean, who was governor up to a year ago, and who came home from the War Finance Corporation in Washington, started fiscal reform; and now Gov. Oliver Max Gardner, who succeeded him, has gone even further in insisting upon business efficiency. North Carolina does not permit reelection for her governors, but gives them four years in which to serve the state. Governor Gardner studied at State College and was trained as a textile engineer, fitting himself for the great crisis in North Carolina's affairs which came under his administration. He regards the labor troubles of his state as part of the industrial evolution and, though the owner of a textile mill himself, he did not hesitate to send a special assistant attorney-general

(Continued on Page 72)

The New OAKLAND EIGHT

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Illustrated above: The 2-Door Sedan • Body by Fisher

One horsepower to 37 pounds of weight accounts for its Superior Performance

The New Oakland Eight is known as "the car with *superior performance.*" Few cars at any price can match its speed. Few can equal its rapid acceleration in traffic. And few, if any, can keep abreast of it climbing a steep hill. For the reason, look beneath the hood. There you will find an 85-horsepower eight-cylinder engine. It is the most

powerful ever used in any car of Oakland's weight and size, only racing cars excepted. For each 37 pounds of car weight, it develops a full horsepower. The result is superior speed, superior pick-up, superior climbing ability—in short, *superior performance.* ¶Another impressive phase of Oakland's performance is its exceptional smoothness. The smooth application of power, characteristic of eight-cylinder cars, has been greatly intensified in the new Oakland through the use of many exclusive features. Among these are a complete down-draft carburetion and manifold system—new duo-plane cylinder heads insuring uniform intensity of power impulses—a short, heavy crankshaft of unusual rigidity—laminated steel spring and rubber supports which cushion the engine and insulate it from the frame. ¶These advanced features distinguish a power plant also remarkable for its economy—its gasoline mileage equaling the mileage obtained with many sixes of similar size and weight. It was created by engineers who participated in developing General Motors' first eight-cylinder car in 1914. Because of its sound design and the meticulous care with which it is produced, you are assured exceptional dependability and long life in the New Oakland Eight. ¶A visit to the showroom will disclose many other interesting features, among them Oakland's smart new bodies by Fisher. They are voguishly low and long of line, with a beauty which is the more emphatic and refreshing because of its tasteful simplicity. We believe you are going to like the New Oakland Eight and admire its superior performance. And we are sure that you will be all the more impressed by this car when you consider how moderately it is priced.

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AND UP

Seven body types. All prices f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges. Oakland Motor Car Company.

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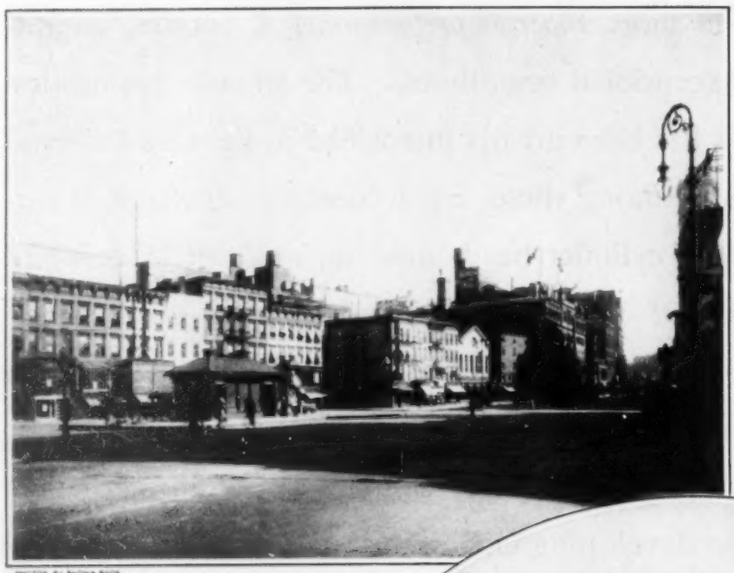
Write for an interesting booklet which illustrates and describes the design of the New Oakland Eight

AS I WAS SAYING — By Joseph P. Day

As Told to Marie Beynon Ray



PHOTOS BY BROWN BROS.

47th Street and Broadway, New York, 1905. In Oval—The New Rockefeller Apartments, 149th Street and 7th Avenue

IT'S the big, tense, dramatic situations, the knotty problems, the million-dollar deals, that make business enthralling; but it's the little human events, amusing or pathetic, which come in every day's work, the odd and lovable characters whom one meets, and the undercurrents of emotion and sentiment which play through even the biggest deals that make the strain of these momentous affairs bearable and are often remembered when the big deal itself has been forgotten.

A curious character I remember vividly was a certain Mr. X, a regular habitué of real-estate auctions. I recall the occasion of one auction at which he had bought a block of lots at $600 a lot.

Immediately after this sale I put up a plot adjoining Mr. X's block, and this I saw at once a small homebuilder was anxious to get. At once I saw the blood of battle in Mr. X's eye. If it cost him double its value, he was going to have that plot!

But Mr. X stammered. It was a characteristic of his that often caused amusement in the exciting moments of a sale, when the stutter became more than ever pronounced and I had to wait for his bid.

A Better Highwayman Than Jesse James

NOW they began bidding, Mr. X against the home builder. The bidding reached $650—50 more than Mr. X had paid—and the homebuilder the last bidder.

"Going once," I said, "going twice ——"

Mr. X stood before me, purple with excitement, stuttering, perspiring, trying to get out his next bid.

"Seven—seven—seven ——"

But it wouldn't come.

"Oh, Mr. X," I said, "you can't make seven-dollar bids at a sale like this."

And the crowd rocked with mirth.

"Seven—seven ——" persisted Mr. X, still trying to get out his seventy-five-dollar bid.

But while he was struggling, I knocked down the plot to the homebuilder. The crowd applauded.

Mr. X collapsed, and thereafter sat muttering and mumbling to himself. Finally, he called out in a loud voice, "Joe Day d-does-does-doesn't need a horse."

I went on selling.

"Joe-Joe Day doesn't need a h-horse," called Mr. X again, and that continued for some time until finally I turned to him and said, "Mr. X, what is the matter with you? What do you mean—I dont need a horse?"

"Jesse-Jesse J-James had to use a horse!" brought out the stammerer with a shout.

The crowd got his point at once and burst into a roar. But though Mr. X thought I was a better highwayman than Jesse James, the crowd saw the fairness of what I had done and was with me.

It is such warming little incidents as this that establish the right contacts in the auction tent.

Many and curious are the subterfuges which the big operators in real estate will resort to in order to prevent not only the public but likewise the auctioneer from knowing that they're in the bidding at an important auction. It is to their interest to bid secretly, for if the public saw that big interests were after a certain piece of land, others would rush to bark up the same tree and so boost the prices. On the other hand, it is to the interest of the auctioneer to let the public know that prominent operators are in the field, for naturally this stimulates bidding; but it is also to his interest to keep on friendly terms with these important buyers. He is often torn between these two interests.

To Curb the Auctioneer's Enthusiasm

OF COURSE, when he is sure the bidder wishes to remain incognito, he will protect his interests as he would those of a private client; but sometimes, after the sale has been made, he will ask the buyer if he may announce his name, and this has the desired effect of arousing public interest in the adjoining properties. Frequently, however, the bidder does not wish even the auctioneer to know that he is bidding, for he fears that then the auctioneer's enthusiasm will carry him to new heights of auctioneering. So the important operator often sends agents to an auction. But if the sale is of such magnitude that he dare not or cannot keep away, he will also attend in person to watch the progress of the sale and, if necessary, by a series of prearranged signals with his agent, direct the bidding secretly. But the auctioneer who isn't posted on all such subterfuges, bluffs and signals is apt to miss the important tricks.

In 1907 I was selling at auction the Patrick Doherty estate. There was one coveted gore, 15 feet on Broadway and running back about 70 feet to a point—an isosceles triangle of land, which I ascertained beforehand that the late Tom Shanley, of the famous Shanley restaurants of three decades ago, desired to purchase in order to fill out the adjoining gore which he owned. At that time, only twenty-three years ago, the last blacksmith shop on Broadway stood on this bit of land, between Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh streets.

(Continued on Page 46)

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

West 135th Street, New York, in the Heart of Harlem

SOUND ECONOMY SUGGESTS OLDSMOBILE

Have you noticed how many business men—how many thoughtful women—how many shrewd and careful buyers in your own community have turned to Oldsmobile?

Such widespread public favor shown to anything so vitally important as a motor car is no result of chance. It must be founded on an excellent fundamental reason. And in Oldsmobile's case that reason is sound economy.

Sound economy at the time of purchase. Sound economy that holds through the months and miles. For Oldsmobile's proved design, quality materials, and precision workmanship insure dependability of the highest character.

Finally, the deciding factor in favor of Oldsmobile is that the economy which characterizes it entails no sacrifice of those elements of appearance, comfort, and performance which discriminating motorists value so highly.

Examine this car. Drive it and make your own performance tests. We believe that to you, as to thousands of others, sound economy will then suggest Oldsmobile.

OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 44)

When the bidding started, Mr. Shanley came in with a flourish, which didn't deceive me. His first bid, ostentatiously made, was $25,000.

"And it isn't worth it!" he generously added in a voice that could be heard all over the hall.

Someone said "$27,500."

Shanley called out "$30,000—and I'm through!"

To prove it, he sauntered indifferently to the back of the room and stood there, his back to the auction platform, his hands in his pockets, his hat on the back of his head, talking casually with a group of men.

In spite of Mr. Shanley's ultimatum, however, the bidding went on. There were other prominent operators in the field, the late Robert E. Dowling and the late Judge Dugro, and besides I had a shrewd suspicion that a certain broker who was bidding against them was representing Shanley. I had previously ascertained that all these men had had this property appraised and that the best appraisal given was $50,000. That figure represented my Styx, and somehow I must leap over it.

Reading the Enemy's Signals

SURE enough, at $50,000 the bidding faltered and I jumped into the breach with a little sales talk. The bidding rallied and reached $70,000, then stuck again. The last bid was in favor of Mr. Dowling. I saw the broker whom I suspected of being Shanley's agent look around helplessly, but in the crowd he was unable to get Shanley's eye. I realized that $70,000 was all Shanley had authorized his agent to pay. I saw him stiffen. I knew he wanted that property. I saw my opportunity. Mr. Shanley must be made to reënter the bidding.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I know that this property has been appraised at $50,000. But are men like you, the keenest real-estate minds in this city, men who know just how and where the city is developing, to be influenced by a pen-and-ink appraisal made by a man sitting at a desk? The value of this land is what you gentlemen pay for it today. Tear up your appraisals and fix your own values."

At that Shanley threw up his hands and pushed his way to the front of the crowd. "Seventy-five thousand!" he called out. The bidding continued fast and furious up to $127,000, at which price Mr. Shanley got it—the highest price paid for property on Broadway up to that time, and for what might be considered an undesirable gore.

Afterward Mr. Shanley told me that that little talk of mine had given him the courage to reënter the bidding. One year later he sold the complete plot for a large increase over the price he'd paid for it.

The late William Cheesebrough was a very large real-estate operator who always bid through an agent for fear that another operator, sensing a quick resale if he knew that Mr. Cheesebrough was interested in a property, might bid against him. He, too, would ostentatiously come into the field in the early bidding, then as ostentatiously drop out. Then he would stand idly about the hall, seemingly disinterested, while his agent went on with the bidding. Of course I wasn't supposed to know who his agent was—and sometimes I didn't, as he kept changing men. But I did know when Mr. Cheesebrough might be expected to be interested in a property. One day, with my eyes on Mr. Cheesebrough, I continued to raise the bids against a single competitor and finally knocked the property down to Mr. Cheesebrough.

He came to me after the sale and said, "For heaven's sake, Day, how did you know I'd go to that price?"

"Better arrange a new signal with your agent," I advised. "That handkerchief signal is getting a bit old. Handkerchief on the chest, you're still bidding. Handkerchief in the pocket, you're out."

"Well, my dear Holmes, call me Doctor Watson if I don't get a signal that will baffle you before the next sale," laughed Mr. Cheesebrough.

When two big operators at a sale find they are bidding against each other they sometimes try to get together, and this, of course, is to the disadvantage of the owners for whom the auctioneer is selling. How to keep these two parties apart frequently becomes an exciting problem. At the sale of the Russell Sage estate at One-hundred-and-tenth Street and Riverside Drive, Robert E. Dowling, a most active real-estate operator in the past twenty-five years, was bidding on the block front on the Drive, and Robert E. Simon, another prominent operator, the nephew of Henry Morgenthau, former ambassador to Turkey, was bidding against him. Finally, only these two men were left in the field, and suddenly I saw Mr. Simon, who was a good friend of Mr. Dowling, start to work his way down the aisle toward Mr. Dowling. I endeavored to prevent the latter from seeing this move by holding his attention and speeding the bidding up by threatening to knock the property down. Before Mr. Simon could reach Mr. Dowling's side, I had managed to get three bids from Dowling and two from Simon, five bids of $5000 each. After it was over, Mr. Simon, who got the property, said to me, "Well, Day, you rushed the bidding up on me."

"Yes," I said; "that little stroll of 50 feet cost you $25,000—$500 a foot."

Mr. Simon always spoke of this stroll afterward as his "$25,000 walk."

I believe the largest auction sale of improved properties that has ever been held was that of the Commodore Charles H. Gould estate, sold in January, 1927, which brought $6,714,000—the $714,000 being paid by Mr. Robert E. Dowling for No. 714 Fifth Avenue.

"A thousand dollars a number," I commented as I knocked it down to him.

This sale was held in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Commodore, and was of such general interest that not only all the big investors and operators but the public, to the extent of 3000 men and women, were present. The prize offering of this sale was the Æolian Building, which had just been awarded the gold medal for the most beautiful building on Fifth Avenue, for the year 1927, by the Fifth Avenue Association. This one building sold for $3,000,000. In 1907, so primitive were our methods, it took me four days to sell the 1000 lots composing the Ogden estate, the first sale of 1000 lots ever attempted. Twenty years later, due to our present methods of doing all the talking, advertising and publicity before instead of during the sale, I sold the $6,714,000 worth of property comprised in the Gould estate in just two hours.

Pre-Sales Advertising

IN THE old days we would spend $10,000 on a pre-sales campaign, and many big sales were held with only a bare newspaper announcement of the time and place, where today we will spend $50,000 and over. We don't believe in giving the public a lot of sales talk from the platform, but in giving them plenty of meaty and dramatic food for thought beforehand. And one of the most effective types of pre-sales advertising, since it stimulates interest, is to unearth some colorful fact from the history of the property to be sold and play that up—as when we were selling a perfectly commonplace building in downtown New York and dug up the fact that during the American Revolution a spy had been hanged where its entrance now stood; or when, as in this Gould-estate sale, we played up the fact of the most beautiful building on the Avenue being included in the sale; or when we broadcast the following historic bits of fact concerning Broadway:

BROADWAY IS BROADWAY

THE AVENUE OF OPPORTUNITY FROM THE BATTERY TO YONKERS

At Wall Street, where lots, that today are the highest-priced in the world, sold a few years ago for less than the cost now of a modest suburban home.

At Vesey Street, where the site of St. Paul's Church once brought only $25 a lot.

At Union Square, where, in 1825, it was doubted a lot would ever be worth $1000.

At Madison Square, where "swamp" acreage, years ago, could not be given away.

At Herald Square, where the $3,000,000 "Herald" site brought only about $400,000 in 1884.

At Times Square, where front-foot rental values today are higher than the sales price of a lot less than fifty years ago.

And So Runs the History of Broadway Realty Values all the way up to the City line, toward which population will move as fast as new buildings are erected.

The next opportunity to buy a lot in this Avenue of constantly multiplying opportunities is the sale of

INTERBOROUGH REAL ESTATE

MUST BE SOLD AT AUCTION

It is the well-planned pre-sales campaign and dramatic advertising that make it possible to sell $7,000,000 worth of property in a few hours. Skillful auctioneering alone couldn't do it.

There have been times when I have been accused of selling myself rather than the property. To a certain extent I think that's true of every good salesman. It is true that I want the prospective buyer first of all to have confidence in me, but that is only for the purpose of gaining confidence for what I have to sell. Selling seems to me one of the greatest constructive forces in business. Without it no business can go very far. With it a small business can become great.

We haven't always our own product to sell, but must sell other men's products, as does the real-estate broker; and we are apt to meet plenty of sales resistance. In an earlier article I spoke of keeping every sale in a light, easy vein, without any feeling of effort or pressure. High-pressure salesmanship should never be felt. The more indetectable the sales effort, the better. A further example of the value of ease in selling occurs to me.

After the war I was called upon to sell the manufacturing plant of a certain firearms company which had built an enormous factory to take care of its wartime orders and now wanted to dispose of this plant. The building was half a mile long, with thirteen arms each a quarter of a mile in length. To cover these great distances, messenger boys on bicycles rode the half-mile distances and others covered the quarter-mile stretches on roller skates. None but an equally large company would be interested in so gigantic a layout—and that narrowed the circle of possible buyers down to a very few.

A certain large company became interested. It sent experts from its various factories all over the country to look over the factory, and one day I was called in to interview one of the chief executives of the company. I felt, on entering the room, like a general who has unsuspectingly been led into an enemy encampment; for there, instead of a solitary official, were formidably ranged against me and my single factory expert a solemn conclave of a dozen important executives.

A Display of Keen Disinterest

IT IMMEDIATELY developed that, far from being interested in the factory, the company was, to a man, against its purchase. They were gathered together for the sole purpose of telling me just what was wrong with this factory and why it would never serve their purpose.

I listened. The more forceful their arguments grew, the higher rose my spirits. The gloomier their outlook, the brighter mine. They had gathered together a dozen or more of their highest-salaried executives from as far west as Michigan to explain to me how completely disinterested they were in my proposition; yet, had they really been disinterested, a telephone message would have been all that was necessary.

When the last executive paused for breath, I laughed.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I've just thought of a story I'd like to tell you." And I told them a story which, while it left no doubt in their minds that I saw through their maneuver, yet threw them into guffaws of laughter.

"And now," I said to the chief executive, "have you ever seen this plant?"

"No."

"Neither have I. Let's put all these experts out of the room—mine as well as yours—and you and I, who know none of the difficulties but only that you want to buy and I want to sell, will make this deal."

And that was what we did. Not that the deal was consummated that afternoon, for there was the problem of a huge discrepancy in the asking price and the offer they were prepared to make. The first bid was $2,500,000 and the owners were asking $6,000,000. Many adjustments had to be made before these two figures were brought within speaking distance of each other. The buyers finally came up to $4,250,000 and my clients came down to $5,000,000 and there they stuck. Neither could be coaxed a step further. Then our statisticians got to work; and finally, by careful manipulation, and thanks to such convenient factors as leases with an option to buy, income-tax deductions, rentals applied to the buying price, and so forth, a contract was drawn up whereby the company, after the final deductions were made, paid $60,000 less than the $4,250,000 of their ultimatum and my clients received $750,000 more than the $5,000,000 which was their final asking price. Thus may a gap of $1,000,000 be closed up as easily as a drawbridge.

The whole affair occupied six weeks and the commission earned amounted to $285,000.

"Not much time to earn so large a sum," commented the chief executive—"six weeks."

"It took thirty years," I replied.

He laughed. "Right you are," he said. "A transaction like that always reminds me of the bill which an engineering expert sent in for a job that had occupied him only a few hours—a bill for $850. The railroad company protested. 'The $50 is all right for your time,' they wrote, 'but we don't understand the $800.' Back came the reply, '$50 for doing the job—$800 for knowing how.'"

In another case there was sales resistance to a whole race to be broken down—the negro race—and that was done in quite a different way.

When the Pullman Company put in its yards at Mott Haven, New York City, it initiated the now famous Harlem colored district. The colored porters stationed there found near-by homes for their families, at first in the dilapidated quarters abandoned by the whites, but later, as they spread out, in better and better sections.

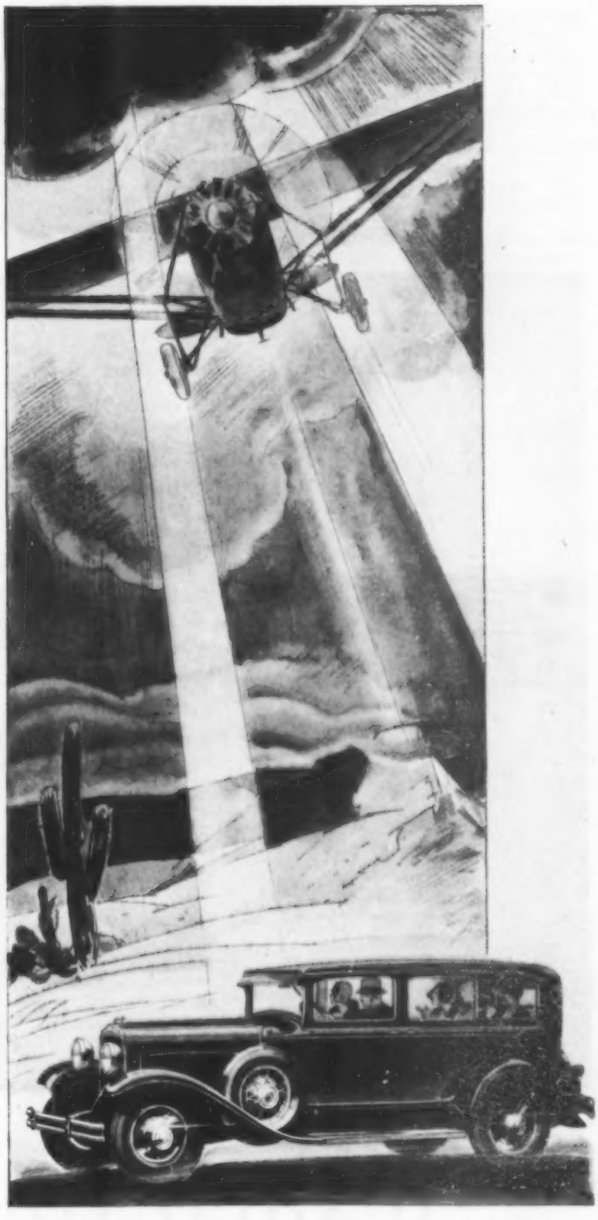
Naturally, under this invasion, real-estate values in Harlem dropped anywhere from 25 to 50 per cent, with practically no sales at all, for this was considered most undesirable property to hold as an investment. Rents,

(Continued on Page 49)

FULL PLYMOUTH SIZE

PLYMOUTH

. . . the low-cost standardized-quality car



THE astonishing value of the Improved *full*-size Plymouth is far more than the result of large volume production. This unique superiority arises more particularly from the exclusive Chrysler Motors principle of Standardized Quality.

As a Chrysler-built product, the Plymouth motor car shares advantages that can be derived only from the interlocking of a great group of manufacturing operations. Although the *full*-size Plymouth is the lowest-priced Chrysler Motors car, it embodies feature after feature and part after part developed originally for the costlier cars which Chrysler Motors builds.

Sharing such excellence, the Improved *full*-size Plymouth naturally is a very different and far more satisfactory low-priced car. There is a dealer near you.

AMERICA'S LOWEST-PRICED FULL-SIZE CAR

RESEARCH...THE GUIDE TO PROGRESS
Anticipating every development; insuring ever higher standards of quality . . . Texaco Laboratories are the source of Texaco progress.

Texaco trails no map will ever show

Winter passes! Farms spring to life, busy in anticipation of a nation's demand for food. Thousands of powerful tractors are at work from dawn to dusk furrowing Texaco Trails no map will ever show.

Like the great machines of all industry, these giants of agriculture depend on Texaco for lubrication. To meet their exacting requirements, Texaco Tractoil was developed specifically. With the same skill and care The Texas Company has perfected other specialized Texaco Petroleum Products for airplane, automobile, factory, power plant, ocean liner and locomotive.

Such thorough service to every phase of industry and transportation demands resources increasingly tremendous and worldwide. Texaco has more than kept step. Today, in each of our 48 States and in 46 foreign countries, the Texaco Red Star with the Green T stands as a symbol of progress, of service and dependability.

TEXACO

The mark of quality for petroleum products

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Refiners of a complete line of Texaco Petroleum Products, including Gasoline, Motor Oil, Industrial Lubricants, Railroad and Marine Lubricants, Farm Lubricants, Road Asphalts and Asphalt Roofing.

(Continued from Page 46)

people argued, would be hard to collect. Investors would not buy in that vicinity and, of course, no one would build. The worse the buildings, the better suited were they to their colored tenants, contended the landlords.

Then suddenly John D. Rockefeller, Jr., stepped in and built a series of model apartments in this neighborhood—purely as a philanthropy. The better class of negroes moved in. Excellent rents were paid, and promptly. Philanthropy was found to pay! Other capitalists soon followed suit and today Harlem real estate is decidedly active. Already values have come back 25 per cent. It has been demonstrated that the negro race is solvent. In this case it was philanthropy that broke down sales resistance.

The big deals are the easiest to put over. It is the little fellows who cause all the trouble. Sometimes, by way of keeping in form and knowing what a really stiff real-estate sale is like, I come in on one of the minor sales being handled by the office and then I learn what sales resistance really is! Not long ago one of our salesmen came to me in despair. For months he'd been working on a prospect—we'll call him Mr. Blank—trying to sell him a home site in a new development near New York. Now Mr. Blank wanted that property. He probably wanted it more than anything he'd ever wanted in his life. But he wasn't going to step up and sign away several thousand dollars without making the salesman earn his commission! He had to be sold! He wanted the salesman to convince him over and over again of what he already knew. And the salesman did his best.

"Mr. Blank, the improvements on this property are guaranteed by the owners and will be made part of the contract. Mr. Blank, this property has increased 20 per cent in value in the past two years and it hasn't started yet. Mr. Blank ——"

But Mr. Blank was obdurate. He wanted more explanations, arguments, advice, encouragement. In this frame of mind the recalcitrant Mr. Blank was brought to me. I saw that argument had built up in him a terrific sales resistance, that he really wanted the property but had actually been made timid by the force of the sales pressure brought to bear.

Clinching a Sale

"Mr. Blank," I said, "if I were you I wouldn't buy that property. I never buy anything myself that I'm doubtful about. I think you'd be making a mistake to buy this land."

This had the desired effect. All resistance melted away. Mr. Blank began to be afraid he wouldn't get the property—and in five minutes he had signed his contract and paid his deposit.

I recall an instance where the head of a large concern had come a long distance for the express purpose of buying an industrial site with a railroad siding and on tide water for the erection of a factory, and yet you would have thought a factory site was the last thing in the world he wanted. Even when the ideal location was found, on the Newark meadows, fronting on the Hackensack River, and with a Pennsylvania Railroad connection, this gentleman sat down to a whole day of objections to minor details of the contract. It was one of those cases where it is harder to sell a man something he wants than it would be to sell another man something he didn't want. For six mortal hours the salesman sat and patiently pointed out to the manufacturer how all his objections could be overcome. Finally there was the question of an old obsolete right of way paralleling the river which constituted the prospective buyer's last ditch. After hours of debate, he still refused to accept any explanations of the irrelevance of this old right.

I returned to the office after several hours' absence to find the argument still going on.

"Right of way?" I said. "We've had that same question up in several similar cases. Other big corporations which bought land on the meadows accepted that condition—big ink and copper companies. They passed it. So can you. To the devil with it! What's next?"

"Well—well," said the potential buyer, "there's no assurance in the contract of my being able to build a railroad siding."

"Write into the contract that I will guarantee the railroad siding. That straightens everything out? Fine!"

And again the moral is "don't argue." Lift the whole transaction out of the realm of argument and by some little psychological twist, establish it on a different plane.

To practically every sale, public or private, there is a certain amount of sales resistance; and if the forces that act in favor of the seller are stronger when the buyer is a crowd instead of an individual, just so are the forces which work against him multiplied manifold when he is selling a crowd. One can have no idea of what sales resistance can be until one has met it en masse from the auctioneer's platform. The most dramatic event in my entire career was presented by the concentrated sales resistance of a whole city.

A Town for Sale

After the World War, Uncle Sam had towns all over the country on his hands where he had lodged his shipyard workers and their families during the war; and many of these passed under my hammer. In one of these towns, where about 1600 houses and lots were to be sold at auction, we met bitter and continued resistance. Here are the circumstances which went to make up a dramatic situation which for stark reality, the manifestations of elemental passions, and mob emotionalism stands out in my memory unrivaled.

In the first place, here was an entire city on the auction block. Secondly, here, it seemed, were men who had faithfully served Uncle Sam throughout the World War, building his ships. Many of them had given up their houses and their work in distant parts of the country to migrate to this wartime city. Uncle Sam had made them attractive offers—high wages, low rents, comfortable homes. And now suddenly their landlord was anxious to be relieved of his responsibilities, real estate being no part of his business. He proposed to sell their homes over their heads. Naturally, all this was not to the liking of Uncle Sam's tenants. They felt that this was a high-handed, autocratic measure. They had given up one home and job to help Uncle Sam, and now they were to be forced to give up another. So bitter was the feeling in this wartime city against the United States that appeals against the intended sale poured into all the local politicians, to Congressmen and United States Senators. At one time so much pressure was brought to bear upon the President that it looked as though the sale would be called off.

My own sympathies were very strongly with the tenants. A superficial survey during the pre-sale campaign indicated that a considerable number of the bidders would be the present occupants of the houses, and I made up my mind that I would give these people every opportunity to become the owners of their homes at the most reasonable figure possible.

As the pre-sale investigation went deeper, however, an amazing fact came to light—a fact which changed the whole complexion of the affair and turned my sympathy against the present tenants. All this bitterness on the part of the tenants, all this sympathy on the part of the public, all this political foment—and there were actually only three families then living in the town who had lived there during the war and worked for the Government! All but these three families had come there since the Armistice. The prevailing resentment and revolt had been built up on the basis of three families out of the 1500 who now occupied the government houses! Yet this fact, when disclosed, did not quiet the spirit of revolt nor render the situation any the less serious.

However, in an endeavor to lessen the feeling of resentment, I decided to hold a pre-sale meeting of the tenants. I explained the situation clearly to them. This city, I said, was purely a wartime measure. The war was over. The Government was not in the real-estate business and therefore must dispose of this property. I showed them how, with even a limited amount of capital, they could purchase the houses they occupied.

This meeting was followed by a series of teas, at which our saleswomen were hostesses. At these informal functions it was impressed upon the housewives of the town, who, in the average family of moderate means, are the thrifty members, that the purchase of a home was an easy matter. They were instructed how to obtain financial assistance and provided with the names of interested building-loan associations.

In spite of all this, there still remained a substantial number who did not wish to buy, who wished to continue to pay only a nominal rent, and who were violently opposed to the sale of the property on any terms. Their hysterical denunciation of the sale was seized upon by one of the local newspapers and capitalized. This paper organized a series of sensational mass meetings to protest against the sale and to fan the flame of discontent.

Fighting for Publicity

All this was alarming, yet I saw in it also a means of furthering the interests of the Government. A monster sale was being planned. An entire city was to go on the auction block—easily the largest offering of houses for the high bid in the history of the world. All this demanded enormous attendance on every one of the twelve or so days of the sale. The city alone could not supply enough buyers. After the local saturation point had been reached with the sale of two or three hundred houses at most, buyers from out-of-town points must be depended upon. It was necessary to interest people in near-by cities and other residential sections for miles in every direction, and to secure their attendance at the sale. In order to accomplish this, the widest publicity was necessary; and the more bitter the attack on the sale, the greater would be its publicity. We retained our own publicity agent and fought the propaganda against the sale, thus spreading and keeping at fever heat the interest of the public.

As the first day of the sale approached, overt demonstrations of public resentment increased. The unruly tenants, we learned, had organized to create a riot and stampede the auction rooms.

The auction was to take place in the motion-picture theater which the Government had built as a recreation center. This auditorium seated 1500 and would accommodate 1000 standees.

The plan of the rioters, we learned, was to crash the gates, seize all the front seats, and, from this point of vantage, start the riot and mob the auctioneer. To thwart this move, the doorman was instructed to inform those early comers that the hour of the sale had been postponed from 10:00 A.M. to 1:00 P.M. Unsuspecting, they went quietly away to lunch and when they returned at one o'clock they found over half the house filled with orderly citizens from other cities. Only a small number of the racketeers could find seats.

A Call for Help

Nevertheless, when I mounted the stand at 1:15, pandemonium broke loose. As I faced this seething auditorium, echoing with cat-calls, whistles, stamping and shouting, I realized that none of the plans I had contemplated for handling the riot would work. I stood there looking about and suddenly I saw the windows and door at the back of the hall give away before the rioters outside, who, unable to obtain admittance, smashed the glass and surged through. Everywhere throughout the throng I saw placards on the hats of the men bearing the significant warning, "I am a tenant. Don't bid against me!" Not only were they determined to stop the sale by rioting but also to intimidate outside buyers.

For five minutes, while I stood there with the bill of sale in my hands, the chorus of derision continued unabated. My lips moved occasionally, but even I could hear no sound come from them. Meantime, my determination to do one thing was growing steadily: to convince these people that this sale was being conducted by a representative of the Government and that there was no element in that city, nor anywhere else, that could coerce or intimidate the duly appointed officials of the Government.

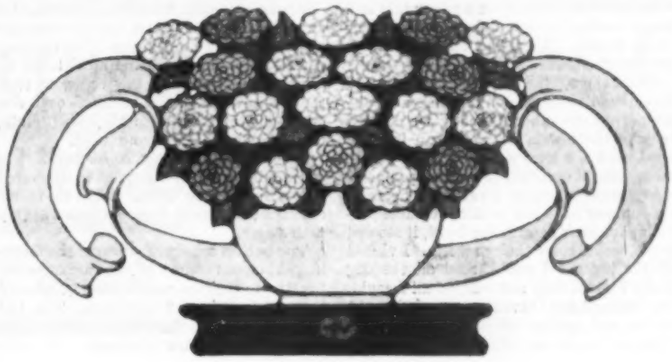
As I stood waiting for the ovation to the auctioneer to die down, there occurred one of those little accidents which, when strategy fails, sometimes save the day. The assistant chief of police shouldered his way through the crowd and stepped up to me.

"Mr. Day," he said, "I have fifteen armed officers scattered about this room, but if this mob starts a riot, we won't have a chance."

I would have thought that my entire attention was bent on the quelling of that incipient riot, but as the chief spoke it suddenly flashed into my mind how even the impending riot could be turned to our advantage. Instead of asking him to lend every effort toward maintaining order, I requested him to go to the telephone, get the chief of police of the nearest city on the wire and say to him, "Hell has broken loose here. If we're going to carry on and sell this property for the Government, we'll need a detachment of your police."

I realized, even as I was making the request, that we had no legal right to make such a demand, for this was a call for help from another state. I knew that policemen from another state cannot respond to a call from a sister state and yet I hoped, not that the neighboring police would rush to our assistance, but that the newspaper reporters always hanging about headquarters would get wind of our request. The value of that would be incalculable. I have often wondered since, how, in what was certainly the most difficult situation in all my auction experience, I could have considered the publicity value of what was happening.

Meantime, that day was before us. The little incident of the whispered consultation between the chief and myself had its



Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

SISTERS "G"
from Europe, in
PAUL WHITEMAN'S
"KING OF JAZZ"

"Once in a lifetime a show like this." That's the only way in which I can truthfully express my feelings about Paul Whiteman's magnificent musical "King of Jazz." I feel safe in predicting that you will be enchanted by the exquisite beauty and haunting melody of this truly startling innovation in the newest form of entertainment. This may sound like bragging, but I am merely trying to give you my reaction after seeing this glorious extravaganza of mirth and melody.

"All Quiet on the Western Front"

Motion picture fans throughout the country write me that they are eagerly awaiting "All Quiet on the Western Front," that remarkable story of the World War, through the medium of which Erich Maria Remarque stepped into the literary and dramatic hall of fame overnight. When you see this picture—you will know what the Germans thought—you will hear what they said—you will see what they did. Europe is just as anxious to see this masterpiece as is America. The whole world said the story couldn't be produced. Wait till you see it.

Furthermore—there is decidedly keen interest by theatre-owners in "La Marseillaise," starring LAURA LA PLANTE and JOHN BOLES. You will hear JOHN BOLES singing the famous and stirring song which overthrew France and rid it of the royal roués and spendthrifts who were sapping the life-blood of the people.

GEORGE SIDNEY, CHARLIE MURRAY, VERA GORDON, KATE PRICE, are all together again in the latest high point of hilarity, "The Cohens and Kellys in Scotland," which is being released simultaneously all over the country in celebration of St. Patrick's Day. Don't fail to see this if you enjoy laughs; and who doesn't?

I still want volunteer correspondents and helpers in every city, town and village in the country—personal correspondents who will help the people of their localities in the way of providing entertainment of the best sort. Write me today.

Carl Laemmle,
President

If you want photographs of MERNA KENNEDY, MARY NOLAN and ROBERT ELLIS send 10c in stamps for each.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
"The Home of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave. New York City

immediate result as well as its far-reaching effect. Some of the disturbers noticed the conference, saw the chief shoulder his way from the hall to execute the commission which, fortunately, it did not occur to him could not be carried out, and mysteriously an intimation of the significance of this action spread. A fear of impending danger gradually seeped through the rough element in the audience and for the moment the din appreciably lessened.

I saw my opportunity. I resolved to follow up this slight advantage by taking a firm stand against the rioters. It had been my original intention to yield to public sentiment by letting the first lots go cheaply to the tenants, but now I determined to sell them if necessary over their heads to outsiders as a sign that the Government could not be intimidated. Accordingly, I selected a property in which no present tenant was interested and knocked it down quickly to an outside bid.

Auctioneer and Cheer Leader

At this a storm of hissing broke loose. I proceeded to the next lot and knocked that down likewise to an outsider. Redoubled hissing. I put up the third, and when that also went to an outsider and for the third time a threatening storm of hisses broke loose, I leaned forward and shouted, "Louder! Come on now, all together, hiss again!"

The audience responded vigorously for five minutes, and as soon as they let up a bit I shouted again, "And now once more, hiss the auctioneer!"

And they hissed the auctioneer for all they were worth.

Then suddenly the reaction for which I had hoped occurred. Would they, I wondered, see the humor of the situation? And they did. The great American sense of humor came to the rescue. The whole room burst into a great guffaw of mirth. The unexpected, the unforeseen saved the situation which was all but lost.

When, for the first time that afternoon, quiet reigned in the room, I repeated what I had said at the beginning of the sale, that where the occupant of the house was the bidder and an outside bidder wished to buy a row of houses, the occupant of the house would have the call on his own dwelling, but he must decide then and there to pay the same proportionate price as the outside bidder.

The sale proceeded more quietly, and whenever thereafter catcalls and boos broke out, I gave them an opportunity to get rid of surplus energy by calling for three hisses for the auctioneer.

Suddenly a new problem appeared. I noticed that it was almost midnight and in five minutes the sale must close, for it would be illegal to continue selling on Sunday morning. Prior to the sale a great many prospective buyers had come to me with requests that the property in which they were interested be put up for sale on Saturday, as otherwise they would be forced to lose a day's pay on Monday to attend the sale. These people would be bitterly disappointed and much hard-earned goodwill lost if I couldn't keep faith with them. Yet only five minutes remained.

I rapped for silence and, strange to say, I got it.

"It is now five minutes to twelve," I said, "and in a few minutes we will be going into the Sabbath morning. Yet I have received so many requests from working people who can't afford to lose a day's pay on Monday to put up their homes today that I'm reluctant to close the sale now. I'm willing to continue the sale past midnight if there's a unanimous request for it."

A Catholic priest made the motion. It was seconded by the Episcopalian and the Baptist ministers and unanimously carried. So at midnight we stopped the clock, and though my watch registered 2:30 A.M. when the sale finally came to a close, the clock continued to point decorously to twelve.

For the first sale after midnight I put up the Catholic rectory which, according to law, the United States Government, which had built the rectories of the three churches, could not present to the respective denominations. It was therefore necessary to sell these dwellings at auction, but I arranged that the three clergymen whose homes they were bought them for $1000 less than the prices that prevailed in their respective blocks.

Priceless Advertising

So, in the end, the auctioneer got off with his life, the thrifty tenants who wished to purchase their homes at a fair price got their wish, there were few bones broken, and the Government received a fair price for its property.

And that Sunday morning, at the close of the first day's sale, when all the tired and sleepless and dinnerless crew of us were sitting in a restaurant in a near-by city having an early breakfast, down the street came the newsboys shouting, "All About the Big Riot Against the Government! State Militia Called out!—Largest Auction Sale in History Halted by Rioting!"

And there, in streaming headlines over the front sheets of the newspapers, stood the story of the whole afternoon's proceedings, an advertisement that no amount of money could buy.

And not only the newspapers of this city but of all the big neighboring cities carried the sensational story of the Government's sale, for that riot call had been telegraphed to all the large cities, and all within reach had sent reporters to the sale. As a result of this bit of publicity we were able to sell in four days what we had calculated it would take at least two weeks to sell.

Getting On in the World

Dog Hotel; Room With Bath

AS YOU ride along the streets of one of our Southern cities you may chance upon a sign which reads, Wanted, a Good Dog for a Good Home. A little farther on you will see, in large letters, Dog Hotel, and you will come upon a white building, bungalow style, with a long wing at one side, open and screened. That wing consists of a long corridor, along which are arranged the dogs' rooms, perfectly ventilated, cool in summer and heated just enough in winter.

A little woman in a white uniform will meet you at the door of the office. If it is during visiting hours, you may see the dogs. But if it is during the quiet hour, you must be very quiet. The dogs are resting and must not be disturbed.

The lady, who is owner of the dog hotel, manager, caterer and hostess, and, when necessary, nurse, has all her life been a lover of dogs. She began raising Boston terriers ten years ago. One summer she and her husband wanted to go on a motor trip and began looking for some place to leave their three terriers. There was no place except the veterinarian's.

"And there," the lady said, "they would be exposed to mange on one side and distemper on the other. Finally we decided to take them with us. You can imagine what kind of a time we had. When we got them home it occurred to me that probably many persons who go away from home in the summer have just as much trouble providing for their pets. A dog hotel, it seemed to me, would solve their problem. I visited all the kennels I could, read all the dog books I could find, and learned all I could. My husband and I saved our money, bought this lot and erected this building, which we designed ourselves. Since I have opened for business I have been crowded most of the time. I am going to have to enlarge my building. Pets are being sent to me from out of the state now. Saturday I am going to the station to meet a cat which is coming from San Antonio, Texas. She is on her way to Cuba, and her folks thought best to break her long trip with a stop-over and rest here at my hotel.

"In a few days a dog will arrive from a Northern State, on his way to Panama. He, too, is to enjoy a few days of rest here at my hotel before continuing his journey. It would be a long way for a dog to travel without a stop. . . . Oh, yes, I go to the station to meet all arriving guests."

The lady has signs on all ferryboats crossing the near-by river, which read, Dog Hotel; Comfortable Rooms With Bath. As a matter of fact, every dog gets a bath every day—a shower bath. He has a negro attendant to wait on him while he takes it, to see that the water is just right and everything.

About the only difference between this and a hotel for humans is that the dogs get a great deal more waiting on. Nor are they permitted to mingle in the hotel lobby or dining room. The bell boy comes to each room at seven A.M. and conducts each dog guest, one at a time, to his own private, outdoor, wire-inclosed courtyard.

He is served breakfast, consisting of rich, warm milk, with all the cream in it, poured over a slice of stale bread. While the rooms are vacant the maid cleans them thoroughly with steam.

The bath is another feature of the morning. At eleven o'clock all dogs are expected to retire to their rooms and keep quiet until three o'clock in the afternoon. The bell boy then conducts them back to their courtyards. Later, dinner is served.

The menus are varied, but each day's must contain the proper number of calories and vitamins. There must always be just enough protein, starch and iron.

"Today," the owner said, "dinner will consist of roast beef, dog biscuit—they must have hard bread to give their teeth exercise—and celery, spinach and carrots, cooked together with the broth of the meat poured over them."

The doorbell rang. A boy from the drug store had come to deliver a package. It contained a large bottle of milk of magnesia, a bottle of antiseptic and a roll of bandage.

"I always keep a supply on my first-aid shelf," the owner explained. "If one of my boarders has a touch of indigestion I give him a dose of milk of magnesia. If he gets a scratch I attend to it at once."

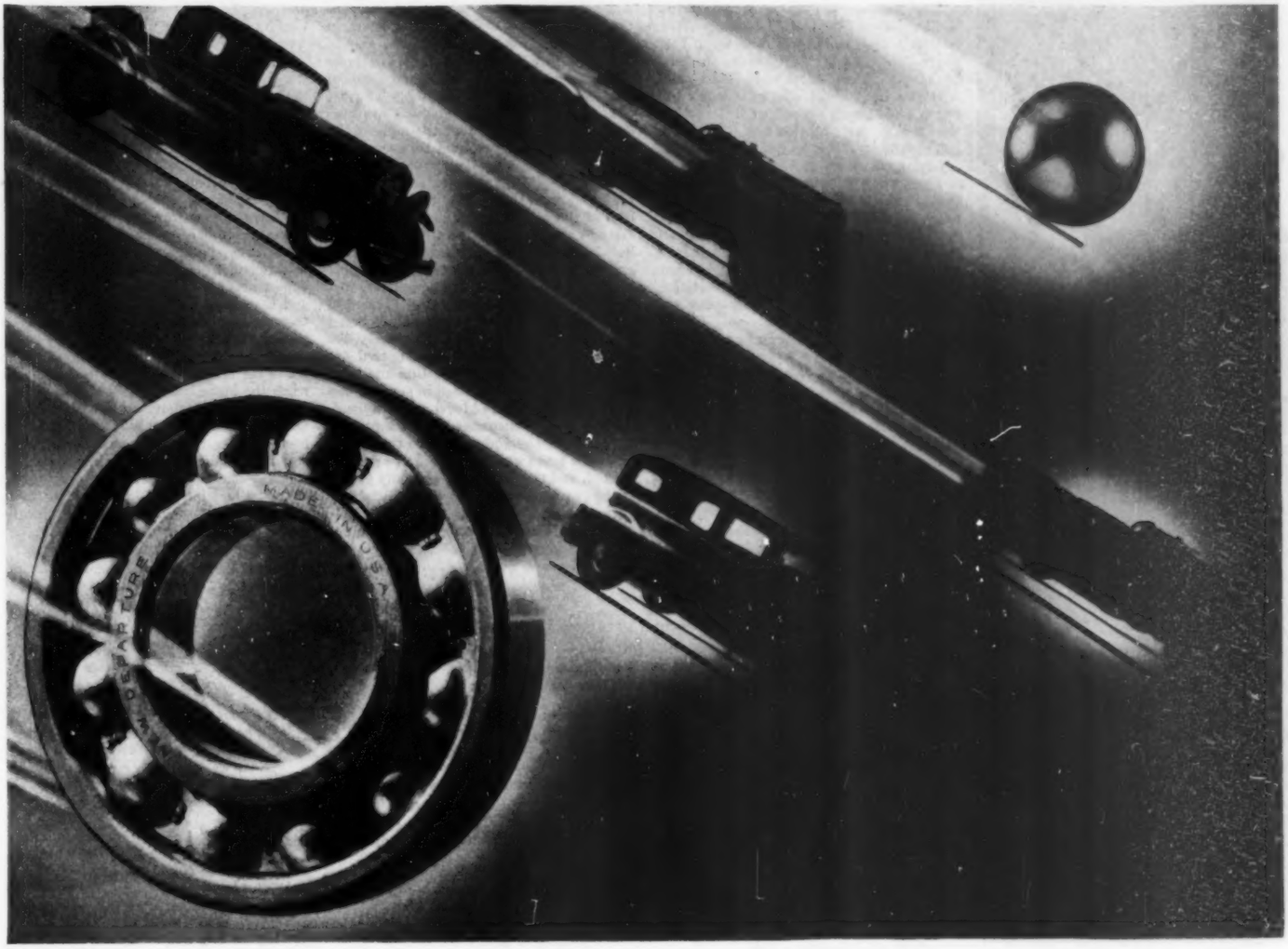
She says that every dog is different from every other dog as to disposition. "I have a big Scotch-terrier boarder here now, named Rob. He takes great delight in making folks think he is cross. He utters the most menacing growls. But he is nothing but a big bundle of bluff. I have another dog, so spoiled that she won't eat anything except what I, personally, give her. You can see how she has been pampered at home. Skit wouldn't touch a bite of food for the first two days. He moped constantly. I think that it was not so much homesickness that ailed him as it was just plain sulkiness. He wanted to go with his family when they left on a motor trip.

"Boarding here is Rachel, a mother with nine puppies, who has had a cruel experience. She is a very fine setter who disappeared from her home last January. In June she was found under a bridge, with nine pups only a few hours old. She was almost

(Continued on Page 52)

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

SPEED . . SPEED . . SPEED . . is today's insistent demand upon mechanical performance . . speed that does not fatigue or wear down the mechanism . . speed that resists severe loads and cruel stresses . . speed that economizes operating expense. New Departure Ball Bearings answer this demand because of their greater freedom from the destructive and wasteful drag of friction . . years of hard service do not diminish their original accuracy, strength or efficiency.



NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY BRISTOL CONN.

NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

one tin of ten
equals
your favorite
15¢ cigar

Of course it's sensible! B. T. A.'s fit your briefest smoking moments . . . and save all the waste of half-smoked cigars.

BETWEEN
THE ACTS
LITTLE CIGARS
10 for 15¢

© P. Lorillard Co.

If dealer can't supply you, send 15¢ for sample tin to P. Lorillard Co., 119 West 40th St., New York.

(Continued from Page 50)

starved. As she still wore her collar, her owner was found. He has placed her here so that I can take care of her and bring her back to health. She is getting along nicely now. But some man was very cruel to her during those six months, for she is desperately afraid of them all now. She will not allow any man attendant to come near. I have to take entire care of her myself."

Restoring Rachel's confidence in men is a problem which now has to be solved.

No dog guest is ever allowed to receive company in his room or in the corridor where the other dogs can see, if some of his home folks come to visit him. When she first tried that plan, all the other dogs became desperately homesick. They wanted to see their folks too. The owner has learned that she must not let one dog flaunt his happiness in the face of the others. He is taken to the front office, where he can jump and lick hands and yelp and go into all the ecstasies he pleases, and be hugged and patted without making any other dog miserable with longing.

The partings are quite often very pathetic. The children, after saying good-by, go away with tears streaming down their faces. The dogs, who are denied the relief of tears, look even more sorrowful.

It's the best side of folks which their dogs know, and, through the dogs, it's the best side which the proprietor of their hotel comes to know. It is an interesting job and a paying one.

The owner of the dog hotel points out that almost every family has a pet that is much loved and pampered, and that most families take a few days' vacation every year; so even a small town could furnish some business. And, since a hotel of this kind is so rarely found, a little advertising, she says, will bring business from a surprisingly large territory.

—Georgia Williams Moritz.

Wedding Presents Made Easy

A WEDDING-PRESENT department, or union station for wedding gifts, was, we flattered ourselves, a new idea. It seemed rather tiresome that brides should receive so many duplicates, dozens of silver candlesticks and half dozens of bread trays and butter dishes. So, after much thought and many consultations, we decided to better this condition. I was put in charge of the wedding-present department and given carte blanche to draw on a large and beautiful stock to decorate my rooms and concentrate into these two rooms the gifts I thought most suitable for a bride. It was fun, and fun of a constructive kind. I was sure we would make a success of it once we got started. But it was necessary to educate the public. In order to do this we had to make coming to our department an easy and obvious thing to do.

The first step was to send out letters to a selected list of people notifying them of this service at their door. The second step was to establish a telephone service for men. And then, to have knowledge of the brides, her likes and her dislikes. The job very soon became a cross between that of a social secretary and a salesman, somewhat in this way:

An engagement is announced, we watch the papers carefully for the wedding date. That is announced and then we get to work. We telephone the bride, inform her that we have on hand several orders for wedding presents for her and, as she is the one to be pleased, would she tell us what she likes and what she needs, also what type of house she is going to have, as it would be a great mistake to send a modernistic lamp to a French provincial house, or an Early American chair to a Georgian type of house. Armed with this knowledge we greet the next gift-seeking customer with a pleasant smile, find out from her the name of the bride she is buying for and then show her that we have a very complete card-index system. In this card index all the brides are listed, with the dates of their weddings, lists of the presents they have already received and a short note on whether she will live in an apartment or house, and what style of apartment or house. Most people are very much pleased and completely disarmed by this attention to detail. They feel that real interest and attention are being paid to their wants, and, needless to say, the bride is glad to receive something that fits in with her scheme of decoration and individual taste. We succeeded in sending one bride a complete set of lovely glass by suggesting to each customer buying a present for her, that she add a piece to the set we knew the bride was receiving. She was delighted, and the donors were equally happy at the genuine enthusiasm with which their gifts were greeted.

This individual attention brings the department to the bride's notice, and she will frequently send her friends in to us when they ask the question "What can I send you?" because she knows that we know what she wants and will do the best we possibly can for her.

The questions one is asked and the problems one is expected to solve! There was the woman who had to be told whether or not a lamp was "better form"—her words—than cocktail glasses! A little difficult!

By judicious questions and reference to the file the bride was discovered to be a Quaker. We sent her the lamp. And the times one is told the color of a bride's hair or eyes and whether she is thin or fat, and from that hint just exactly the right present must be chosen!

One time at the start of my business career I was wildly excited about a customer who came in for a wedding present. She was draped in sables and trimmed with pearls. Her manner was gracious and she talked and talked so sweetly about the "dear child" who was going to be married. Price was no object and I had visions. I showed her a lamp and shade for a hundred and ten dollars; we came down to a table for fifty-five dollars; in desperation and determined to sell something I showed her a lovely glass bottle for fifteen dollars, and she left with a pewter ash tray, price four dollars!

But the happiness of having a customer like the man who came in and said "I'll take that and that and that." Before my delighted eyes he rolled up a score of over five hundred dollars. His taste was exquisite and he knew what he wanted. Speaking of the man customer reminds me of our special telephone service which I mentioned in an earlier paragraph. All a man has to do is telephone, ask for the wedding-present department, tell us whom the present is for and how much he wants to spend. We do the rest and then send him a little card stating, "You have sent to Miss —— a mirror"—or lamp, whatever it happens to be. This is so that he can be intelligent when the bride is enthusiastic.

I think I can safely say that the department has been a great success. There has been a crying need for just such a central, and I believe we have established a very efficient one. The idea is gaining great headway and indeed it does help to solve the problem of what to send to someone who you are quite sure will receive everything her heart desires.

—Marion Edwards.

THE POETS' CORNER

In the Indian Ocean

I STOOD and watched our spars,
Softly through warm air whirring,
Black against myriad stars,
And not a star stirring.

Low isles and distant heights
Had passed and fallen astern,
But these unwavering lights
Without a movement burn,

And once more teach me clear
The ways, that seem so far,
Of all our wanderings here
Are nothing to a star.

—Lord Dunsany.

The Substitute Minstrel

CAN one, lost on the road so long,
Send back his message in a song?
So weak it may not sound above
The first spring whisper of the grass,
Nor rise beyond the echoes of
The first south winds that sigh and pass
And bring from old, remembered ways
The breath of roses from lost days.

And later on, when skies are blue,
Or twilight's star dust shines for you,
Somewhere beneath the dogwood's snow
Of bloom and moonlight, born of spring,
You'll hear from far off, faint and low,
The restless south wind whispering
Across the dogwood's lane of light
The song I dreamed, but could not write.

—Grantland Rice.

Charity

THE tree as gladly shades a king
As many a greater man who passes,
Its branches just as sweetly sing
For idle queens as country lasses.
I try myself to love as much
A monarch as I do my neighbor,
Although my hand would rather touch
A hand that had the feel of labor.

The rose within a lady's hair
Tries just as hard to give her beauty

As though it were a milkmaid there,
When roses have an easier duty.
The breezes fan the rich man's cheek,
Shall we not give the rich man laughter,
Although the comrade that we seek
Is in the crowd that follows after?

Think not too lowly of the high,
They often have some virtue hidden;
And so I do not pass them by,
But try to do as man is bidden.
You do not know, a five-pound note
May be as proper as a penny,
And oft beneath a velvet coat
May beat an honest heart as any.

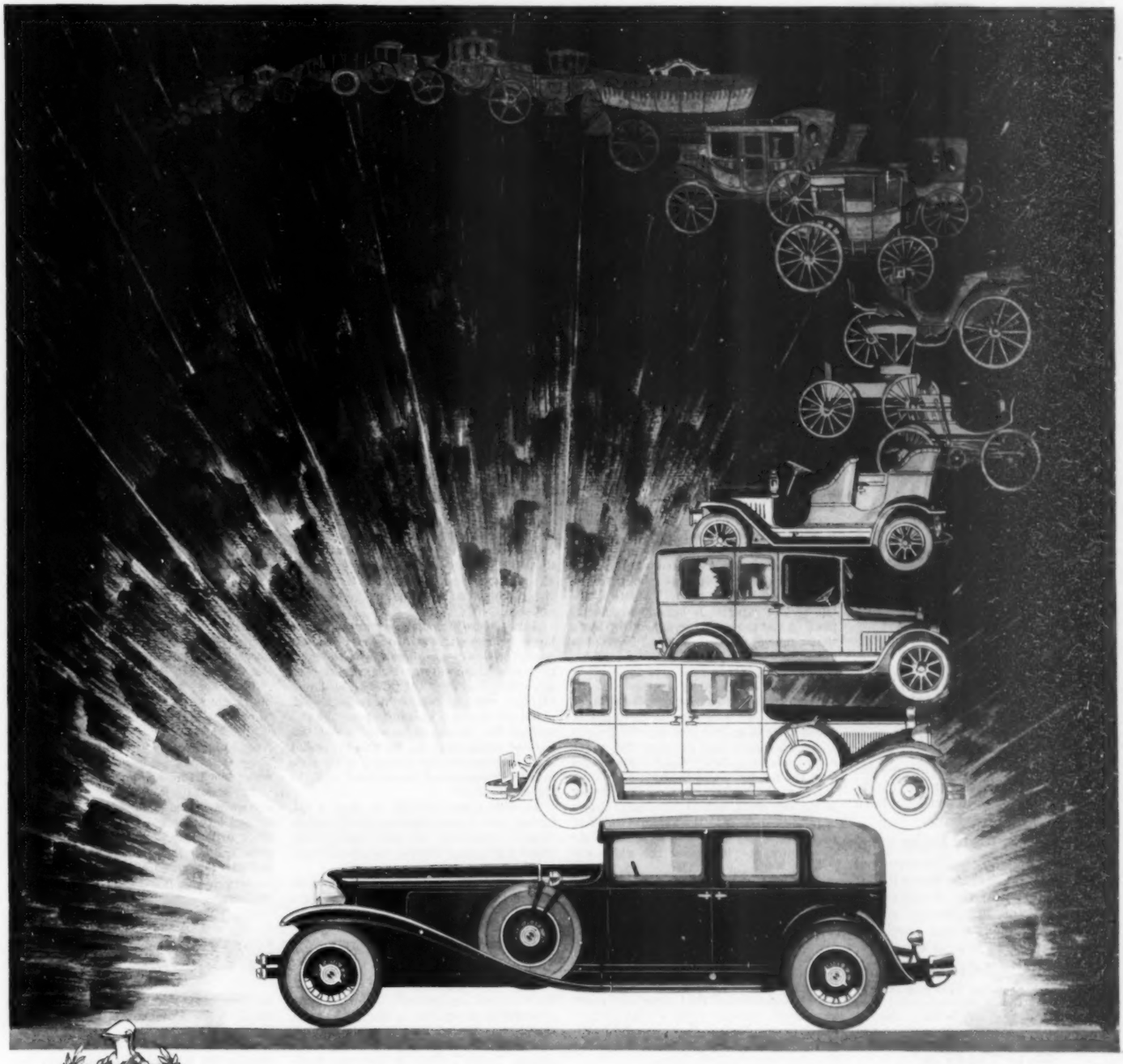
—Douglas Malloch.

Wish

SUNLIGHT about you, wherever you are,
And the tree-like peace of the morning star,
Ever within you the song of the thrush—
And sweet rest, friend, when the day sounds hush.

Green roads before you, wherever you walk,
And an old friend near when the heart must talk,
Love's coin be your wealth constantly—
And sunlight about you, wherever you be!

—Bert Cooksley.

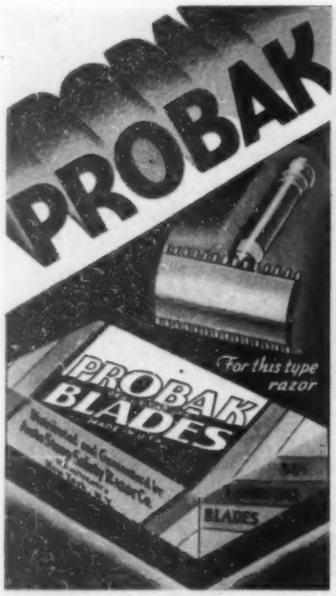


It is our belief that the most important "specifications" of the Cord front-drive are: Do you like its design? Does its comfort appeal to you? Does it do what you want a car to do better and easier? When a car, built by a reputable and experienced company, meets these three requirements, you can safely depend upon that company to adequately provide for all mechanical details.—E. L. CORD

CORD FRONT DRIVE

SEDAN $3095 . . BROUGHAM $3095 . . CABRIOLET $3295 . . PHAETON $3295 Prices F. O. B. Auburn, Indiana. *Equipment other than standard, extra*

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY . AUBURN, INDIANA



KIND TO TENDER SPOTS

PUT a Probak blade in your present double-edge razor and you can shave over the tender zones without knowing they are there. Probak is super-keen—super-smooth. It glides through beard like magic—guides across your face with a butterfly touch. There is no smart—no burn—no need to use pressure.

Straight, Rigid Edges

Butterfly channeling in duo-tempered steel permits Probak to flex without distortion—bringing the straight-edge principle to the double-edge safety for the first time. Giant machines finish the edges to utmost exactness.

Money-Back Guarantee

Buy Probak—on a money-back guarantee of complete satisfaction. If after using two blades you don't agree they are the finest double-edge blades built, return the package and your dealer will refund your purchase price

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Send me a special trial package of Probak blades for which I enclose 25c (in coin or stamps). PJ-15

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PROBAK BLADES

OUT-OF-DOORS

Trout Farming

FISHING has always been an important industry in the United States. The earliest settlers along the New England Coast supplied the world with dried cod. Sir William Pepperell, the only American ever to be made a baronet by the English crown, founded the largest fortune in the Western Hemisphere on the fisheries. Men with stout hearts have struggled to wrest this food from the sea in various ways, but it remained for one man to circumvent the hardships and make fish a more comfortable means to earning a living.

Of course, cod and the other salt-water species cannot be conveniently propagated in captivity, but Mr. W. H. Rowe saw the prospects for the demand for fresh-water trout thirty-five years ago, and he has devoted his life to the profitable production of these fish.

There is money in raising trout. At first it seems preposterous to the average man, but Mr. Rowe's son and general manager, Phillip, tells me that they are never able to supply the demand for eggs and for fish for eating.

On their four-hundred-acre main farm in Maine they produce from twelve to fifteen million trout eggs each year. These find ready sale at one dollar and fifty cents a thousand, and there are about twelve thousand eggs to the quart. The site of this hatchery is superb. A big, deep, natural pond in the center is surrounded by more than a mile and a half of pens. These pens are simply tanks made of boards set on edge; they communicate with one another and may be separated by wire screens.

Trout must have running water in order to live. All Mr. Rowe has to do to obtain this is to drive an iron pipe into the ground about his pond, and at once the water rushes upward to flow through the pens and keep the fish alive and thrifty.

During the summer the old breeders stay in the big pond, but as November draws near they swim into the shallow water of the pens, heavy with roe, to spawn. As they enter the inclosures the gates are closed. With dip nets the fish are caught and stripped of their eggs in much the same way as milk is forced from a cow. Extreme care is necessary in handling the fish. The human hands must be kept wet, so that the protective slime on the bodies of the trout will not be rubbed off. When this happens, a fungus parasite jumps at the opportunity to attach itself to the fish and ultimately causes their death. After the eggs have been stripped from the female trout, the males are milked and the liquid thus obtained is poured over the eggs. Thus the latter are fertilized.

The main demand for trout eggs comes from the state hatcheries of Maine. Those which are not sold are laid in shallow trays of wire screening in tiers piled in wooden troughs through which water is kept continually running. The temperature of this water is a most important factor in the incubation of the eggs. Variation of a few degrees will kill the embryo trout. In the water as it runs from the artesian wells on the Rowe place the eggs hatch in sixty days. Ice water retards hatching to twice this time.

When the little trout first become active they are tiny little fellows wiggling through the water, always heading upstream, with the big swelling of the egg attached to their stomachs. They are fed every two hours on finely ground liver, and great care is exercised to see that they do not overeat. Steadily they grow, and the five keepers employed at the hatchery are always alert to take out those that die, so the water may not become polluted.

As their size increases they are moved to larger quarters, and at two years of age are ready for sale or for liberation in the main pond or in those waters which are restocked with fish. Formerly the practice of hatcherymen was to release fingerlings—fish about the size of a human finger—but this method has proved to be wrong. At this size the young trout are not able to combat their enemies and the majority of them go into the stomachs of the pickerel and the fish-eating birds.

As with game farming, so does a fish farmer have to keep constant guard against vermin. Only here this word means birds, which a pheasant breeder would not mind at all.

Herons, loons, sheldrakes and kingfishers are the miscreants. Guns are always ready in the buildings, to be snatched up and fired upon the approach of any of these marauders. Posts are set at intervals along the pens to afford the kingfishers a place to roost after they have captured their dinner. When their feet strike the top of the post a steel trap closes on their toes and they are prevented from doing further damage. Mink also play havoc about the hatchery, and traps are always waiting for them. Muskrats are not meat eaters, but they delight in gnawing the woodwork of the pens and letting the fish out.

A half million trout of various sizes are on hand at this unique farm. As the delighted visitor walks down the gravel paths beside the pens, he sees little fellows scooting around nervously at the approach of a stranger. During the summer as many as four hundred visitors a day pay a small admission fee to see the fish, and every day numbers of dead trout are picked, killed from the excitement of having company. The fish recognize their keepers just as do game birds.

To feed this tremendous number of trout a ton of rations is given out every day in the winter. At this time of year they eat less than during the spring and summer. On hot days a trout will stuff himself with food; enough to kill if care is not used in apportioning the ground herring and the lungs, hearts and livers from the slaughter houses.

An electric hamburg mill in one of the buildings puts these choice morsels into proper size for the fish. The herring are purchased in large quantities from a cold-storage plant in Portland.

Trout have diseases, just the same as domestic chickens, and it is a constant battle to prevent the outbreak of an epidemic.

For five years the Rowes supplied a large New York hotel with trout every week. They take just pride in the record that never was a single shipment delayed.

The beautiful Eastern brook trout swish and swirl in the pens. They break water far out on the pond and send the angler's heart to leaping. The bordering forest of pines and hemlocks murmur in the breeze, and this farsighted Maine family is happy in carrying on a fascinating and uncommon business.

HORACE MITCHELL.

THE DICTATOR BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 5)

was the quietest that the bourse had known in months. Nobody dared to offer a Lictor bond for sale, for fear that he would be regarded as an enemy of the country and therefore subject to discipline.

With this kind of muffler clamped down on vocal expression, you can readily understand why the fullest speech in Italy is silence.

Even foreigners feel the suppressive influence. Two years ago, when I last visited Italy, aliens mentioned Mussolini's name frankly and unafraid, but never with any criticism attached. Now, both in public and private conversations, even in the bosoms of their families, he is indicated as "Mr. Smith," regardless of the nature of the comment. A few with a greater sense of humor than the rest refer to him as "Mr. Armstrong!"

Only in Soviet Russia did I feel the same tension as now charges the Italian atmosphere. Yet underneath this suppression, which has now reached its climax, surges an undercurrent of unuttered protest. If you have your ear to the ground you cannot fail to hear it.

The million functioning Fascists are governed by the Grand Council of the party, which is merely the expression of the Mussolini will. In Italy the mildest censure of Mussolini is construed as a crime against the state and is punishable by fine and imprisonment. It signifies, of course, that, like that famous French king, he is the state.

The Fascists believe in catching them young. Youth is their choicest raw material.

Particular care and expense are lavished on the children to conform them to the reigning principles at the age when they are most plastic. Summer camps are established for them and every kind of privilege is accorded. Fascism is, therefore, first visualized to the boy as a grand lark and a treat, a thing to tie to. There is good salesmanship in this maneuver. The Russian League of Communist Youth has its counterpart in Italy in the Balilla and the Avanguardia. Boys are eligible for the Balilla at the age of eight. When they reach their teens they graduate from the Balilla into the Avanguardia.

At eighteen they are presented with rifles and pass automatically into the ranks of the Fascist Party and become part of the armed force of the country. Throughout the entire period of the training the strongest possible emphasis is laid upon the military side. The boys are taught to believe that "a book and a musket make the ideal Fascist." You need no diagram to point out the fact that there is no better way of inculcating the war spirit. At the end of last year more than 300,000 boys were enrolled in the Avanguardia and 790,000 in the Balilla.

As in Russia, no sex lines are drawn in shaping the young into proper party timber. The organizations for girls that correspond to the Balilla and Avanguardia are the Piccole Italiane, with 300,000 members, and the Giovani Italiane with 60,000 members.

With the welding of youth into good Fascists you have the same wide propaganda effort that marks the world activities of the regular party day. Ardent Fascists in New York sent a boatload of impressionable children of Italian-American parents to Italy last summer to enjoy the advantages of the Balilla camps. At Mussolini's direction, Fascist instruction is given in New York and other cities throughout the United States.

The so-called Decalogue of the Young Fascist will serve to show the intent behind the training of the Fascist youth. Here it is:

1. Know thou that the Fascist, and especially the militia member, should not believe in perpetual peace.
2. Days in prison are always merited.
3. One serves one's fatherland even by standing guard over a gasoline tank.

(Continued on Page 56)

EVERY GRAHAM SIX AND EVERY GRAHAM EIGHT IS COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WITH SHATTER-PROOF *PLATE* GLASS

The secret of the Graham's four-speed *difference*

VERY GOOD CARS AT LOW PRICES

GRAHAM cars quite literally do things, by reason of the Graham leadership in power transmission, which are not possible to other cars.

Or perhaps it would be more minutely exact to say that they do these things with a brilliance not possible without the years of Graham experience and resourcefulness in the transmission of power.

For example, the four-speed transmission can never be at its best unless—as in the case of Graham with its two years of development and its *time-proved* four-speed transmission—the entire car is engineered and built *up to the transmission* and vice versa.

The four-speed requires, and in Graham is provided with an engine powered for its accommodation—and with what might be called a four-speed clutch, a four-speed rear axle and a four-speed body to match them all.

Given this special construction, the result in Graham is not merely an almost magical acceleration and quiet smoothness, but a reduction of engine effort and speed which makes a 75-mile road speed seem like an ordinary 60, or a 50-mile pace seem like an ordinary 40.

The get-away is quite truly like a "shot out of a gun," but it is a silent shot out of a silent gun.

The Graham is simply around and away without the sign of an effort or a strain, because of the tremendous power and the silence in the Graham third speed.

At any given speed in fourth gear—and fourth gear is used as the third gear is used in a conventional three-speed car—the engine is running much more slowly, and, therefore, the sense and the feel of feverish engine activity are gone.

By reason of the Graham leadership in power transmission, Graham cars quite literally do things which are not possible to other cars—a truth that will inevitably impress itself upon you when you try one.

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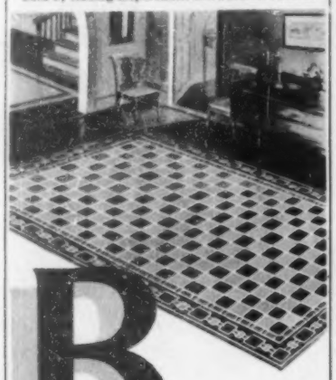

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(Continued from Page 54)

4. A companion must be a brother, first, because he lives with thee and, second, because he thinks like thee.
5. A musket, the ammunition belt, and so forth, are not intrusted to thee to be worn out at thine ease, but to be preserved for time of war.
6. Don't ever say, "The government will pay so much!" because it is thou thyself who payest, and the government is that which thou hast wished, and for which thou has donned the uniform.
7. Discipline is the sun of the armies; without it there are no soldiers, but confusion and defeat.
8. Mussolini is always right.
9. The volunteer profits by no extenuating circumstances when he disobeys.
10. One thing should be dear to thee above all—the life of the Duce.

We can now have a look at Italy as she reacts under Fascism consolidated to the last degree.

On my former trips to Italy since 1925 there was no lack of visible evidences of authority. The Fascist symbol was to be seen on all sides. Today it figuratively obscures the whole picture. It has even been added to the Italian coat of arms. The Fascist greeting—the elevated right hand which was the old Roman salute—has almost succeeded the handshake. Everybody, whether Fascist or not, uses it, because it is good business to do so. Even the nurse in the office of the doctor whom I visited when I had one of those well-known Roman colds gave me the Fascist salute when I arrived and departed. The Fascist button, worn in the lapel of the coat, and which is more numerous than ever before, is the passport to special privilege and the right to swank and swagger. All this, however, is more or less old stuff.

A Bit of Advice for the Duce

What I had not sensed on previous visits—and here we get to the new conditions—was the inarticulate but widespread undercurrent of protest. There was no vocal evidence of dissatisfaction among the Italians with whom I first came in contact, but in their faces was etched unmistakable resentment. It is almost precisely the same kind of look that I found everywhere in Russia. It is the face that reveals acquiescence to intolerant rule that must be tolerated.

The only signs of gayety that I saw in Italy were in Rome during the week when the Crown Prince married the Princess Marie Jose of Belgium. Even then the one show with natural color, life and laughter was the parade of peasants from all over the country, who came in native dress and finery to pay homage to their future queen. All the world loves a lover, even in Fascist Italy. To a large degree it explains the spontaneity that I witnessed.

Moreover, the Crown Prince, who is a good sportsman and a good soldier as well, has a wide popularity. The attempt on his life at Brussels, together with the circumstance of a real royal romance, has rekindled Italian loyalty to the throne. It revived rumors that the King, who has walked on eggs for seven years because of Mussolini's assumption of all powers, would abdicate in favor of his son. The wedding marked the first time that Mussolini had to play second fiddle since he came into power. Even his dominant personality was obscured by the radiance of the lovely bride. At all the ceremonies he trailed the visiting potentates and princesses mobilized for the occasion. It was an experience utterly foreign to his recent experience.

In this connection let me call attention to one of Mussolini's failures. The concordat with the Vatican was hailed as a shrewd political gesture on his part. There is no doubt—and high-placed Italians have confirmed this to me—that Mussolini believed that he could dominate the church, once he had acquiesced in the end of papal isolation. He has been disillusioned in every show-down of prestige. The King and Queen visited the Vatican, but the Pope did not personally return the call. It was confidently expected that the Holy Father would officiate at the royal wedding. Instead, he sent a cardinal. The first act of the newly-wedded pair was to make their homage to the Pope on his own ground.

"P. & A. PHOTO."
Mussolini in Playful Mood

To return to my narrative, I was not long in finding concrete evidence that my hunch about the underlying protest among the Italian people was right. On my first night in Genoa—I went direct to Italy from Spain—I learned of the stevedore demonstration to which I have already alluded. This was one of the few outward signs of the dissatisfaction that surges beneath the Italian city surface.

I say "city surface" because the agriculturist, who has long been the coddled child of Mussolini, has no great kick coming, despite the ban laid on the movement of the land workers to the cities. No suburbanite can take an urban job without a special police permit, and then only when he can show that he is going into productive work. It is the kind of stipulation that makes Italy today a regulation-ridden land. Everything is police supervised.

The moment that I began to talk with aliens long resident in Italy, I discovered that they shared my feeling about the channels of unrest. In Genoa, Rome, Naples and Milan the summed-up opinion of foreigners—the only ones who dare to hazard an utterance—was: "A change for the worse has set in. Fascism is outdoing itself to enforce its policy in order to perpetuate itself. The people are beginning to see that Fascism is not the panacea for all their ills."

Not all the dissatisfaction with Mussolini and his régime remains submerged. It crops out in unexpected and sometimes amusing fashion, as the following story will show:

Mussolini is more zealously guarded than ever before. His public appearances are few. When he does make a passage through Rome or elsewhere, the published route is usually changed at the last moment. The only freedom and relaxation that he enjoys is when he takes a spin at night alone in his motor car. He travels so fast that he can safely elude any would-be assailant. It was on one of these trips that the incident now to be related occurred. Mussolini's car broke down in the suburbs. Fortunately he was near a garage and managed to get his machine there. It required more than half an hour to make the necessary repairs, so the great man strolled into a near-by motion-picture house and took a back seat. Every cinema theater in Italy is compelled to exhibit the official Luce newsreel—one of the many Fascist propaganda agencies—at every performance.

Mussolini arrived just in time to see the animated magazine exposed. The first picture showed Turati, Secretary-General of the Fascist Party, and was greeted with much applause. The next revealed the Duce in the act of making a speech. Fascist custom decrees that even pictures of Mussolini must be greeted by the audience standing. Instantly every individual in the theater was on his feet save Mussolini himself, who remained seated. An elderly man standing alongside reached over and patted him on the shoulder, saying:

"Young man, I understand exactly how you feel, but we must all do it. So I advise you to stand up, otherwise there will be a riot in this theater." Mussolini received the admonition with a sense of humor, in which he is not lacking.

Members of the Balilla, the Fascist Boys' Organisation

Mandates

More serious was the incident at Milan last December, which showed how the chronic governmental interference with business works hardship on one hand and inflames the class spirit on the other. A certain heavy engineering firm had faced increasing loss during the past few years, the deficit in 1927 having reached nearly 50,000,000 lire. In view of the depressed state of industry, the directors decided on strict retrenchment and possible liquidation. When this decision reached the authorities at Rome, the mandate went forth that there must be no cessation of business. "But how can we raise money?" retorted the firm.

(Continued on Page 58)

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(Continued from Page 56)

"Sell stock," was the order. Just how this concern could dispose of securities with its balance sheet shot to pieces did not enter into the Fascist calculation. It is just one more evidence of the fallacious force idea geared to unsound economic procedure.

Rather than risk the ire of Mussolini, the firm carried on. It did, however, lay off 250 men, despite the governmental injunction against it. The discharged workers rioted in front of the building and became so menacing that a hurry-up call was sent out for the Fascist Militia. Since some of the workers were Fascists, the soldiers refused to intimidate them. It was therefore necessary to call out the Carabinieri—the constabulary—who dispersed the crowd. In any other country than Russia this would be regarded as a trifling incident, but in Italy, where protest has become practically a lost art, it becomes invested with the highest significance.

Not a word concerning this or kindred incidents appeared in the Italian press. The lid is clamped down tight on any reference to economic as well as other disturbances. The first intimation, for example, that the general Italian public had of a 50,000,000-lire textile failure at Triest was the report published in the foreign press. No reference was made in any Italian paper concerning the dissolution of the Fascist League of North America or the controversy over the impressment of naturalized Americans of Italian birth. Frequently outside journals with criticism of the government or exposures of Fascist outrages are kept off the news stands. Obviously this hush-hush attitude resembles the ostrich-hiding-its-head-in-the-sand performance.

Forced Employment

The Fascist point of view with regard to the suppression of news was naïvely set forth by Turati, Secretary-General of the Fascist Party, in a speech at Milan in September, 1928, when he said:

"We have given, we believe, greater freedom to the press in Italy than it receives in most other countries, for it represents no part, faction, class or element of the community, but the community as a whole; but if freedom of the press means the right to criticize the authority and the actions of the state, then this freedom of the press does not exist and will never exist in Italy as long as the Fascist régime continues."

The government not only coerces the producer but the consumer as well. Not long ago the Italian Touring Club made a census of owners of all foreign motor cars and published the list of names and makes. The announced reason was it would be a possible guide to the native industry in the matter of requirements. In reality it was conceived mainly to get the number, as it were, of all citizens who had had the temerity to buy what they liked, and was construed as a warning with regard to future purchases.

A swift inventory of the economic situation will show that Fascism, despite its intent, cannot force prosperity in the same way that it has imposed silence, discipline and obedience. With the exception of the excessively high stabilization of the lira, the chief contributory factor to the unsoundness of Italian trade is the governmental determination to reduce unemployment through intimidation of the employer. It works well for the mass, but it is a distinct handicap on the class.

The Fascists point with pride to the fact that the Italian unemployment roster, according to the latest figure, is only 330,000, as compared with the 1,250,000 in Great Britain and the 2,000,000 in Germany. But industry is paying a high price for this gesture. The Italian unemployed roll would be three, four or even five times larger, but for the order which deprives the employer of the right to regulate his personnel.

Take the case of textiles. As in other branches, spinners are forbidden to run on part time or lay off any of their help. Immense stocks are being produced, and, in consequence, Italian cotton yarns are being dumped in South America, the Balkans and Northern Africa—the three principal markets—at ruinous prices, and at the expense, by the way, of the American product. It is a matter of offering wares at cut prices in the effort to survive. When I asked a seasoned economic observer in Italy how long this would last, he said:

"It will depend largely upon how much longer the Fascist régime will attempt to keep the wheels of industry turning in order to preserve their international prestige. If the lira could be restabilized at a lower level, automatically the cost of production would be reduced and the industrial tension relieved."

Another evidence of the industrial slump is in shipbuilding. From 66,523 tons in 1923, the total increased to 220,000 tons in 1926, when Italy rose to second place among the ship-constructing powers. In 1928 there was a drop to 58,000 tons, while the first nine months of 1929 registered only 46,000 tons.

The adverse trade balance is still another sign of impaired economic power. In 1924 it was 2,852,000,000 lire, while the estimated total for 1929, all debits included, is 9,000,000,000 lire; this, too, despite the stimulation of wheat production, a notable Mussolini accomplishment and the one activity where force has proved to be a constructive agency.

Since immigrant remittances are an important item in the national balance sheet, the reasons for the 30 per cent slump are in order at this juncture. It is due first of all to the decline in the number of emigrants, only 100,000 having left the country in 1929, as compared with 395,000 in 1923 and 500,000 in prewar years. Second is the fact that fewer immigrants are going back home. The third cause is that Italians abroad feel that they get less value for their money in Italy. Lastly, there is an undoubted lack of confidence in the stability of the Italian situation.

The overhead of industry, due to force, is matched by a corresponding financial burden necessary to keep the Fascist machine well oiled. Approximately 27 per cent of the national income of 88,000,000,000 lire is taken by taxation. Military expenditures more than doubled between 1923 and 1928. The cost of the police—the eyes, ears and club of Fascism—is three times as much as in France.

There is no stronger indictment of the abuse of Fascism in relation to business than is embodied in a statement made to me by one of the world's greatest industrial figures, whom I encountered in Paris. He said:

"The present attitude of the Fascist Government is so dangerous to business that all foreign enterprises which enter into long-term arrangements with Italy insist upon the transactions being made in terms of dollars."

That Italians themselves sense the hazard of excessive governmental economic intimidation is shown by the large sums secretly exported each year by firms and private individuals, because the law strictly prohibits this operation. Exporters sell at a loss, sometimes merely to establish a foreign credit in dollars or pounds sterling.

Complete Fascization

There are so many different categories of basic wages, due to local conditions, that it is difficult to establish a standard. Though wages are universally high as compared with prewar and early Fascist days, both in paper lire and on a gold basis, they buy no more than the lower income of the past.

The considerable decline in wholesale prices has not been reflected in full to the retail customer. Merchants, hard pressed by taxation and corporation dues—like manufacturers, they are required to pay a certain sum per year for every employe on the pay roll—have been reluctant to pass the advantages on to the consumer. This is particularly true in the case of bread and *pasta*. *Pasta* is the generic term for all the foods like spaghetti, which are consumed in such huge quantities in Italy. The great wheat crop of this year might have been expected to work a reduction. Instead, wheat and flour prices have been maintained in order to permit the farmer, who is the favorite child of the gods at the moment, to reap the benefit.

While the Italian setback is part of the economic reaction which has developed in many other countries, our own included, there is no doubt that the major cause lies in the policy of governmental compulsion and interference. It is undermining industrial enterprise and stifling commercial initiative, just as it has sterilized the will of the great mass of the people.

This domination is possible because the Fascization of Italy is complete so far as the agencies for control are concerned. It does not signify, however, that all the population

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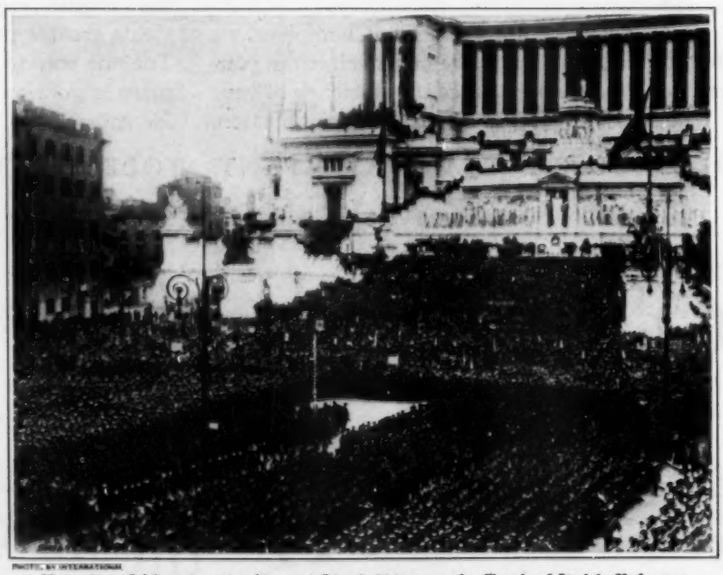
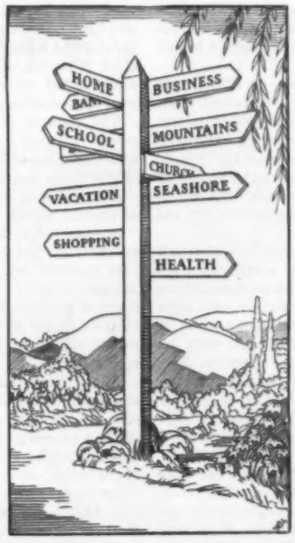


PHOTO, BY INTERNATIONAL

Mussolini Addressing the Massed Black Shirts at the Tomb of Italy's Unknown Soldier on the Seventh Anniversary of the Fascist Revolution



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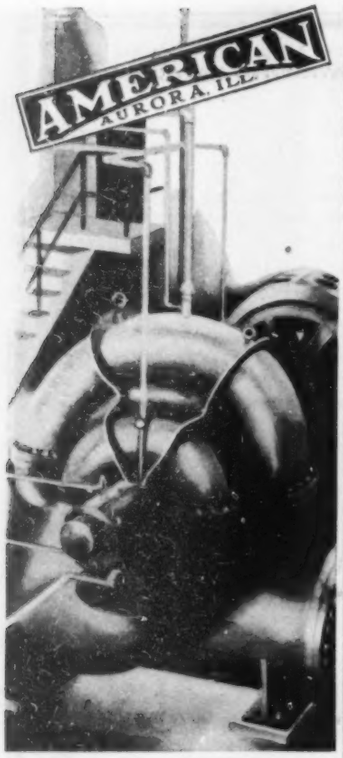

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(Continued from Page 58)

is Fascized. A poll of the people, taken with no fear of reprisal for frank admission of honest conviction, would, in all likelihood, show that a minority approve of the system now at high tide.

The Fascist Party roster contains 6,814,000 names. Of these, 3,577,128 are members of the federations and syndicates that make up the Corporative State. Membership in them is compulsory, otherwise employers and employes alike could not follow their various activities.

The so-called active list—a little more than 1,000,000—is largely recruited from government officials, militia, police, group heads, and others charged with executing the Fascist mandate in some way. Thousands of citizens join up because, as I have intimated, affiliation means special privilege and some degree of immunity from espionage and worse.

The consolidation of Fascist power grows out of two advances made within the past twelve months. One is the reorganization of the party so as to make the Grand Council, the ruling body, more compact—the number was reduced from fifty-two to twenty—and therefore more effective. The other was the election of the Corporative Parliament. They combine for a greater unity of governmental direction, as personified in Mussolini, than has heretofore obtained.

The Grand Council represents the centralized authority of Fascism. Unlike a great corporation, there is no decentralization. As president of the body, Mussolini is the mainspring of action. His will is the will of every satellite who sits at its conference table.

The New Penal Code

Often called "the brain and heart of the revolution," the Grand Council supersedes the cabinet and takes precedence over the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. By royal decree—the King is permitted to sign all public documents—it is referred to as "the supreme organ which coördinates and instigates all the activities of the régime." The twenty hand-picked members are battle-bitten veterans of the Fascist cause, with a life-and-death loyalty to the Duce. The meetings, according to another royal decree, are not only secret but "valid regardless of the number of persons present." Hence Mussolini alone can constitute a quorum, propose and dispose, and there is none to gainsay his will. It is the prize star chamber of our times.

From the Grand Council radiate the orders that bend all Italy to the Mussolini will. Affiliated with it are the agencies of reprisal. There is only space for one activity. It is the Special Tribunal of the Defense of the State, the president of which is a member of the magic circle. This tribunal tries and brings to sentence those who make attacks, physical or verbal, upon the state, officers of the state, or Fascists because they are Fascists. It tries the accused in secret, with or without legal assistance, and there is no appeal from the decision. By it is arrogated the power to pass the death sentence. Among other things—I cite it to show the other extreme—is the Grand Council sponsorship of the new penal code which makes profanity, anti-Fascism and birth control major crimes in the calendar of offense.

One of the ablest of the Fascist Ministers of Finance was Volpi, who had the courage to oppose the excessively high stabilization of the lira. More than a year later he offered to resign. Mussolini said to him: "No man can resign from me. So long as I need your services you will stay, and when I am through with you, you will go at my desire." Weeks afterward, when Volpi was taking the cure at Montecatini, he read in the newspapers that he had "resigned." Prince Potenziani, while mayor of Rome, discussed elaborate public improvements with the Duce and made an appointment for ten days later. On the following Friday, like Volpi, he saw in the press that his resignation "had been officially accepted."

Translating the will of the Grand Council is the Fascist Militia, which is a body composed of 304,815 men with 23,918 officers, and the Fascist Special Militia, comprising 26,506 men with 1683 officers, which makes a grand total of 331,321 men and 25,601 officers. In contrast with this is the regular army, whose budget strength for the fiscal year 1930 is 220,000 men and 20,090 officers. The Carabinieri number 40,000 men and 1265 officers. Since the regular army is loyal to the King, its nominal commander in chief, it means that there are two separate and distinct military units, each with its own special allegiance.

The election of the Corporative Parliament—a travesty on suffrage—showed how overwhelming is the Fascist mandate. Until 1928 the old parliament went through the motions of legislation, following the Mussolini behest. The Duce then decided "to reform the political representation," and with his usual methods. In moving the new electoral law, on which there was no debate, he said: "The problem of government will never be solved by intrusting it to the illusory wishes of the masses. It is rather solved by a proper selection of the ruling spirits."

About the same time Turati made this statement in a speech: "Above everything else, we are tired of hearing the possibility of the conferring of powers and authority on those above by those below through means of the ballot. An army takes its orders, executes them, and, if necessary, goes out and dies, but it does not criticize its orders or elect its officers."

From these two statements you will gather that the people were merely innocent bystanders when the time came to select the new lower house. This is the way it was done:

The chamber representation was cut to 400 and the whole country was regarded as a single and individual constituency. The thirteen major federations and syndicates, six representing employers in all lines, six their employes, and one the professional class—it is called the National Federation of Fascist Syndicates of Intellectuals—were asked to propose 800 names to be voted on. Each group had a quota; the largest, of course, being the workers. These 800 names were submitted to the Grand Council, who pared the list down to the requisite 400. They were good Black Shirts all.

The election was held on March twenty-fourth of last year. Every voter was given a ballot upon which were printed the approved 400 names, with the question: "Do you approve the list of deputies designated by the National Grand Council of Fascism?" The voters were obliged to indicate by a Yes or a No. No partial acceptance was permitted. Out of 9,000,000 persons eligible to vote, 8,530,000 voted Yes and 136,000 No. Penalties were imposed upon those who refused to exercise the right of suffrage. The Fascists know how to get out the vote.

The Country Under His Thumb

The members of the Senate are named by the King, but this right is purely nominal. Mussolini made up the roster of the new body and His Majesty signed on the dotted line. If I am not mistaken, the Italian Senate is the only upper parliamentary body larger than the lower house.

This whole election and parliamentary procedure violates every constitutional right. But it goes even further. Only Mussolini may initiate legislation. It means, in a word, that in Italy, as in other countries under dictatorships, the rule is executive rather than legislative.

On September twelfth Mussolini relinquished seven cabinet posts, surrendering the portfolios of Foreign Affairs, Colonies, War, Marine, Aviation, Public Works, and Corporations. He retained the Premiership and took over the Ministry of the Interior. His selection of the latter office is easily explained. It not only means control of the police system but also control of the Chief of the General Staff of the army and the militia and all the armed forces, despite the Ministers of War and Navy. As a matter of fact, every cabinet minister is a figurehead. Furthermore, Mussolini removed the right of municipalities and even villages to name their *podestas*—mayors—and appoints them himself. Thus he has a direct link with every community.

The abdication of so many cabinet posts gave rise to the impression that the one-man show had been changed to a performance with a star and supporting cast. The exact reverse is true. Freed from the detailed worries of varied departmental administration, Mussolini is now able to concentrate on the Duceship and make himself preëminently the arbiter and exponent of a personal government without precedent in this generation. Today, as yesterday, to adapt the words of an eminent French journalist: "The entire national life, in all its nuances and manifestations, passes through the sieve of his judgment and is rendered homogeneous and reformed according to his will. It is a primacy more formal than ever."

Geared to One-Man Control

All that I have written leads to the inevitable question: "How long can this policy of suppression continue?" History shows that nations turn to dictators in the hour of crisis only to return to the impulse for freedom when that crisis passes. But in a dictatorship some kind of crisis always impends. Furthermore, it is easier to take on a dictator than to relinquish him. Finally, no matter how benevolent or otherwise the régime, the problem of succession rises up. A dictator, as more than one observer has pointed out, must be immortal, or uncannily wise in the choice of succession. Since the first qualification is impossible, the second provides the problem.

Mussolini mentality and likewise the scheme of Fascist things are geared to the idea of one-man control. To speculate openly on the Mussolini passing is considered treason in Italy. Yet the issue must be met.

In Rome you hear that by secret vote in the Grand Council each member has indicated four names from which a successor is to be chosen, once the great man is removed from the picture; the ballots to be opened when that contingency arises. The two most eligible candidates are believed to be Gen. Italo Balbo, Minister of Aeronautics, and Giuseppe Bottai, Minister of Corporations. Both are young, the former being thirty-two and the latter thirty-three. A third is Dino Grandi, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who is thirty-four. They are particular protégés of Mussolini, representing the type of youth that he has drawn to his heart and confidence. Mussolini alone incarnates the gospel of his order. It is doubtful if any other individual could so magnetize and dramatize the Fascist creed.

Prophecy is always hazardous—nowhere more so than with regard to the Italian future. The best that one can do in the circumstances is to reveal a precedent and point a moral.

The zero hour of dictatorships has almost invariably meant still more force in the effort to maintain power. Is this history repeating itself in Italy today? The fall of Primo de Rivera may possibly mean that demobilization of dictators has begun. In the next article you will see how the urge for constitutional government was perhaps the final straw that broke the iron back in Spain. Primo is no Mussolini by a long shot, but the impact that swept him out was born of a mood that knows neither race nor frontier.

One of the old Greek philosophers wrote: "Civilizations perish through an excess of their virtues," meaning, of course, that the qualities that make them strong, when developed to excess, prove to be their undoing. It is well to remember that the Napoleons always get theirs, whether in the bloodless battles of business or the stormy forum of public life.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with European dictatorships. The next will be devoted to Spain.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH
outwits
ICE . . SLEET . . STORMS

When this happens . . .

Emergency Routes give you still greater insurance against costly interruption . . .

"GALE lashing south—ten miles of wires down on direct route between New York and Georgia! . . . Zero weather freezing Middle West—Ice coated wires snap in a dozen places between Chicago and Dallas!"

Without an instant's delay when an interruption occurs, Postal Telegraph's new multiple-route emergency system swings into swift and efficient action.

New York messages for Atlanta territory race around the storm via Chicago and then straight to Georgia's capital. And telegrams for Dallas, key city to the southwest, speed to Atlanta, then to New Orleans and north to Dallas.

For, to the already complete network of Postal Telegraph that binds the country together, we have added increased facilities through special alternate routes using New York, Chicago, Dallas, New Orleans and Atlanta as key cities.

This gives Postal Telegraph patrons fast, accurate service that is practically trouble-proof . . . interruption-free. Even the stormiest weather . . . the maddest rush of business, cannot stop the swift, smooth flow of Postal telegrams.

WIRES MAY BE DOWN . . . but Postal Telegraph gives you uninterrupted service through its new tie-in circuits (see dotted lines on map).

Note that each of the key cities—New York, Chicago (feeding the northwest), Dallas (feeding the southwest), Atlanta, New Orleans and Birmingham can be reached by three different routes. Just one more evidence of Postal Telegraph's ever-expanding service.

Serving American business nationally and internationally, Postal Telegraph messages flash to 70,000 points in the United States . . . to 8,000 points in Canada.

Over Commercial Cables your messages race along the sea floor of the Atlantic and Pacific . . . to Europe, Asia and all the Orient.

Turning to the south, All America Cables gives fast, accurate service between North and South America, Central America and the West Indies.

And Mackay Radio provides a lightning link between ship and shore.

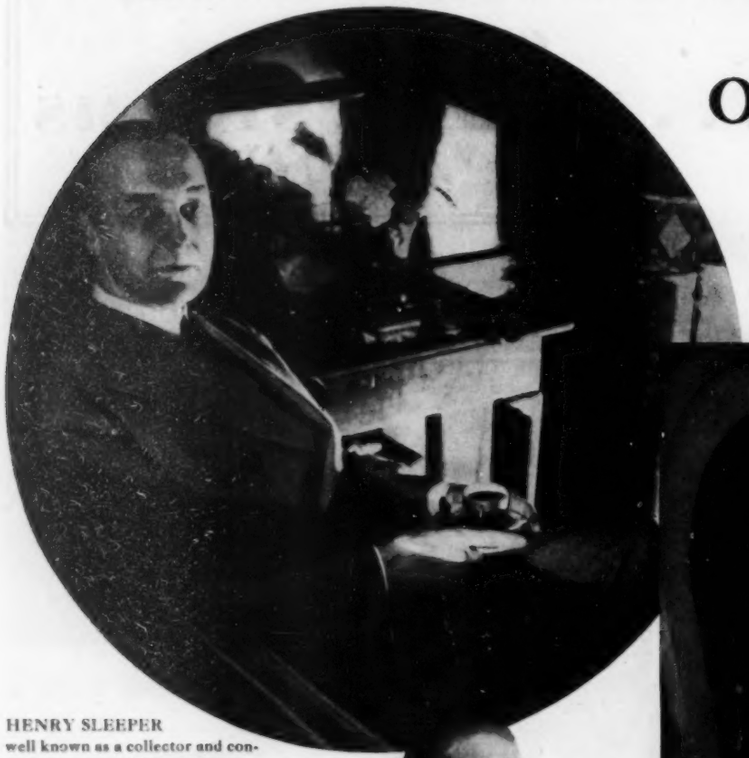
Markets of the world—homes of the world . . . are at the tips of every Postal operator's fingers . . . and at your swift command. Use Postal Telegraph on your next telegram. Swift—courteous—accurate.

TELEGRAMS CABLEGRAMS RADIOGRAMS

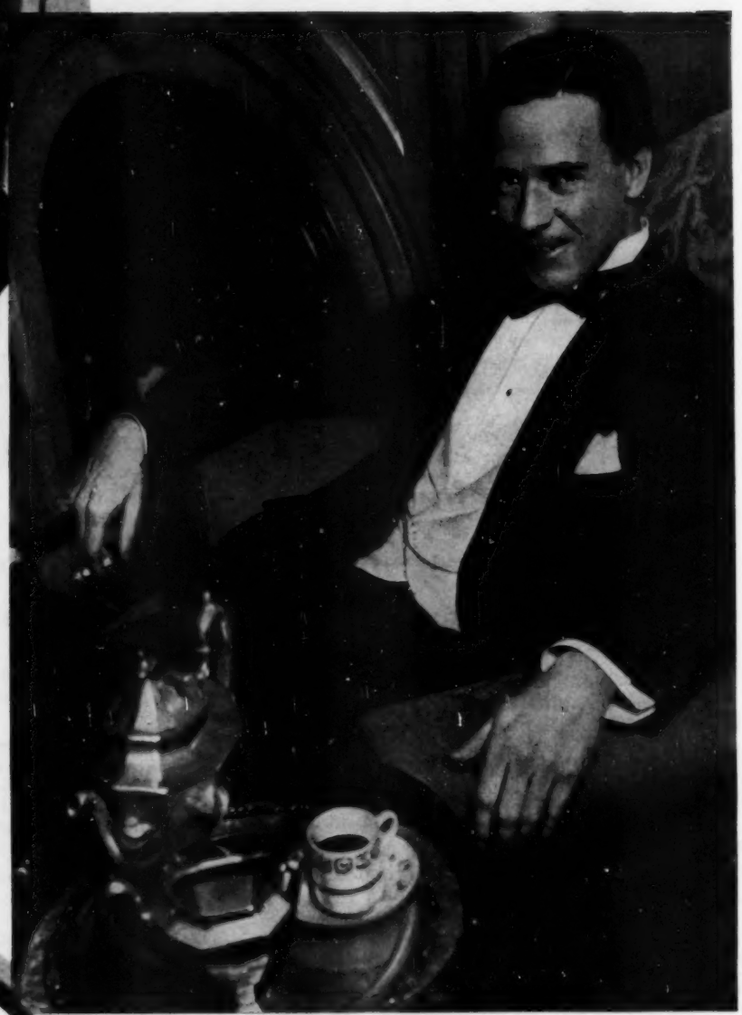
Postal Telegraph

Commercial Cables *All America Cables* *Mackay Radio*

Chase and Sanborn's DATED of each of these



HENRY SLEEPER well known as a collector and connoisseur, says: "I like using things that have proven themselves by long trial. Chase & Sanborn's is that sort of coffee. With its guarantee of freshness, I consider it the most satisfactory coffee I know."



RICHARD HALLIBURTON, who writes so vividly of his travels in "The Royal Road to Romance" and "New Worlds to Conquer," makes this interesting statement about coffee: "I've tasted the finest coffees of the world," he says, "in palm-thatched shacks in Panama, in proud palacios of Brazil, in dim bazaars in Turkey, and in intervening points East and West. But never have I known one which could surpass Chase & Sanborn's for the perfect, indescribable flavor that comes from real freshness."

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, brilliant journalist and dramatic critic, says, "I not only sample plays and books, but coffee, too. I have guzzled it in a dozen countries, but the secret of coffee is America's. For the Chase & Sanborn blend, I predict a longer run than even 'Abie's Irish Rose' enjoyed."

Chase and Sanborn's

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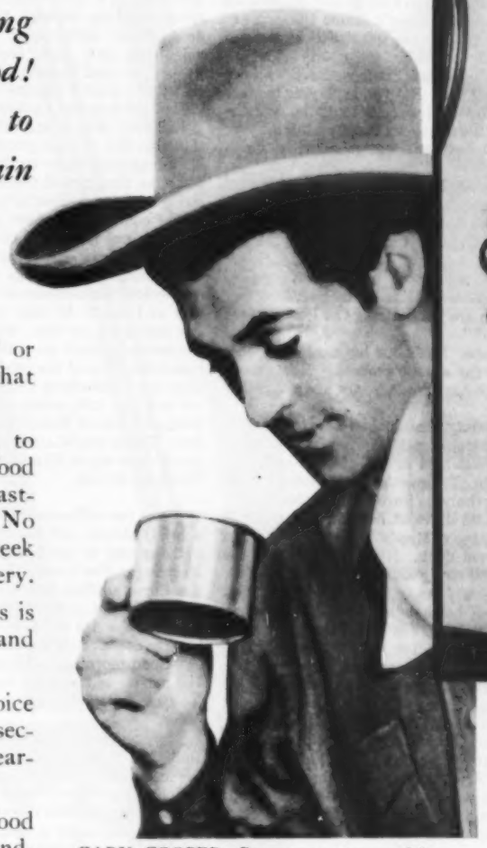
COFFEE served in the homes surprisingly domestic *well-known bachelors*

NEW - this method of handling coffee like a perishable fresh food! Delivered freshly roasted direct to grocers twice a week... can't remain in the store more than ten days!



GARY COOPER, Paramount star, explains his preference for Chase & Sanborn's Coffee this way: "Having been raised on a ranch in Montana, I know that there is nothing more invigorating than a cup of freshly roasted coffee over an open fire. That's why, when I'm on outings, I take care to see that my supply of coffee is fresh. If a coffee is guaranteed fresh, that's the coffee for me."

The rollicking, roistering Billy Haines of the silver screen at home is WILLIAM HAINES, Virginia gentleman. His menus are selected with the concern of one who makes a hobby of good living. "The fresher the better is true of roasted coffee," says this popular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star. "That's why this dated coffee of Chase & Sanborn's is such a good idea."

NOW coffee as fresh as "fresh bread" or "this morning's milk"! This is what "*dated coffee*" means.

Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is delivered to your grocer exactly like a perishable fresh food . . . in a *dated* can . . . straight from the roasting ovens. No delay for re-handling. No storage. He gets a fresh supply twice a week . . . just enough to last until the next delivery.

And any left over at the end of ten days is regularly taken back by Chase & Sanborn and replaced by fresh.

For sixty-five years Chase & Sanborn's choice blend of coffee has been preferred in many sections of the country for its color . . . its clearness . . . its smooth, rich taste.

Now that it is handled like a fresh food through the "Daily Delivery" system of "Standard Brands Inc.," which delivers, also, fresh Fleischmann's Yeast, it has the distinction among coffees of "direct from the roaster" distribution everywhere. This gives it a final flavor advantage, which makes it the inevitable choice of men and women everywhere who care about good coffee.

Don't postpone a treat. Tell your grocer today to send you Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.

LOOK FOR THE *date* ON THE CAN

Coffee – DATED

"Now beat these—if you can" . . says Johnny Homeland

He's a bright, cheerful fellow, this "Johnny Homeland"—authorized representative of the Homeland Tailoring Company—brimming over with the confidence born of success. Over 400,000 men who have seen his sample swatches have placed orders for Homeland tailored-to-measure clothes at prices which represent actual cost—plus only a single modest profit. There's a "Johnny Homeland" near you—3300 of them throughout the country.

ALL WOOL CLOTHES

Tailored-to-measure

$25

DE LUXE FABRICS—$30 AND $35

Once you have seen these remarkable values, you, too, will want a Homeland suit made to your individual measure. You, too, will say "Homeland values can't be beat." Without the slightest obligation a "Johnny Homeland" will come to your home, shop or office. Mail the coupon.

SALESMEN WANTED

There's still a chance for a few more ambitious fellows who think they have the "stuff" to make good with this million dollar tailoring corporation. No selling experience necessary. We train you, back you up with national advertising and other real sales helps. Here's your opportunity to go in business for yourself. And your only investment is the 2¢ it requires to mail this coupon.

HOMELAND TAILORING CO., Inc., Dept. P
218-220 E. Lexington Street, Baltimore, Md.
☐ Send "Style Snapshots" and free sample fabrics.
☐ I want to represent Homeland.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

THE DANDY MAN

(Continued from Page 9)

"Why, fruit was scarce, I was told ——"

The ship owner laughed without mirth.

"Scarce! It was scarce because the Chieftain of the Inter-Ocean Line left Ratahiva two days before you arrived, crammed gutful with the stuff you should have carried. Our agent there didn't tell you that, did he? No, because he was bought by the Inter-Ocean six weeks ago, and he's purposely been letting them underbid us on cargoes; and the growers didn't tell ye the truth because they were ashamed of deserting old friends for new."

The Dandy Man's pride was hurt. "How did they get that cargo?"

"Rate cutting on carrying charges. Oh, I smelled this coming. That's why we bought this new vessel. She's big and fast and economical, and with her we can afford to drop our charges to meet competition. Mind you, the Inter-Ocean is out to cut rates to the bone to kick us out, and it'll be touch and go. I don't blame the growers one bit. If they can get cheaper rates for their stuff, they'd be fools not to take 'em, and the importers and wholesalers here will benefit too. Both ends playing against the middle—and we're the middle. Whichever way the fight goes, it will cost us money; and we'll have to slam them with everything we've got."

The Dandy Man was confident: "They'll lie down, John, when we begin squarin' yards with 'em. We've still got plenty o' good friends in the islands, and they'll back us up."

"Peter, sentiment in business stops—must stop—when it costs money."

"When are you putting the Phœnix into the trade?"

"At once. She's our big card, and we'll play her for all she's worth. Her master has got to have brains, tact and a fighting heart."

The Dandy Man looked up expectantly. John Constable met his eyes fairly.

"He must be a driver, Peter ——"

Captain Trumpet's face glowed. He nodded grimly. "Sure thing, John!"

"—— and above all, he must have youth!"

The Dandy Man's castle crumbled to dun-colored dust. His fingers trembled a little as he straightened his tie.

"And—and youth," he echoed hollowly. To himself he thought, "A half century of service—but there is no sentiment in business." Clearly—too clearly—he could see John Constable's position.

The other went on: "You had a right to expect it, Peter. If this had not cropped up you'd have had it. But we need new blood in the company. The Inter-Ocean crowd caught us asleep; no contracts and an open field. They are young and vigorous, and we've got too much salt in our veins, I suppose. Anyway, you have earned your pension and a rest ——"

But the Dandy Man was lamentably unprepared for this. "You—you mean I'm sacked?"

"Not sacked, Peter. Retired."

An overpowering gust of rage, hard, futile, shook the Dandy Man's old bones. He jumped from his chair; then he met John Constable's eyes, and with something of a shock he sat down again. He mumbled: "All right; I'll not make it harder for ye, John. I hope ye'll let Mackay have the Arapahua."

"He's getting it, Peter. And we've brought a man out from Boston for the Phœnix. He has a good record in the new school."

The Dandy Man groped on the floor for his hat and found, unaccountably, that it was already upon his head. He adjusted it painstakingly, but a close observer might have noticed that it was about two hairs off the usual insouciant rake. He stood up.

"You're wrong in just one point, John. I don't retire; I resign. Ye can keep your pension, for I'll not take money that I don't work for, and I have enough put by to live on. But mark this: I'm not a back number yet—not by a damn sight—and before this fight is finished ye'll prob'ly be glad o' my help. Till then, I'll bid ye good luck and good day."

Peter Trumpet's neat little house was near the top of Hunter's Hill, overlooking Sydney's famous harbor. It was as snug and tidy a refuge for a resigned seafaring man as could be found in a day's cruise. It had its veranda, with a comfortable wicker chair, its lawn and flower bed, and a plot of ground at the rear wherein, according to shore-made traditions for seafarers, he should have delighted to weed and potter and prune. The Dandy Man hated it. He was bitterly contemptuous of a habitation that would remain moored to one spot, and he loathed the soil; and after one bad-tempered trial in his garden with a trowel and a spade, he heaved the trowel wholeheartedly at a derisive alley cat, flung the spade crashing through the kitchen window, glared defiance at the scandalized neighbors, and then, feeling greatly refreshed, he hied himself, with well-brushed coat and a pair of marine binoculars in his pocket, to scan the distant shipping.

His daily pilgrimage, thereafter, rain or shine, to the vantage point on the hilltop, his occasional visits on board the tramp steamers that passed Cockatoo Island and moored alongside Hunter's Hill oil wharf or at the coal chutes below, a perusal of the shipping news, and an occasional trip by ferry to the city—this was his life. And if the comings and sailings of the ungainly deep-water hookers caused him a heartache now and again, he shut his stubborn old jaw and made no sign. Stray scraps of information, picked up here and there, told him something of the progress of the shipping war in which he had been deemed too old to fight; and, noting the way the battle went, the Dandy Man snorted, but was content. There would come a time when even an old man might fill a breach. So Captain Trumpet waited.

When the call came, it was in the form of a brief, almost curt note from Constable, inviting him to luncheon at the Maritime Exchange. The Dandy Man was a little old war horse, sniffing battle. He dressed with particular care, and excitement added something to the fire in his eyes as he stepped briskly down the hill to the ferry.

"Good morning, Captain Trumpet, sir," the master of the ferry hailed him. "You look as if you'd a date with your sweetheart."

"Aye, mebbe I have," the Dandy Man told him, thinking of once again bending his legs to the roll of a deep-water ship.

John Constable showed the effect of the weeks of strain. His large heartiness was a pose, betrayed by a dozen nervous little tricks. Anxious defiance had driven from his eyes the old confidence, but he bluffed.

He said, "I've been thinking maybe you find things pretty poky ashore, Peter, so ——"

The Dandy Man interrupted, with a grin, "Oh, it's not too bad. I ain't like the old shellback that couldn't sleep ashore 'less a boy threw water against his window all night to make him think he was to sea. I'm content." He leaned across the table, suddenly throwing small talk aside. "What's the matter, John? Have they hit you in the belly?"

"Yes, they have. Peter, you've spent a lifetime beating other fellows to cargoes for us. You must have some ideas that will help."

Captain Trumpet nodded. "I've thought the situation over some, of course, but I couldn't very well volunteer ——"

"I know. But we're up tight against the wall. Every time we put a ship into Ratahiva, the Inter-Ocean has a vessel there, too; and no matter how we drop our price, they go one under it and get the cargo. We've made three voyages now, with not enough in the holds to cover running costs and depreciation; and yesterday, for the first time, one of our ships—the Rangitoto—came home light."

"Yes. I saw her."

"Well, then ——"

"Wait a minute. How many ships are still in the trade?"

"Taranaki's in drydock. The other four, including the Phœnix, are still running."

"Too many!"

"But what the devil can we do? You know what shipping is today—excess of tonnage and no cargoes offering."

"Humph, mebbe!" The Dandy Man leaned over to flick an imaginary speck of dust from his boots. When he straightened, his eyes were distantly speculative. He said: "Captain Skalka of the Nestor told me, the other day, that last voyage he carried coconuts and firewood from Singapore to Hong-Kong."

Constable was familiar with the Dandy Man on this tack. Ghosts of long-dead trading voyages passed through his mind as Captain Trumpet continued:

"Firewood to the China coast, John. You've been to Shanghai. Remember the swarms o' sampans out in the Wusung River catching driftwood? They'll go a quarter mile for a piece no bigger'n a pencil, and they'll sell their pants for a bit o' dunnage. They bundle the driftwood and peddle it ashore. There's a scarcity o' firewood in the China ports."

"Well?"

"Think o' the thousands of tons o' scrap wood around the big Washington, Oregon and British Columbia coast saw mills every year. Resinous knots, odd bits, all kinds of stuff they'd be glad to get rid of. Some of it is used, of course, but most of it ain't; it's just waste. Carry hides, wool, eucalyptus oil—anything—from here to the North American west coast—you can always get cargoes for out there. Discharge. Buy scrap wood—full loads of it, that the saw mills 'll almost make ye a gift of. Take it to China. If your agents are alive they'll sell it twice over before it gets there. Run to Dairen for soya or peanuts, or rice at Saigon, for the United Kingdom. From the U. K. out here again with general cargo. There's some business for two o' your ships."

"Maybe you are right, Peter. But it means giving up the island trade."

"Ye think so? I figger that by the time they get back here they won't be factors, one way or the other. Anyway, it'll give 'em something profitable to do, and save you worrying about 'em. This Inter-Ocean crowd, now. Max Abelman's at the head, ain't he? I had a run-in with his old man in the Chileño nitrate trade, years ago. If the son is like him, you're up against something fancy in the way o' twisters. Still, there's more than one way o' bleeding the monkey. It all depends on how far you are willing to go."

"I'll do anything under the law to beat them, Peter!" Constable said savagely. "And if you can help us, and want a command again—the Phœnix, or any other—why, say the word."

The Dandy Man's eyes gleamed. But he shook his head. "I'll take a shore job o' my own devising for a while, John; a kind of roving commission, with a free hand. Later, I may want to take the Arapahua for one more passage to the islands—and I'll want a free hand and no strings there too." He arose to brush some crumbs from his lap, sat down again and repeated, with emphasis: "A free hand and no strings, all the way through. That all right with you, John?"

Constable nodded. "Just tell me what you think should be done."

"There's five ships now in your fleet," Captain Trumpet ticked them off on his fingers, "and two o' them's going on the new route I outlined. They'll be out o' the road and earning their keep. That'll leave

(Continued on Page 66)

WORLD'S LOWEST-PRICED EIGHT

DE SOTO STRAIGHT ... EIGHT

THE new Chrysler-built De Soto Straight Eight now brings the joys of eight-cylinder motoring to untold thousands who never before have been acquainted with its superiorities.

The lowest-priced Eight in the world, this epoch-making new car is the sensation of the entire eight-cylinder field not only in value but on the basis of its unequalled performance. It is demonstrating daily, everywhere, its ability to outperform eights priced hundreds of dollars above it.

The amazing capability of the new De Soto Straight Eight reflects most forcefully the flawless quality of the car—and is the direct result of advancements in basic engineering.

Skillfully designed, beautifully finished and luxuriously appointed—the new De Soto Straight Eight is sweeping its way to a success fully as sensational as that already earned by its famous companion car, the De Soto Six, which broke all sales records for a first-year car.

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AND UP F.O.B. DETROIT

With These Quality Features—Unisteel* Construction of Chassis and Body . . Down-Draft Carburetion . . Impulse Neutralizer Full Pressure Feed Lubrication . . Mechanical Fuel Pump . . Fuel Filter . . Air Cleaner . . Thermostatic Heat Control . . Hydraulic Brakes Hydraulic Shock Absorbers . . Rubber-Cushioned Spring Shackles . . Non-Glare Windshield . . Double Cowl Ventilators . . Rust-Proof Parts.

**In the Unisteel type of construction, the body and chassis are designed as a unit, eliminating body sills and all other wooden parts. The body is bolted directly to the chassis, so that the two become mutually supporting and mutually flexible.*

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WHY WASTE TIME? THERE IS ONE QUICK WAY TO FIND AND GET EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANT

To find where to buy Whitman's Candies look for the name WHITMAN under "W" in the classified telephone directory.

MODERN living is so complex . . . every day full of so many things . . . sometimes you wonder how you do it all. The telephone helps, perhaps more than you realize, for the classified telephone directory tells where to find the things and services you want. At home or on a trip, this handy guide to buying saves you miles of steps and hours of time.

The classified telephone directory lists local businesses, products and services of all sorts. People use it to locate the right tailor, hairdresser, plumber, garage, etc., when they know *what* they need but not *where* to buy it.

Also, many familiar trade marked products are listed in its pages, followed by the names, addresses and telephone numbers of stores that sell them. For example, to find the nearest Whitman dealer, look for the name WHITMAN in your classified telephone directory. In the same way you can find where to buy preferred brands of paint, linoleum, window screens and many other nationally advertised products.

Classified telephone directories are always ready for use, wherever you may be. A complete and correct guide to local buying—it shows you the direct way to what you want when you want it.

Find where to buy it in your classified telephone directory

(Continued from Page 64)

the Phœnix and Arapahua in the island trade. That's plenty for the present."

"But that's only four. What about the ——"

"The Rangitoto? She's your first big gun in the new battle. Sell her!"

"Sell her?"

"Listen to me, John ——" The Dandy Man leaned across the luncheon table and talked in an earnest, sustained undertone that lasted until the purple dusk deepened the sky in the tall windows and the running lights of moving vessels rippled in emerald and ruby over the smooth waters of the harbor, as they surged in from the open sea.

Young Mr. Fitzgerald, now the second mate of the Arapahua, was enjoying a sociable mug of tea, some weeks later, with the Deucer in the engineers' mess. "And just at that moment ——" the Deucer was saying dramatically, but just at that moment Mr. Fitzgerald straightened suddenly on his bench, a startled look in his prominent blue eyes. He held up his hand.

"Wot's wrong?" demanded the Deucer, justifiably huffed.

"Sh-h-h!" hissed Mr. Fitzgerald.

From out on deck a well-known voice bellowed, insistent, triumphant.

"Here, you, bos'n! Shake out a couple o' hands and take up the slack in them gangway falls. They're loose as an old maid's garters! And there's a rat guard missing on the for'ard mooring lines. What the hell ——"

"Oh, Lord, it's him!" gasped young Mr. Fitzgerald. He shot out on deck by the opposite door and made a hasty, tidying round of the vessel. The Dandy Man was back.

Every day was field day on the Arapahua's run to the islands. It was rise and shine, spit and polish; and by the time the old Arapahua fetched her landfall, and Ratahiva arose like a flowery gem from the blue Pacific's rim, she glittered like a man-o'-war.

Captain Trumpet needed no pilot to navigate the tricky channel between the smoking jaws of the barrier reef. He took her in himself, as he always had done; and whatever his thoughts, he kept them to himself as he saw, alongside the inner loading berth at the fruit sheds, a bulky, tall-funneled, fast-looking vessel of the Inter-Ocean Line.

He turned over to the mate the job of making fast, and by the time the Arapahua was moored, the Dandy Man stood at the head of the gangway, ready to go ashore. He was clad in white from head to foot—white shoes, smart white drill suit that fitted him like a uniform, dazzling white sun topee planted rakishly over one brow. As soon as the gangway was lowered he descended, looking, in the brilliant sunlight, like a miniature governor general—an effect somewhat marred when he stopped at the bottom, looked up, and bawled at the mate:

"Sweat the hands gettin' them blank-blank hatch covers off, mister! We're taking cargo right away!"

Then, ignoring the wide grins of the officers of the Inter-Ocean vessel across the slip, he entered the cavernous shadows of the fruit sheds. The floors were piled high with the colorful produce of the islands—plantains, yams, mangoes, alligator pears, green coconuts, breadfruit, sugar apples, oranges, pineapples and limes. The Dandy Man's eyes snapped as he appraised the bulk of them. Leaving the sheds, he went out again into the full tropic sunlight. A tall, thin, sunburned man approached him—the new island agent of the Maori Line.

"Well, how much do we get of it?" Captain Trumpet demanded.

"I received your radio message, captain. The shippers are willing to give you a chance to bid against the Inter-Ocean. But I'm afraid ——"

"Afraid, my appetite!" rapped the Dandy Man. "We'll have a cargo this trip. Where's Collins?"

Collins was the largest of the island producers. The agent said: "You can't deal with him alone, now, captain. The growers have amalgamated, along with the importers and wholesalers at home. They're incorporated—one company. The Inter-Ocean people organized them to improve and speed up production, and Collins is head of the pool at this end. His office is at the end of No. 3 Shed. He is waiting for you."

The Dandy Man went through Collins' doorway like a miniature typhoon.

"What the hell's all this, Jerry? You trying to freeze me out?"

Collins was embarrassed. He wiped the sweat from his big, good-natured face and waved his hands.

"Not at all, Peter. We've been friends too long for that. But we've got to look out for our own interests. . . . Here, what'll you have?"

Over tall, frosted glasses, with a slice of fresh island lime floating in pure nectar, the Dandy Man launched his attack.

"You fellows out here must be plumb crazy, Jerry! You're gulping the fat now, while we steamship companies are wrangling over the lean—but where will you be later, eh? The Maori Line made this trade, gave you a square deal, and you always knew where you stood with us. But where do you stand with these other people, huh?"

He leaned forward and punctuated his words with a hard, tanned finger.

"They'll smile on you until they snuff us out. Then, at once, they'll jack their rates sky-high. You'll pay their figger, and like it, because there'll be no other outlet for your fruit."

"Oh, we can always get another steamer company," began Collins easily.

"No, you can't! What company would buck that outfit after watching them smash us? Enjoy your easy times now, Jerry. You'll pay through the snout later!"

"We're not fools, Peter. We're incorporated now. Island and Antipodes Products, Incorporated—that's us. We can force the Inter-Ocean crowd to play fair when your company goes up the spout. Sorry, Peter! I didn't mean ——"

"It's all right, Jerry. I don't blame you for figgering we're through. But there's a kick or two in us yet. I brought the Arapahua in just now. I want a full cargo for her."

Collins deliberated. "I'm afraid not, Peter," he said uncomfortably, at length.

The Dandy Man regarded him sharply. "Why not?" he demanded. "You ain't tied up to 'em by contract, are ye?"

"No, it isn't that, but they've made me a bid and ——"

"I'll underbid 'em!"

"No use, Peter. They've made us a rock-bottom rate, and you can't go under it without making a fool of yourself."

"What's their price?"

Collins told him. The Dandy Man's eyes snapped.

"I'm now a fool. I'll carry a full cargo in the Arapahua for two hundred pounds less than the lowest price Inter-Ocean will quote you for corresponding tonnage!"

Collins stared. "You're off your head, Peter. That means carrying the stuff at a loss!"

"That's our funeral, ain't it? I've given you our figger. You ain't got a contract with them, you say?"

"No, but we will by the time you make another trip. It's pending now."

"Then this deal with me will help you to get a lower rate from 'em on that contract—if they ever sign it; and I know they won't. They haven't agreed to, have they, Jerry?"

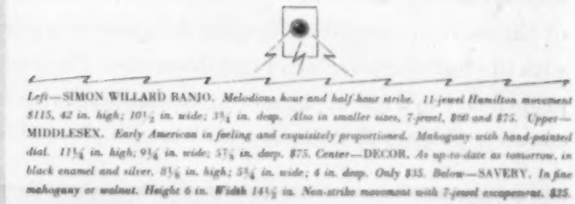
"N-no, they haven't. We put it up to them pretty strong that we had to protect our future. They said they'd have to have a little more time to consider it."

"They're jibbing, man. They'll stall you off till they scupper us; then try and tie 'em down to any carrying contract. They'll tell you to go to hell. Be sensible, Jerry. This Inter-Ocean crowd didn't horn into the trade for a reasonable profit; they horned in because they saw a good chance

(Continued on Page 68)

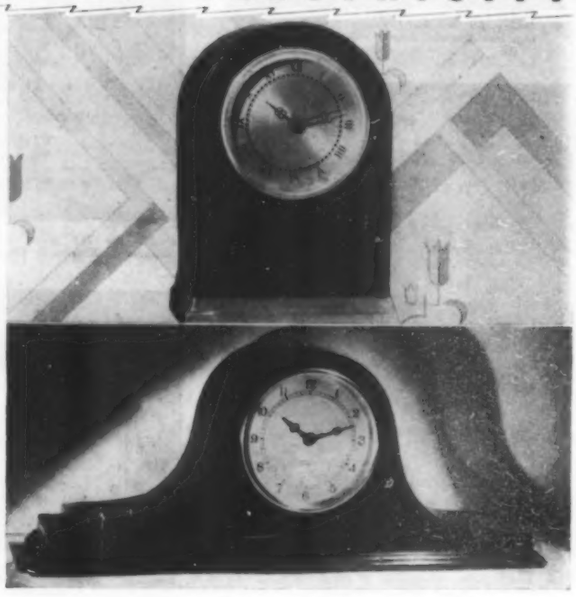
Hamilton Watch Time

...in amazing CLOCKS that never stop going!



Left—SIMON WILLARD BANJO. *Melodious hour and half-hour strike. 11-jewel Hamilton movement #115, 42 in. high; 10½ in. wide; 3¾ in. deep. Also in smaller sizes, 7-jewel, $90 and $75. Upper*—MIDDLESEX. *Early American in feeling and exquisitely proportioned. Mahogany with hand-painted dial. 11¼ in. high; 9¼ in. wide; 5⅞ in. deep. $75. Center*—DECOR. *As up-to-date as tomorrow, in black enamel and silver. 8⅛ in. high; 5¾ in. wide; 4 in. deep. Only $35. Below*—SAVERY. *In fine mahogany or walnut. Height 6 in. Width 14⅛ in. Non-strike movement with 7-jewel escapement. $25.*

KEPT WOUND BY ELECTRICITY



"AMAZING" simply isn't too thrilling a word for a clock that—without winding, worry or attention—brings accurate Hamilton Watch time to your home.

Kept constantly wound by electricity, a Hamilton-Sangamo ticks away faithfully—accurately, as the watch that times the country's fastest limiteds.

Let house fuses blow. No harm done. Let a storm interfere with your house current—the hands of Hamilton-Sangamo won't lag or frisk ahead. They are driven by a magnificent clock-work which is electrically wound to perfect tension for hours ahead—using the tiniest fraction of current only when it needs it.

Hamilton-Sangamo will run for hours even with the current entirely off!

No other clock has Hamilton's wealth of experience and craftsmanship in building railroad-accurate timepieces. Hamilton-Sangamo brings Hamilton railroad-accurate time to your home.

You don't ever have to look at it to see if it is fast or slow. You look at it to see just what—*exactly* what—time it is.

It seems a shame, in one way, to talk so mechanically about such beautiful objects. Won't you stop at a good jeweler's some day this week and see the exquisite cases that frame them? Or when you're in New York, drop in to our showroom in the Chanin Building on East 42nd Street.

Meanwhile let us send you "Telling Time." Your name and address on a postcard brings this colorful booklet with its portraits of 45 Hamilton-Sangamo models. Address Hamilton-Sangamo Corporation, 101 Race Ave., Lancaster, Pa., or our Canadian Distributors, Sangamo Electric Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto.

HAMILTON

SANGAMO

The electrically wound **CLOCK** *of Railroad Accuracy*

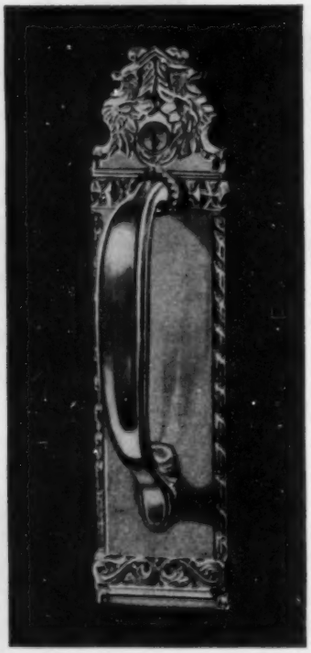
Sargent Hardware . . . special designs for outstanding structures of the country

THE WHOLE is no better than its parts. In the building of the country's magnificent modern structures—hotels, hospitals, office, educational and public buildings—every item of construction and equipment must of necessity be the best. . . . For building operations of this high nature, and for residences large and small, Sargent Hardware is selected. For its unexcelled quality. For its durability. For its perfect operation. And for its appropriateness and beauty of design. When individual designs of hardware are required, Sargent designers co-operate closely with the building's architect and decorator. Designs shown are proprietary to a few of the newest outstanding structures of the country. Sargent & Company, 33 Water St., New Haven, Conn.

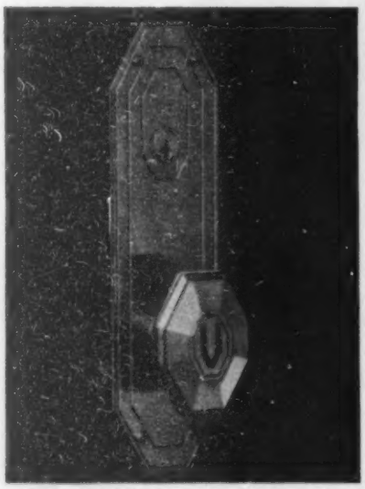
SARGENT

LOCKS AND HARDWARE

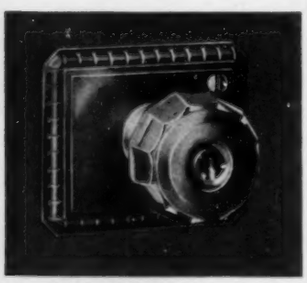
Design for the Smith-Young Tower Building, San Antonio, Texas; Atlee B. & Robert M. Ayres, architects.



Design for the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minnesota; Ellerbe & Company, architects.



Design for the Union Trust Building, Detroit; Smith, Hinchman & Grylls; Donaldson & Meier, architects.



Sargent Union Lock, designed for the Fisher Building, Detroit; Albert Kahn, Inc., architects.

(Continued from Page 66)

to squeeze you suckers dry. Put a contract before 'em and see the lemon you get."

The Dandy Man paused and lifted his glass, but he put it down again without drinking. He continued, weighing each word:

"I'll tell you something else, Jerry. You think your new company is pretty solid, but some of your shareholders, both here and at home, have been wise enough to sell their holdings, figuring the Inter-Ocean mob would put the hooks into you later. They got a fair price and were glad to get out from under. More of 'em have done that than you'd like to think about, and shares in your corporation are not worth very much in the market right now. That's straight from the horse's mouth."

"I think you're wrong, Peter. Anyway, we can get along without ——"

"And what's more," the Dandy Man continued inexorably, "the Inter-Ocean Steamship Company, through its parent organization, is the main factor in spreading unfavorable rumors to drive the value of your shares down, hoping to pick them up themselves under cover. What'll you say when you wake up to find that the controlling interest in your corporation is Inter-Ocean Steamships, and that that interest is being used to force you to ship your stuff in Inter-Ocean vessels at Inter-Ocean's price? I'm not just guessing about this thing. I know. Think it over, Jerry!"

Collins saw. He was frightened, and he showed it. He said grimly: "They'll have to sign a contract now, Peter. I'll see to that!"

"I don't think you'll get it," the Dandy Man replied. "And now, what about my cargo?"

Mr. Max Abelman, managing director of the Inter-Ocean Steamship Company, raised the receiver from the telephone on his impressive desk. "Mr. Garfeld?" he said; then: "That you, Benny? You should come and see me."

"I'll be right over," Mr. Garfeld promised.

Within five minutes he was in the office. Mr. Abelman handed him a folded newspaper, his large, hairy forefinger indicating a paragraph in Shipping Intelligence. With the other hand he rolled a fat cigar between his lips. He removed it to say: "We got them licked, my boy. Look at that!"

Mr. Garfeld read, his arched black brows lifting as he progressed.

"So-o! They've sold the Arapahua, too, eh? First we drive two ships out of the trade, then they're forced to sell the Rangitoto, and now the Arapahua. That leaves only the Phœnix. Max, they're sunk!"

"Looks like it." Mr. Abelman smiled widely. "When they took that Dandy Man fellow back after firing him, though, it worried me a little."

"The Dandy Man? Oh, that overdressed little squirt ——"

"He's a little fox, Benny. At least he used to be. I ain't forgetting what he did to my old man in the nitrate trade many years ago." He chuckled. "The old man never forgave him, and now I get square. He's a has-been; but, Benny, why did he make that play at Ratahiva last month, running a cargo in the Arapahua at a loss?"

"Just dog-in-the-manger stuff!" Mr. Garfeld scowled. "It cost us something, at that. Our ship had a trip for nothing, and it was just at the time Collins was yelling for a contract at a figure that'd clear us running costs and no more. I stalled 'em off, but Collins got nasty. Something had scared him. I been asking myself, 'Is this game worth it?' Here's Collins and his Island and Antipodes people bellyaching for an agreement again—and Collins says he don't mean maybe this time!"

"Can't we string 'em along for a while more?"

"It can't be done. Collins was in this morning from the islands, kicking up such a row. He wants a showdown, he says; and if he don't get it, Island and Antipodes Products is going back to the Maori Line under an agreement at their old rates, to stabilize the trade. And we can't afford to drop them now, after what it's cost us."

"How long does he want to tie us up for?"

Mr. Garfeld dug into his pocket and brought forth some blue-bound contract forms.

"It says a two-year minimum."

Mr. Abelman yelped, "Two years? He's crazy, Benny!"

Mr. Garfeld smiled unpleasantly. "What's two years? We can afford to carry their stuff free for two years. By that time we should have our teeth into 'em good and tight, and everybody else will be frightened off. Then, when they want a renewal at the end of the two years, Max, we'll tell 'em just where they get off. Why, two years is nothing, when you figure what we'll squeeze 'em for afterward!"

Abelman's cigar ash showered the carpet in the violence of his negation.

"Transport their stuff for two years and not a penny of profit? I am surprised at you, Benny! I really am! Are we made from gold, yet? What can they do right now, if we refuse 'em a contract? The Maori Line's up the flue. This Dandy Man's a washout. We'll tell 'em they should go to hell. Only one thing bothers me is those shares of the Island and Antipodes Products—why we ain't been able to ——"

A rap on the door interrupted his indignant flow. A clerk entered. He said, "Gentleman to see Mr. Abelman."

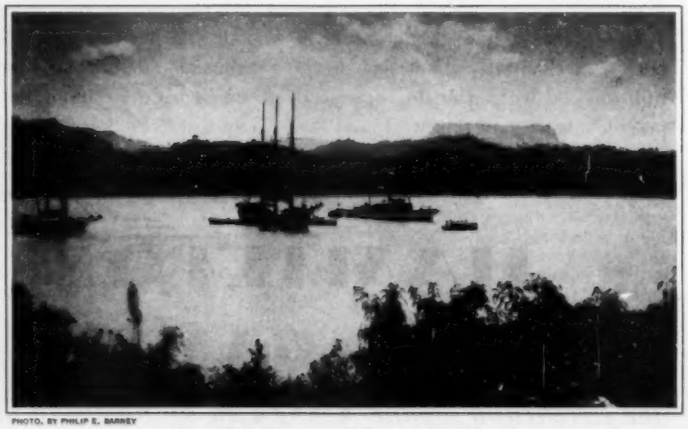
"Who is it?"

"I don't know, sir. He wouldn't ——"

"Tell him I can't see him."

Immediately upon the clerk's retirement there arose in the outer office a furor of shouting, curses and hard, smacking blows, dominated by a roaring voice that rose and fell like the swelling blasts of a storm at sea. The door crashed open and a man fell into the room—a hard-featured, leathery little man with blazing, gimlet eyes. His pearl-gray fedora was crammed over his ears, his

(Continued on Page 70)



PHOTO, BY PHILIP E. BARNEY

The Harbor of Baracoa, Cuba

Golden gallons of Sunshine fresh from a wintry Sea

Ice coats the rigging and sheets the decks . . . yet the cargo these hardy cod-fishermen bring in from the frigid wintry sea is nature's greatest substitute for the warm summer sun.

Your physician will tell you that clear, golden oil from the liver of the codfish has much the same invigorating effect on the development of babies and all growing children as the sun itself . . . for cod-liver oil is the richest natural source of Vitamin D—the "sunshine" vitamin.

Vitamin D prevents rickets. It is absolutely essential to the formation of strong bones and teeth. Thousands of happy, chubby youngsters now growing up owe their sturdy bones and sound straight teeth to plenty of good, pure cod-liver oil.

But, because it is *also* rich in Vitamin A, cod-liver oil performs another important function. Its Vitamin A builds up in the body a staunch resistance to disease. This is why physicians recommend cod-liver oil so highly to help children through the winter and early spring. It helps grown-ups, too—especially those whose lowered vitality at this time of year subjects them to colds and other winter ills.

In choosing cod-liver oil for yourself or your children, it will be reassuring for you to know that Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil must pass the most rigid standardization tests to make sure that it contains a definitely measured quantity of both Vitamin A and Vitamin D.

Such tests prove that each teaspoonful of Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil contains as much resistance-building Vitamin A as one pound of the best creamery butter, or 11 pints of whole milk, or 9 eggs; and as much rickets-preventing Vitamin D as 2 pounds of butter, or 7½ eggs.

Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil. He has it in two sizes—4-ounce and 16-ounce bottles.

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THOUSANDS HAVE FOUND SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM THE FINEST OF ALL PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY

Its formula definitely recognizes the cause of decay and the best ways to prevent it

HAVE you come to look on tooth decay as unavoidable? Then use Squibb's Dental Cream for six months and see if you aren't astonished at the improved condition of your teeth and gums.

Germs, present in every mouth, cause decay. When fermenting food particles are left in the mouth they provide food for these germs which then multiply by the *millions* and generate the destructive acids which eat away the tooth enamel.

But don't think that simply brushing the teeth will clean your mouth sufficiently. Your tooth-brush can't reach between your teeth, nor into the tiny pits and fissures, nor can it thoroughly clean at the gum margin, where there is a tiny crevice to catch stray bits of food. As a result, decay germs attack your teeth at all these places—destroy the enamel. If neglected long enough, you may lose the teeth affected and suffer seriously in general health.

Ordinary tooth-pastes and methods are insufficient. But here is where Squibb's Dental Cream demonstrates its superiority. It is made with 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Plenty of this safe, effective antacid to penetrate crevices, *neutralize* fermenting food particles and *render the destructive germ acids harmless.* To protect where the tooth-brush fails to reach.

In addition, Squibb's definite soothing quality helps keep the gum tissues firm and sound. It guards The Danger Line, where gums meet teeth. And as long as this vital line remains healthy, *pyorrhea will not occur.* Squibb's Dental Cream cleans your teeth thoroughly and safely. Never by the use of grit or astringents.

Use Squibb's regularly and thoroughly . . . it will *keep* your teeth and gums safe and sound. Prove it during the coming six months. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

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The Danger Line is the line where gums meet teeth. As long as this knife-like edge of gum tissue keeps healthy, pyorrhea will not occur. In the cross-section above, notice the tiny crevice at each side of the tooth. The arrows show it. Food particles collect here, ferment and irritate the gums with acids. Eventually the delicate gum edge recedes. Then it is no longer a protection.

(Continued from Page 68)

smart cravat was twisted about his scrawny neck, and a crimson bruise glowed belligerently on one cheek bone. He recovered himself and faced the astounded partners, throwing off adjectives like sparks from a dynamo.

"A passel o' swabs tried to prevent me comin' in!" he bellowed appallingly. "Which o' you two beauties is Abelman?"

"I am. What the devil do you mean by forcing ——"

"Choke your luff, Abelman, and listen to me! I'm Peter Trumpet!"

Abelman's manner altered. "Ah-h, the famous Dandy Man," he said smoothly. "Sit down, captain. I am sorry I did not know ——"

The Dandy Man's sharp eyes raked Mr. Garfeld. "Who's the queer feller here?"

"This gentleman is Mr. Garfeld, the junior partner. Now what can we do for you, captain?"

"Garfeld, eh? Hmmph! I thought it might be. Now I want to know what the pink-eyed Judas you two mean by robbin' the trade away from a firm what built it and ——"

Abelman remonstrated, "Come, come, captain! Business, you know ——"

"Business? Aye, a dirty business! Ye're bloodsuckers, the pair o' ye! But let me inform ye o' something. We've still got the Phœnix, and we're not broke yet. Furthermore, we ain't even begun to fight. Got that? We're going to keep her in the trade, and we'll underbid ye, cargo for cargo, from now on! Ye may beat us in the end—ye may—but by the two-toed gods ye'll know what a fight is afore ye do!"

Mr. Abelman showed his big teeth in a grin. "So-o?"

"So!"

Mr. Abelman turned to his partner with lifted shoulders.

"Ha-ha! Don't that give you a good laugh, Benny my boy, that Captain Trumpet here should worry the Inter-Ocean with his two-for-a-penny tub?" Suddenly he wheeled and, with lowering, formidable face, bulked over the defiant figure of the little seaman. "Now you listen to me, Mr. Dandy Man, or whatever they call you!" he rumbled, his voice thick with fury. "We've toyed with you and your crowd long enough! We gave you a run before, because it amused us. You have one ship left, eh? Well, you can toddle back to Constable and tell him to sell that, too, because today"—he snapped his big fingers—"we smash you!"

Before the menace of the man, and his deadly earnestness, Captain Trumpet seemed to withdraw. He asked in a strained voice, "What do you mean?"

"Mean? Ha!" Mr. Abelman turned to Mr. Garfeld. "Give me that contract, Benny. This, Capt. Dandy Man, is an agreement that gives us the exclusive right to carry the goods of Island and Antipodes Products, Incorporated, for two years from date of signing. Now, laugh that off."

Captain Trumpet's weather-darkened face flushed deeper still. He said doggedly: "You—you ain't signed it? I told 'em you wouldn't."

Abelman spat contemptuously. "You told 'em? Since when are you speaking for us?" He sat at his desk and unscrewed a fountain pen, put his heavy signature to the contract and its copies, and handed them to Garfeld. "Get these through right away, and send the Island and Antipodes people their duplicates. And now, Capt. Peter Trumpet, before I should have you thrown out, good day!"

The Dandy Man turned, his face a wrinkled mahogany mask. His cold blue eyes glittered, and for a moment, apparently struggling for words that would not come, he did not move. Then his shoulders squared. He removed his dented hat, passed his cuff around the brim, pulled his purple silk handkerchief a shade farther from the pocket of his natty, double-breasted blue suit, and with a brave attempt at jauntiness passed through the door.

(Continued on Page 72)

PHOTO, BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

The Fleet at Nassau, in the Bahamas

If you have never smoked Old Briar TOBACCO

—we ask you to suspend judgment until you have actually smoked your first pouch of this remarkable blend in your own pipe.

Go *now* to your tobacco dealer. Exchange 15 cents for a supply of Old Briar in the New, Convenient Pocket Pouch.

Smoke it down to the last sweet—cool—mellow pipeful—Then if you cannot say that Old Briar is the finest pipe smoke you have ever had, regardless of price, *we'll pay you 15 cents for the empty pouch.*

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UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY
Richmond, Virginia . . . . . U. S. A.

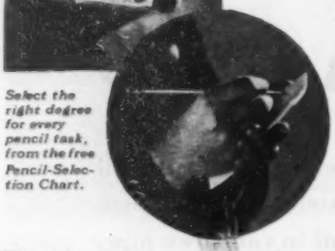
No man ever smoked a *Better Tobacco*

Old Briar is not an adaptation of any brand or blend. It's the result of thousands of tests made by tobacco manufacturing experts during the past five years. It is basically and radically original and individual.

OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST

Old Briar
TOBACCO
The Best Pipe Smoke ever made
now 15¢
in the new convenient size

For good work, choose a good pencil in the right degree.



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Find out. Enjoy a new satisfaction in your work with pencils. Send for the free new Pencil-Selection Chart.

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( ) Enclosed is $1 for special introductory assortment of 14 pencils—including quality black lead pencils and new extra strong Mongol Colored Indelible Thin Lead Pencils, which, when moistened, produce wash effects.
( ) Send free copy of Pencil-Selection Chart.

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(Continued from Page 70)

Two years is not a long period, but in that time many heaving sea miles may be kicked astern in the creamy wake of a deep-water ship and a good many thousands of tons of cargo be carried from shore to shore. When Island and Antipodes Products, Incorporated, found itself within one month of the termination of its extremely profitable agreement with the Inter-Ocean Steamship Company, it invited Mr. Abelman to discuss its renewal; and Mr. Abelman, looking forward to the golden harvest he meant to squeeze this day, responded. Mr. Collins, who had become home manager of Island and Antipodes, received him in his office.

Mr. Collins was not alone; and when Mr. Abelman recognized his companion his brows became twin thunderclouds.

"What's he doing here?" he demanded without finesse.

The Dandy Man, faultless in morning coat, gray striped trousers and spats, with a gay boutonnière in his lapel, placed hat, glossy stick and fawn suède gloves carefully upon a chair, hitched up his trouser legs, folded the creases painstakingly across his bony old knees and made himself at home.

He said mildly: "I'm just an interested observer, Abelman." But as his frosty blue eyes fell upon Mr. Abelman's large brown ones that gentleman experienced a faint though fleeting qualm. The Dandy Man continued affably: "I thought ye hunted in pairs. Where's Garfield—in jail?"

Mr. Abelman glowered. "I did not come here, Mr. Collins," he growled, "to be insulted by this low comedian. This thing don't concern him. He's out!"

"Well," Collins said, "I thought it best to have you both here, so we'd know where we stand. Now, about this agreement ——"

Mr. Abelman interrupted with a wave of his fat, hairy hand.

"It's no good your throwing away words, Mr. Collins. My company has lost money for two years, helping your corporation out after the Maori Line failed. We are prepared to act fair, of course, but you must see that it is impossible for us to renew the agreement on anything like the old terms."

"Just what I told him, Abelman," said the Dandy Man. But Collins disregarded him. He addressed Mr. Abelman.

"I am afraid," he said gently, "that you misjudge us. My company does not expect to renew the contract with you on the old terms ——"

"Very sensible," Mr. Abelman smiled.

"—— nor, indeed," pursued Mr. Collins urbanely, "upon any terms whatsoever."

Mr. Abelman sat upright. "What's that?" he demanded huskily.

"He's a mite deef," the Dandy Man explained to Collins.

Mr. Collins resumed, "In fact, Mr. Abelman, the termination of this contract also terminates all business between us."

Mr. Abelman lost control of himself. He sprang from his chair, shouting, "What? You trying to double-cross us? Try and do it! Try and find another shipping company that will dare to compete with us, that's all!"

"We have already found one."

"Who are they?"

Mr. Collins indicated the Dandy Man. Abelman snorted.

"What? That little cockroach? Why, we flattened his crowd two years ago, when the Phœnix was sold." He turned to Captain Trumpet. "Deny that!"

"Quite right," said Captain Trumpet. "Quite right!"

"Well, then ——"

"But we've just bought others—larger and faster ones."

"Don't tell it to me, you're fools enough to try that old game again? And how could you buy others? Your company's broke. Where'd they get the money?"

"Most of it was contributed by Inter-Ocean Steamships—don't jump like that, Abelman; it's bad for your nerves. What Mr. Collins is getting at is that Island and Antipodes Products, Incorporated, is going to exercise the privilege of shipping its own goods in its own vessels."

"But I don't see ——"

"I know ye don't, but then ye're a bit blind, as well as deef. I'll explain. Island and Antipodes Products is now the Maori Line—or vicey versey, however ye'd like to put it. They're now one company, of which John Constable is president." The Dandy Man warmed to his work. "Ye thought ye were forcing us out of the island trade, Abelman—a trade that the old Maori Line created—so, when I returned from temp'ry retirement, we got our heads together to see if we could make things interestin' for ye. Ye saved me a heap o' trouble by consolidating the growers and shippers and the receivers. It was good of ye, too, to destroy the market value o' their shares, hoping thereby to pick them up yourselves. Ye must have wondered now and then, though, why, when ye went after them, ye found them already bought or optioned. I'll explain that mystery too. It was me, buying 'em through agents for the Maori Line, that put more wind in your jib on that tack!"

The Dandy Man paused to cross one immaculate knee carefully over the other, then went companionably on.

"We gave ye a bit of encouragement, now and again, by selling a vessel and taking others out o' the trade; and the money we got for the ones we sold paid our way further into the Island and Antipodes Company; until now we control the whole shebang. Did ever ye hear o' the old wind ship foc'sle game called 'able wackets,' Mr. Abelman? It's an eddication in learning to look sharp, for the loser gets rapped pretty smartly across the hands. Isn't that the truth, Mr. Collins?"

"So it seems," that gentleman smilingly agreed.

"Ye were a bit slow about signing that contract, Mr. Abelman, but by barging in on ye that time, and rubbing your bristles the wrong way, I made ye slip your temper and oblige us. It put us out o' the shipping business for a time—as we'd planned—but it placed us bung up and bilge free in a highly profitable island fruit-trading business, and we controlled both ends. It's made money for everybody connected with it excepting—if ye'll pardon my reminding you—the Inter-Ocean Steamship Company. Our two ships what was away is back, and we've bought three new ones." Captain Trumpet waxed enthusiastic. "Ye should just see 'em, Mr. Abelman!—six thousand ton, fourteen knots on their trials, all the latest gadgets—and my own command, the new Arapahua, is the pick o' them all. If ye'd care for to step on board and visit her any time ——"

But Mr. Abelman had reached the limit of his endurance. He bellowed at Captain Trumpet:

"You mean to tell me, you sweet-scented little monkey, that all the fruit the Inter-Ocean ships carried for two years for nothing belonged to the Maori Line?"

"It was very kind of ye," murmured the Dandy Man.

AMERICAN BUSINESS AND BUSINESS MEN

(Continued from Page 41)

to Gastonia to prosecute those who were accused of killing labor agitators.

"The more I see of public office," said Governor Gardner the other day, "the more I am convinced that we need facts and more facts, instead of so many shades of opinion. Public administration is more than ever in need of facts."

Visiting the state capitol at Raleigh, one is impressed with the business efficiency which has been introduced. There are only a few states in the Union which have a budget system, but North Carolina is conspicuous among them. I asked Henry Burke, who is in charge of the budget, whether he had succeeded in the last five years in overcoming the political influences that so often are at work to prevent a reduction of appropriations.

"It is sometimes discouraging," he said, "but little by little we are impressing the people of the state with the importance of balancing the budget. In fact, I believe that the emphasis we have placed on budget operations has affected our business men and has influenced them in their own enterprises. Every once in a while some of the state officials will, of course, attempt to override the budget by using their influence with the Advisory Commission, which is made up of members of both houses of our legislature. We have no law such as they have in Washington to prohibit bureau chiefs from going to members of Congress, and it is not unusual to find those interested in appropriations approaching the members of the Advisory Commission.

"We had an interesting experience once with one department head, who had been very economical and who accepted the budget cut very gracefully. He came to me one day and said, 'Now, if you want to cut this down to rock bottom I will accept it. I will not do any lobbying, but I leave it to your judgment whether it is wise to make this cut.' I studied that problem several days, and my conscience troubled me; so when the Advisory Commission met I prepared a memorandum suggesting a plan whereby the appropriation could be raised to its original status. I said nothing about the memorandum to anybody. When I got to the meeting and the commission came to the item, I reached into my pocket for the memorandum, but all around the table nearly everybody present had something to say in opposition to the cut. They were all primed for the occasion, so I conveniently forgot the memorandum I had prepared, and when asked for my recommendation, I simply said it did not seem wise to grant the request. And nobody dissented from my decision."

North Carolina has gone further than mere budget operations. She has required that every one of her county and municipal units must get the approval of the state authorities before any bond issues are floated and that adequate provision must be made for sinking fund. Another law now makes it necessary that a daily record of expenditures be kept by the local units, so that indirectly there is a check by the state on city and county disbursements.

North Carolina has plenty of politics, but her financial operations are on a business-like basis, and all political factions recognize that there is a business sentiment throughout the state which now would not permit a backward step. The borrowing opportunities of a state depend upon its business management, and Governor Gardner, of North Carolina, himself a business man, with no political ambition possible because there is no reëlection, serves the state more as a business manager than an old-fashioned governor. For the industrialization of North Carolina has extended to her state government.

If it be supposed, however, that North Carolina is penurious because of the economy practiced by her state officials, Governor Gardner will remind you that one-third of the annual income of the state is expended for schools, colleges, universities and education generally, and that gasoline taxes take care of a constantly enlarging system of roads that have already quickened the business life of the state. North Carolina may not be classed as a part of the industrial East, but her two-hundred-and-forty-three-million-dollar payment to the United States Treasury last year gives her an enviable place in what may some day be called the industrial South.

Who ever thinks of asking, *"Did you buy your Buick new?"*

Surely, your friends would never think of asking this question . . . nor does anyone ever ask any Buick owner—"Did you buy your Buick new?"

Most unconcerned of all, as to whether it's "new" or "used," is a Buick itself. It performs in the same smooth, reliable Buick way whether it has traveled fifty miles or fifty thousand *plus*.

Why wait, then, to own the Buick you have long wanted? Why deprive yourself any longer of the joys of this car—a car so *good* that from two to five times as many people buy Buicks as any other car of its price.

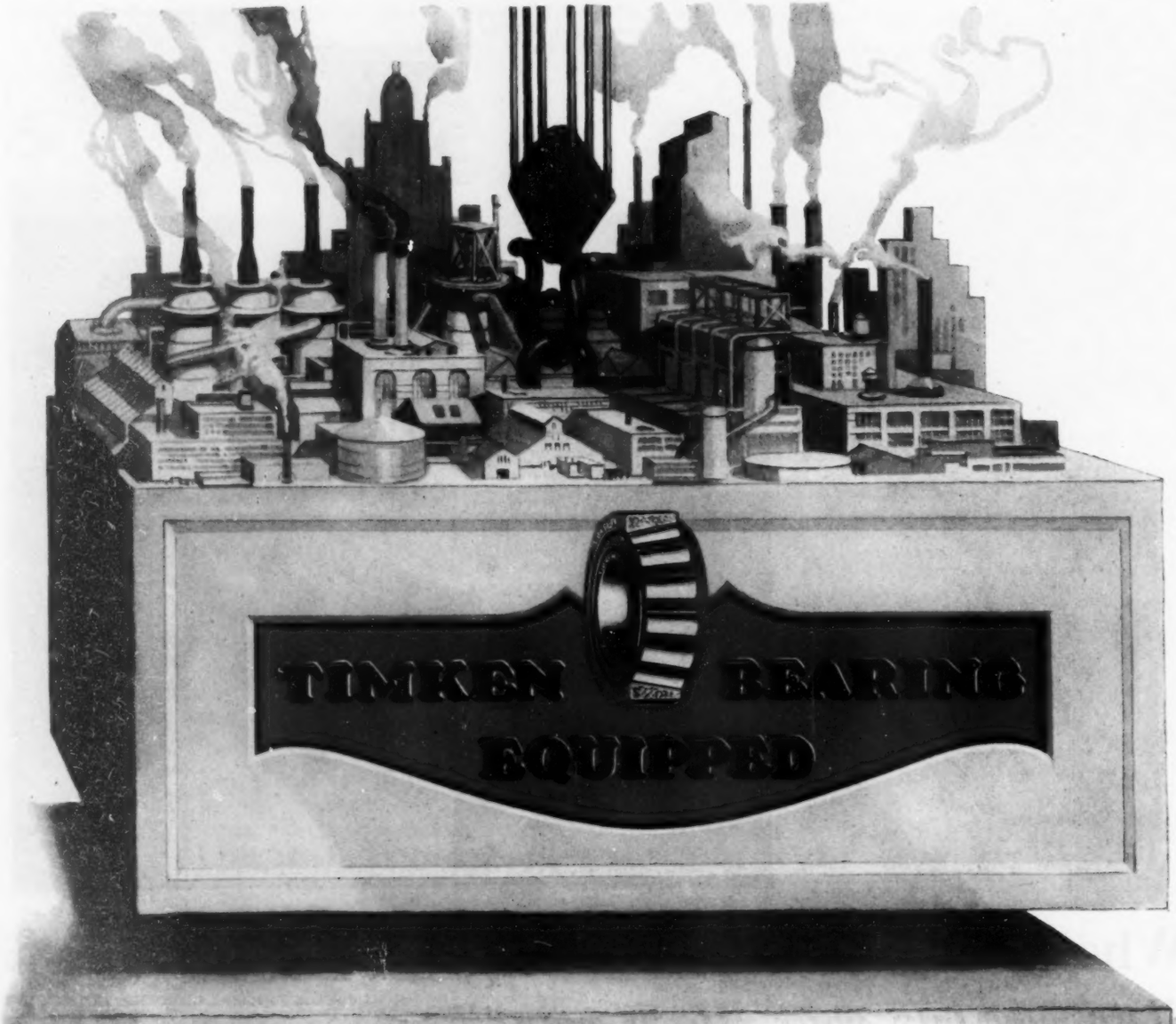
The purchase of a Buick at resale prices will bring you the same *extra value* and the same superior motoring satisfaction which have built this tremendous Buick popularity.

You will enjoy *Buick* power—*Buick* swiftness—*Buick* roadability and riding comfort—all of which is to say you will enjoy motoring qualities absolutely unmatched in any new car of comparable price.

Buy your Buick *now*, when prices are lowest. *And buy it from a Buick Dealer.* He has a thorough knowledge of Buick construction. He conditions his Buicks carefully and prices them fairly. His establishment is *the* place in your community to buy a used car.

Thousands are buying used Buicks, from $500 up, as a preferred type of transportation

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factories McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont. Builders of Buick and Marquette Motor Cars



The Corner Stone of Industry

Friction or anti-friction is the difference between building upon a *sand* foundation or upon a *sound* foundation . . . "Timken Bearing Equipped".

Industry either lays itself wide open to Waste and pays a heavy friction-tax . . . or sets up a safeguard and reaps the resulting profits.

The kind of anti-friction protection is important . . . to select the bearing that carries *all* burdens, whether the load is all radial, all thrust, or both in any combination—the bearing that gives full protection based squarely upon Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken-made steel.

This group of exclusive Timken advantages puts production on a modern basis. Machine life becomes self-perpetuating. Power loss, lubricant and maintenance costs lose their significance and dwindle to decimals.

In lathe spindles or rolling mills; in steam shovels or mine cars or railroad trains—a wave of replacement surges over the nation—a protest against Waste—headed by the national symbol and safeguard—"Timken Bearing Equipped", the Corner Stone of Industry.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

© 1930, The Timken Roller Bearing Co.

LAST LEAVES

(Continued from Page 29)

tiresome people, but luminous with some kind of warm wisdom of the Word—old fairies who belonged to the singing pastorals of eternal life. To such people Genesis is the very prosody of creation, and to my mind, somewhat shadowed and damaged by outrageous worldly information, it still seems to be the most majestically veracious book in the Bible. What about this: "And God said, Let there be light: and there was light"? No scientific fumbling with that miracle, because it was recorded by a poet who had no sense at all of the vast processes and ages back of it. He was scanning with noble brevity what a physicist would have required ten mighty volumes to elucidate. Genesis would not have been a book but a vast speculation which scholars read to question. Only in great poetry does light remain the miracle it really is. The wayfaring man, though a fool, can get it and believe it, because it is a fact not even a scientist can deny, though he can never reach far enough back to explain it. There is light!

This reminds me of something. A clever fellow had published in a current magazine his version of a rather hackneyed idea of creation—not exactly in dollars and cents, but he begins the thing parsimoniously with less than a penny's worth of dust that started rolling like a moth ball through the firmament until it became quite a planet. But he forgot to tell where he purchased the original penny's worth of dust. I had a guest in the house at the time. He is a grand old rationalist who retains enough of his spiritual faculties to be a cold-hearted poet if you push him. After reading this article he was peeved, and he let out a string of what may be politely called the hot language of angry prayer. "The fool!" he exclaimed. "There was no beginning!"

The Poets' Route

I try never to snicker when a rationalist says a good thing, because they are offensively clever at that business and it is wrong to encourage them, but I was obliged to contribute an admiring glance at my old friend for the courage of his confession. I told him he had come perilously near being guilty of an involuntary act of faith. Certainly what he had said was an honest confession of a man's mental impotency to comprehend what is as evident as the earth, but incredible.

"You may as well bow your head now and admit the existence of God," I said.

"But where do I get God?" he exclaimed.

I replied: "By an act of faith. To know everything is not good for us. What we cannot know but must believe stretches us more in the right direction. I suppose if we ever accept the evidence and so find out what God really is, it will be so natural and simple to believe, we shall be astonished at our stupidity and ages of doubts." But perceiving that I was about to become the next victim of his exasperation and might not fare any better than the author of the article, I let go, punched the fire and changed the subject.

Formerly I should not have dared call religion poetry, lest some saint with no conception of the divinity of poetry in its original sense accuse me of blasphemy. But by the same route poets take I have been with God—a rare enchantment. You are not yourself. You are a place where the Light falls. No one can define such an experience in the prose of words. And while I may have cross-stitched a few Scriptures reduced to a denominational doctrine by interpretation, I have been tremendously aware of God at intervals and in great emergencies. No rationalist need argue with me about that. He eats manna from heaven every day and calls it "baker's bread"! He can no more explain the quickening of a dead grain into a stalk of corn than he can the creation of the heavens and the earth. He has to predicate the whole process upon something beyond his reach to know. And he will not do it. He is spiritually impotent and likes it! Some saints are no better. I remember yet how I used to pare down my experiences when Christians were called upon to "testify," being conscious of these horny-headed brethren in the congregation.

But at the time of which I now write I took my religion like a daily dozen, in addition to my other duties. I was orthodox. And I was too much absorbed in these duties to observe how one day differs from another. It was either a fair day or overcast, hot or cold. But now, since the rush of time is over and I am left sitting in a quiet place with no great need of time, I pay more attention to the individual day, as one does who will presently be obliged to do without years or days. I am more aware of the stars because where I go there may be only planets close by—no distant lights. So I have discovered that one star differs from another star and one day from another even in June. Most of them pass unnoticed, because I am still too busy to spend much time measuring and testing them—or I may be in a strictly secular mood and so run upon a little runt of a day, though it may be the longest one in the year. I am investing it as fast as it passes in earthly achievements. And I wish I was Joshua, to make the sun stand still till the hay is in. I am in a swivet because I can no longer do my own deeds and must look on while others do them for me. I become a sort of hourglass, then, with no more than a carnal eye fixed upon the clock. This is not really a day at all; it is a span of daylight to be used profitably.

But more and more frequently, now, comes one that I recognize as if I had lived in the light and shadows of it when I was a child. The same peace and quietness. The same hills, a long way off, with a narrow path winding up and over the top that I used to travel then, a bemused and silent little pilgrim in a blue sparrow-tailed apron, going somewhere aimlessly with no particular object or place in view. What a free mind children have for making a great world of a little place! When I climbed that hill and started down on the other side, it seemed to me I became an adventurer in a far country. I looked for things over there recorded in the Bible. I was Columbus in a little ruffled sunbonnet trying to find the Garden of Eden. One day I did go far enough afield to come upon Warhatch Creek in our cow pasture, and almost flew home to tell my mother I had just seen the River Jordan. I was past thirty years old before I ever saw a city, but if I had seen one in those days I should certainly have believed it was Jerusalem or Nineveh. For no reason at all, I was partial to Nineveh. I was ten years old when I began to read Plutarch's Lives, and was still so much of the magician every child is that I tried to conjure Numa's nymph, Egeria, up from the depths of a spring I found in the woods.

Besides believing more particularly in my own heavenly Father, I sustained a sort of polite visiting relation to all the other gods of mythology. When I was eleven I saw Pan in the canebrake on the old plantation at home. But something warned me not to tell mother of this sacrilegious vision.

What I think is that my spiritual instinct was not disciplined by the mind I had, which was as simple as that of the old prophet in the Bible to whom an angel with six wings appeared! And being undenominational in my spiritual attribute—no more of a Protestant, Catholic or Hebrew than I was a pagan—I enjoyed the blessed liberty of a tadpole poet in all my faiths.

Whatever May be Said About the Answer to Prayers, the Idea of God is Convincing, if for No Other Reason Than That He is Proved to be the Complete and Perfect Justification of a Faith a Man Can Never Have in Himself

The Light of Dawn

The crowning and happiest experience I had was my conversion, which was entirely orthodox. After that some kind of slavery to righteousness seemed to close in upon me. I forgot those early days as if they had passed forever. Now, in this quiet place, they come back to me—the same days. I recognize them by my memories. I am changed, but they are not. When the noise and motion we made in living dies down, what we were before the stir began settles about us in sweet tranquillity. Thus it seems to me I am fifty years closer kin to the child I used to be than I was twenty-five years ago.

It may be the mood we are in, or there may be a grand law governing the character of days, but some of them do have more significance than others, not on account of us but as if far out in space the light that makes it fell upon great scenes, mysteries and holy faces.

This has been a morning like that, clear, still, very lovely, like a sacrament one receives, meekly kneeling upon her knees.

I came out into it just at dawn—a grayness spreading over everything, no light in it, but that hint of darkness found in all cathedrals where no candles are lighted or prayers chanted. All the world an empty place, its dome filled with this awful prescience of light and glory. But no sound, no bells ringing. How is this? I am suddenly aware of my sorrows—as if the dead had risen in me. Another morning long ago like this one, terribly still. I remember where I was on my knees. I feel the need of someone like a priest going down the aisle between the trees to an altar. No one can come. That world has passed away. I am alone on my mountain top, watching the gray walls of the sky widen in this light. The grass begins to glisten like a robe spread for the coming of His feet. The trees take on a motion, as a great crowd grows suddenly restless and expectant. This is that verger of the dawn passing by—the gentle breeze which accompanies every dawn. The birds know the hand that shakes their boughs and begin to sing.

The cathedral grayness fades, and the east is red with the approaching sun; now a

(Continued on Page 78)

A New and by Gillette

A *new* Blade
A *new* Razor

(PATENTS PENDING)

The Greatest Shaving Improvement in Twenty-eight Years

MILLIONS of well-worn Gillettes are now going to win an honorable discharge. Sure—they're good old razors! And if you have to wait for your dealer to get his supply of the New Gillette Razor, your old Gillette will operate with the new blades.

But once you have tried the New Gillette Blade in the *New* Gillette Razor you will never be satisfied to shave with anything else!

Many important changes

What have we done to the Gillette Razor and the Gillette Blade? Not just one thing, or two things, or three. We have made a dozen important changes which, when you add them all together, make an entirely new and greatly improved shaving tool.

Take "razor pull," for example. Do you know why your old Gillette "pulled"? Perhaps you blamed the blade; but the fault was not in the blade. Our laboratories examined tens of thousands of used razors; our engineers talked to twenty-seven thousand hard-to-satisfy shavers.

What did they find? A razor "pulls" because its working parts have been dropped and dented on floor or wash basin.

Perhaps the dent is microscopic. Just the same it makes a difference. When you handle a Gillette, you are dealing with a fine precision tool. Even the smallest dent can throw it out of alignment. Hence "*pull.*" Now look at the corners of the new razor. See those heavy lugs? You can't dent those corners by any ordinary accident. But suppose, by some terrific abuse, you *should* dent them. Never mind. The ends of the blade have been cut out The blade is no longer held at the corners. Therefore, a dented razor-corner can't possibly affect the smoothness of your shave.

No more blade wiping

Another thing. The new blades are processed to resist rust. Think what that means in convenience and time saving. No more do you have to take the razor apart to wipe the blade. No more cut towels. Just loosen. Turn blade at right angles. Then re-tighten. Hold under hot running water. Shake well. Lay on the shelf.

The old posts are gone. How many a good edge was lost by bumping against those posts. Now the razor blade turns at right angles for rinsing. No taking apart for cleaning.

New shape guard teeth

Notice the new guard teeth . . . longer,

QUICK FACTS

1. *New blade can be used in your old Gillette*
2. *New processed steel; new blade resists rust*
3. *Cut-out corners of blade prevent "razor pull"*
4. *To clean, turn guard at right angles . . . then re-tighten . . . rinse . . . shake dry*
5. *New shape guard channel for full shaving clearance*
6. *New shape guard teeth meet skin smoothly, naturally*
7. *No projecting posts to dull blade edges*
8. *Reinforced razor corners prevent damage if dropped*
9. *Square blade ends safer to handle*
10. *Shaves easier around mouth, nose, ears*
11. *New blades same price as old*
12. *New razor, 24K. gold-plated, with one new blade, in case, $1.00*

Better Shave

turned back farther. They glide over the skin like velvet. You hardly feel the razor slide over your face.

See the ends of the blade . . . square . . . not round. Much easier to handle with slippery fingers. Less chance of having to fish for the blade down the drain pipe. And, being almost flush with the cap, the blade shaves much better around the difficult corners of the mouth, ears, and nose. The famous guard channel beneath the blade edge allows the blade to meet the beard full and clear, yet with perfect safety. This has hitherto been an exclusive feature of high priced Gillettes selling at $5.00 to $75.00. Now you have it in the $1.00 model.

See your dealer today

Gillette factories are working at capacity to supply all dealers as soon as possible. See *your* dealer today. Tomorrow he may be sold out . . . an inconvenient delay for you. Give your face this good news *now!*

All of which means that for $2.00 you can buy the biggest money's worth in shaving comfort that has been offered to man in the past twenty-eight years.

$1.00 for the ***New Gillette Razor***
smoother shave, no "razor pull"

$1.00 for ten ***New Gillette Blades***
rust-resisting—better work in the difficult corners; no tedious wiping

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

The New Gillette Razor, 24K. gold plated, in beautiful case, complete with New Gillette Blade . . . . Price $1.00

Other De Luxe models at $5.00 to $75.00

Fresh, pure
GRAPE-FRUIT JUICE
instantly!
...keep
FLORIDAGOLD
always on hand

CLEAR, sparkling, tart-sweet juice ... just as you would press it from plump, ripe grapefruit ... can always be in your home, ready to serve, if you get the "FLORIDAGOLD habit."

Learn for yourself this new convenience! FLORIDAGOLD is the juice of grapefruit ... and nothing but grapefruit juice with a touch of sugar. It brings to you all the delicious flavor, all the healthful vitamins B and C ... and when you have grapefruit juice in this convenient form, you are always sure that the flavor and quality will be the same.

Try this wholesome juice, chilled, for breakfast. Remember it for lunch, too. It's delicious in fruit punches on the dinner table.

Three generous servings for 15c ... make sure when you ask for FLORIDAGOLD that you get it. For your convenience, in case your grocer cannot supply you, there is a coupon below.

Canneries: Lake Alfred and Eagle Lake, Florida

FLORIDAGOLD
Grapefruit Juice

FLORIDAGOLD Citrus Corporation,
Penobscot Bldg., Detroit

Please send me one-half case (12 cans) of FLORIDAGOLD Grapefruit Juice at the special introductory price of $1.60 which I enclose.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....
Your grocer's name .....

(Continued from Page 75)

shimmering fan of golden light spreads across my mountain top. I am diminished, my great mood is gone, and I am once more in the daytime of the real and the living.

But it is good to have drifted back through the years to the great mood Nature makes of her daybreak, and to be able to share it again, shriven at last of life's heavy burdens, more like the child I used to be.

To be delivered from the tyranny of words is a great deliverance. What dangerous incantations we have woven with them. So many have lost their reputation and no longer convey the meaning they had.

I remember well the unfortunate spells cast by such terms as "baptism," "election" and "apostasy" in my younger years. Stern old preachers fiercely grounded in the doctrines used to be called in to expound these terms to loose-kneed congregations and firm them up in the gospel according to Calvin, John Knox and the Wesley brothers; all of whom were good kind men who never expected their convictions to be used to tear communities apart.

Later on, when I began to write—which is no more than copying what you think, not what you are—a pious critic accused me of being a pantheist, meaning that the spiritual hoofs of me had been cloven by a heathen doctrine. No one can love Nature and believe every blade of grass in it as I do without being something of a pantheist. It is not so bad. It is the reputation of the word that has been perverted. The dust out of which Adam was made probably had the soil of leaves and broken boughs in it. So far as I am concerned, I am willing to skip Adam altogether and vow I sprang from the earth tinctured and sweetened for a million years with the dust and pollen of those first herbs of the field; which is the history of all flesh, if you want to be scientific about it.

The Checkrein of Faith

On the spiritual side I am more of an egotist, and remember feeling the indignation of an outraged Pharisee when a good old man who worshiped the Lord with conventional fear and trembling rushed into print to call me a heretic. My confidence in my Almighty offended him. It was too cheerful. What amuses me now is the way I resented his censure. I was for defending my righteousness—a dangerous thing to do. I thought better of it and fell back upon such an eloquent and bold confession of faith that the dear old soul was nonplused.

In those days the saints made mortal mistakes in judgment as usual, but they did know how to get down to cases when it came to dividing the sheep from the goats. You were either a Christian or a sinner. Now there is a great stir going on to determine which are modernists and which are fundamentalists. What difference does it make if the fundamentalist is no better Christian than the other? The Lord only knows what I am or what the rest of us are, but whatever we are, it cannot be put into words—much less one word apiece! The only thing that really matters is whether we have an ascending faith and endeavor to live accordingly. At that, progress is slow in the right direction, however progressive we claim to be. We seem to have a talent for going astray and committing every kind of sin, from the carnal to the cultural. The best I have ever managed to do is to set myself tooth and toe nail against committing any but the more respectable transgressions. My idea is to hold fast to my decency and to as many other virtues as possible. The hardest thing I ever do is to keep from lying, when it would be safer and wiser to tell the truth and have done with it; and to withhold the truth when it would be more charitable in the sight of heaven to cover somebody else with a prevarication. It is not that I lack the delicate moral discernment to know my duty in these situations, but there is an unregenerate Puck in me that loves a happy fabrication and the mischief of looking an enemy in the back and telling the awful truth about him. I have known people who claimed to love their enemies. I never could unless it was clear to me that he or she was conscientiously opposed to me and all my works. In that case the Puck in me delights to play circles around them in a sort of fantastic humor which has none of the elements of piety in it. But it does seem to me that the average man or woman should be able to keep from committing adultery, stealing or bearing false witness against his neighbor, or even committing murder. In short, keep the Ten Commandments. Anyone who has worried with these tablets as long as I have knows there is room between the lines for considerable elasticity and easing up without fading out morally.

But it is folly and expensive for a man to think that he can live by his own wits without the checkrein of faith in God. I do not admire agnostics, because their intellectual pose is no more than hiding their spiritual laziness behind a three-syllable word. I am afraid of atheists, because they boast of a spiritual deformity and have nothing to protect them from corrupt thinking. I think these newfangled Behaviorists are passing the buck. If they behave well it is because they are trained and disciplined in a Christian civilization. Some of the worst people I ever knew practiced good behavior thriftily because it was not profitable to behave as badly as they really were. I never could behave very well myself, but I know how to be decently embarrassed about that, which is more becoming and not so presumptuous.

Constants in a World of Change

At last the constant effort to do and believe the best does bring one within reach of the Beatitudes, which define with such divine grace the most beautiful attributes of human character. I find it is much easier for me to be a peacemaker than formerly. I am a trifle meeker, because if life teaches us anything it teaches how ignorant we are. I must be a better woman because I do not even know now when I am being persecuted. I am still a bit touchy on my charitable side, but I find it easier to give now than when I had nothing to give. Sometimes I get pure enough in heart to see God in people with no appalling reputation for godliness. One of these Beatitudes reads: "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted." I missed that, being too hard pressed for any comfort during the period of my greater griefs. But there is some wide grace in the Lord's plan for tucking us in according to His mercies, because I have survived my sorrows and attribute some gain in patience and courage to them.

On some of these long bright days that seem to come back to me from the past I become quite a versatile thinker on many subjects without reference to the spirit of the times, but according to my memories of other times that go better with these quiet scenes. I do not worry about what is going on for the moment in the world beyond these hills, being more and more impressed by the significance of the fact that the heavens and the earth are not involved in these changes and movements but are doing exactly right as usual. Not a single star has changed gears in a million years. Men—what they do and think—will pass away, but not these. The forests they cut will rise again. The cities they build will fall. The evil they do will be forgotten and their flesh will fertilize the grass, but not one grain of sand or drop of water of all this can be lost. So I just lean back in my old split-bottom chair before the cabin door, fan myself benignly and say: "Let the rationalists rage and imagine vain things. The sun will rise, the rains fall, the flowers bloom, the harvests ripen. Nothing untoward can happen to the corpus of this great estate, because at last it and the fullness thereof belong to the Lord. That whirling dervish of a stock market in the East cannot affect its value, but only the acquisitive desires of the men who made the markets, not the earth. It makes no difference, except to us, whether we keep the laws we have made against our own follies. Not by any legislation can we change a single law of Nature or preserve life itself in violation of these laws. 'The wicked shall perish' is the way it is written, but whether they are wicked or not, the disobedient do perish, no matter how rational they are about it ——" And so on and so forth, singing to myself a great tune, somewhat at the expense of those who do not hold the same views in prophecy that I do.

I get up presently and start off on my own affairs, which I endeavor to conduct according to the oldest order of things—that is to say, a business man may defer an important engagement or he can watch the ticker in his office and predict the financial weather in Wall Street, where his scenes are laid; but abroad on the land we must watch the heavens and feel of the wind. A farmer is a fool not to make hay while the sun shines. This day is warm and clear, nevertheless I am relieved to see the men bringing the last load of hay into the barn. There is still some cotton in the fields, and I am anxious about getting it picked before the weather changes. All the land in this valley is to be turned. If it is not done before the rains begin, the land will be too wet to plow before late next spring. I look down at the slow-moving tractor and hope that the sun will set clear, which is better than a rainbow promise of fair weather. But these hurries and anxieties are not like worrying over stock you have bought on a margin with speculators having a brainstorm on the street. Or worrying over political reforms in the Holy Land if you are a woman with a pop-eyed, world-wide conscience. My life and all my days are bound by these hills, with space enough for the exercise of my virtues and talents. And the whole business rests in the hollow of His hand—a very comfortable feeling.

An Infallible Ghost Test

So I go back and sit down again before the cabin door, feeling wise and blessed. The sun is far down in the west by this time. The horizon narrows like a bright dome above my mountain. Everything very quiet, life everywhere, but no mortal babbling to disturb the peace of these trees. Sometimes I wonder at the presumption of those fake Nature lovers whose poetic fancy consists in imparting human characteristics to trees and flowers, giving them the fever of our emotions by way of interpretation. The reason natural scenery is so restful is that it is not human—the oldest population of this earth, grave, legitimate, lawful and dignified—no kin at all to us, but far above us in native majesty and strength to endure.

I am caught into the coma of this great silence and drift along, thinking enough to make a book, but knowing that I shall never write it, any more than a bird shedding its feathers in the wind will go back to gather up those fallen plumes.

Then I suddenly remember I must go over and call on a neighbor who is not very well. Her husband believes in ghosts, but is not sure he has even seen one. The way to make sure, he told me, was this: "If you see a woman when it is nearly dark, and fling a stone at her, she is a ghost if it passes through her." The inference was that he would make the experiment in good faith if the opportunity offered the lady. And I amuse myself the rest of the way home picturing the astonishment of his victim when the stone strikes her, always provided she is not a ghost, also the horror of the man, who is likely to take to his heels in this shrieking emergency.

At last the day is done—darkness and stars overhead, my quiet world in order—and I go to bed in full possession of all my simplicities, too comfortable and blessed to pray for anything else.

The idea is to be sensible about everything, if you can. If you cannot, do be quiet and try not to disturb other people with your doubts and fears.

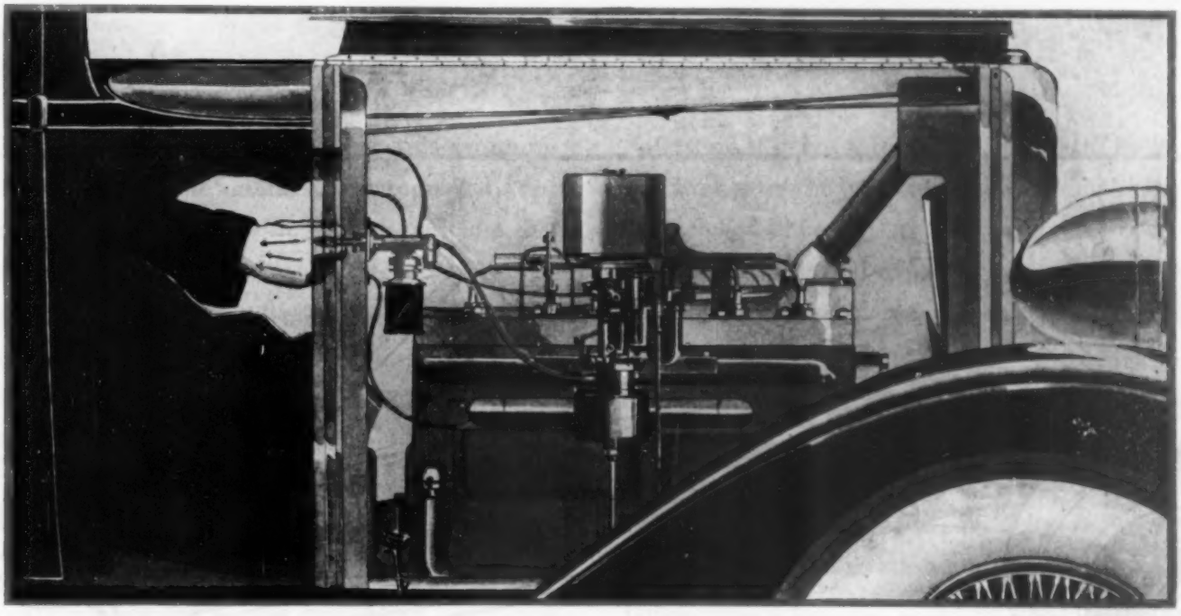
Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mrs. Harris. The next will appear in an early issue.

The Makers of Alemite Announce

AN ASTOUNDING NEW DISCOVERY

Defeats Carbon . . . the Greatest Enemy of Motors

A SIMPLE, CHEMICAL PROCESS . . . WARRANTED AND UNRESERVEDLY GUARANTEED BY THE 50 MILLION DOLLAR RESOURCES OF THE ALEMITE CORPORATION . . . POSITIVELY REMOVES CARBON WITHOUT "TAKING DOWN" ENGINE OR "LAYING UP" FOR REPAIRS!



ELIMINATES CARBON KNOCKS, OVERHEATING, WEAR ON ENGINE PARTS AND KEEPS ENGINE ALWAYS AT PEAK EFFICIENCY, WHEN USED AS DIRECTED!

Judge for Yourself—Money Instantly Refunded if You are not Thoroughly Satisfied!

AFTER years of unkept promises, by others, of "Carbon Removal Without Cylinder Head Removal, Scraping or Burning," one of the outstanding leaders in the motor car industry—the makers of Alemite—announce Positive Carbon Removal by Chemical Process under a guarantee backed by its entire 50 Million Dollars in resources.

To avoid skepticism or delay on the part of motorists who have tried unsuccessful and unscientific carbon removers heretofore, this ironclad Guarantee is made.

We warrant results! You pay nothing if you are not convinced it does the job. We virtually lend you Carbo-Solve to try. On your experience with it we will gladly rest our case.

To prove its scientific perfection and its seasoned development we may here mention that one of the *greatest motor car makers has already adopted Carbo-Solve as standard equipment.*

How Carbo-Solve Works

Carbo-Solve is a *positive* and *proved non-injurious solvent* of the film or binder which makes carbon cling to motor parts.

By dissolving this gummy binder, the flinty carbon deposit is reduced to a consistency that blows harmlessly out your exhaust.

You apply Carbo-Solve by simply pulling a little button on a simple device called an Injector, easily installed in a few minutes. It can be taken off just as quickly, if you are not thoroughly satisfied with Carbo-Solve results.

By using Carbo-Solve every 500 miles, your engine will always operate at *Peak Efficiency!*

That's all there is to it—as simple as it sounds.

Savings and Betterments of Performance

Carbo-Solve will save you from 1 to 5 stiff bills for carbon removal every year—running from $5 to $28 for *each job!*

It saves laying up your car—putting it out of service when you bought it for *steady transportation!*

By quickly and effectively removing carbon you eliminate carbon knocks and scores of motor troubles that come from carbon. You need never again be bothered with sluggish getaway, overheating, wasted gasoline and lost power.

These statements are facts and 50 Million Dollars stand back of them!

Remember that Carbo-Solve, too, is already standard on one of America's foremost cars. And that *it does what no other product or device has ever done before!*

Remember these astounding facts—then TRY Carbo-Solve. Find out yourself how super-efficiently it works.

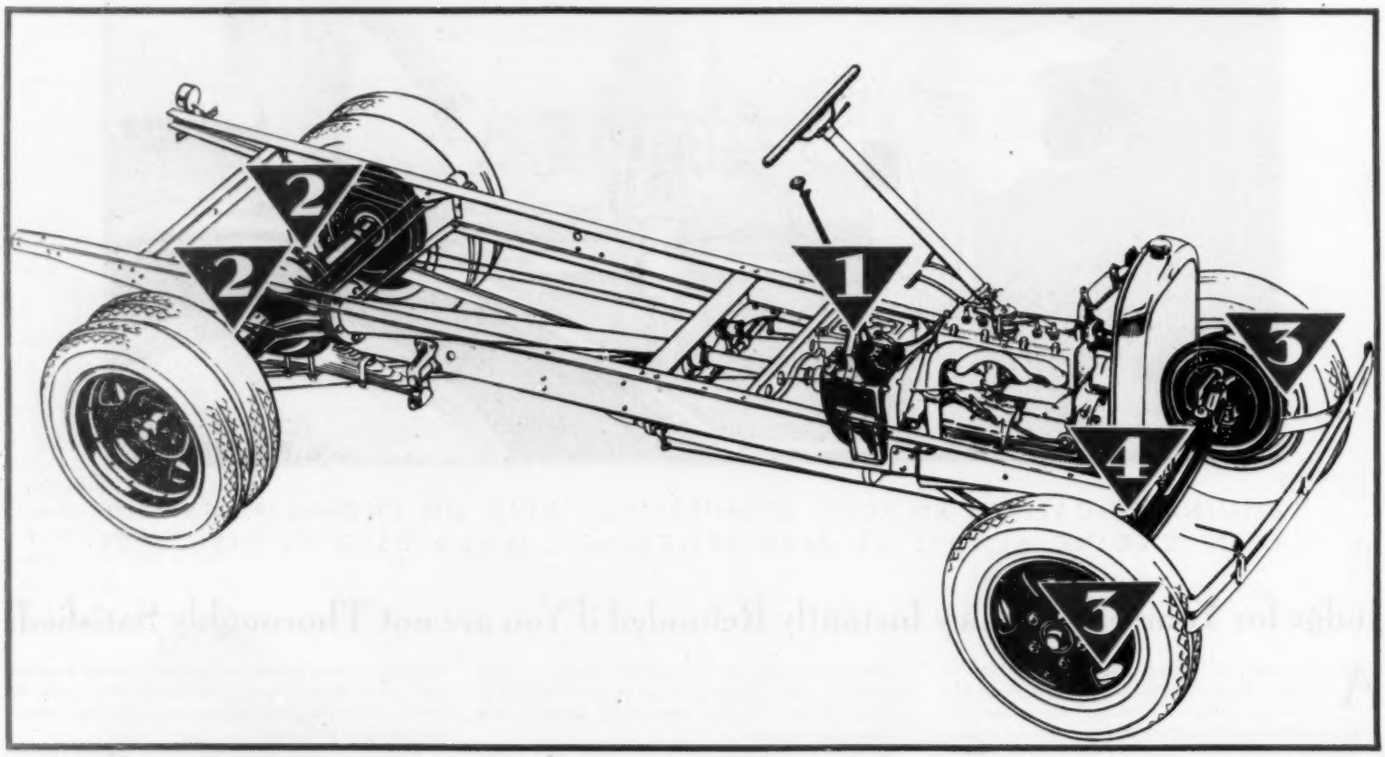
Get This Positive Proof Package!

On an absolute money-back GUARANTEE, your dealer will sell you this Carbo-Solve Positive Proof Package for $4.50. It contains the Alemite Carbo-Solve Injector and 2 tins of Carbo-Solve. Enough to enable you to give it a real test. It is accompanied by the Alemite UNCONDITIONAL Guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

Start using Carbo-Solve today—use it every 500 miles—it costs but $1.25 a can. Begin enjoying the satisfaction and perfect performance of a constantly clean, carbon-free motor.

Alemite Corporation (Division Stewart-Warner), 2648 North Crawford Ave., Chicago. Canadian Address: The Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ont., Canada.

Announcing new features of the



1 4-speed Transmission
A wide, flexible power range

2 New Spiral bevel gear Rear Axle
Rugged strength and long life

3 Larger Brakes
Positive control under every condition

4 New Front Axle and Spring
Unusually sturdy front construction

FORD TRUCK

TO EVERY ONE interested in moving goods economically from one place to another, the improved Ford 1½-ton truck offers long, reliable service and low cost of maintenance.

Rugged strength is an important feature of the improved Ford chassis. Many parts are of new design. For example, the front axle, which is a chrome-alloy forging, is nearly twice as strong as formerly. The front spring is heavier, with wider leaves. Front radius-rods are heavier, and king-pins, thrust bearings and wheel bearings are larger.

The rear construction is also improved. The new rear axle is a special spiral bevel gear truck type. The pinion shaft is straddle mounted, with double taper roller thrust bearings at the front, and heavy spiral roller bearings at the rear.

The rear axle is of three-quarter floating design. The axle shafts are heavier and serve only to turn the wheels, without carrying any of the weight of truck or load.

A feature of the improved Ford truck is the new 4-speed transmission, which provides an unusually flexible range of speed and power. At ready control of the driver is abundant power for moving capacity loads, and ample speed for efficient service where time saved is an important factor.

Safety of the Ford truck is increased by new and larger brakes on the front wheels, which make the silent, fully enclosed brake system unusually positive in action. All brakes are internal expanding. Controls have been redesigned, giving easier and more efficient action.

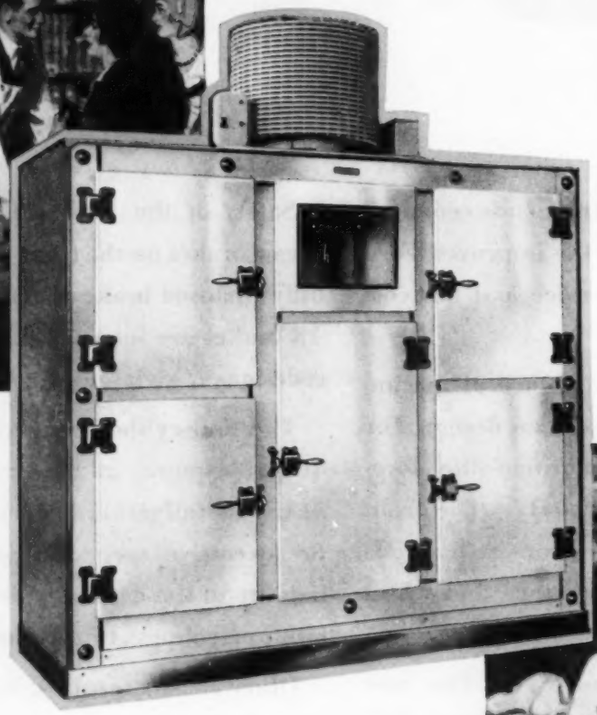
The four-cylinder engine of the Ford truck develops 40 horse-power at moderate speed. This means that nearly its full power becomes available without the need for excessive speed. Especially important to the reliability of the engine is the simplicity of the electrical, ignition, cooling, lubrication and fuel systems.

Other chassis features, many of which are unusual in a truck of such low price, are the cantilever rear springs, which reduce unsprung weight and lessen rebound; the torque-tube drive, which relieves rear springs of all but their normal function of absorbing shocks; the large-sized opening provided in the transmission for power take-off mounting; the dual rear wheels at small additional cost, using steel disc wheels interchangeable all around; balloon tires the same size throughout, giving softer, easier riding, and making only one spare tire necessary.

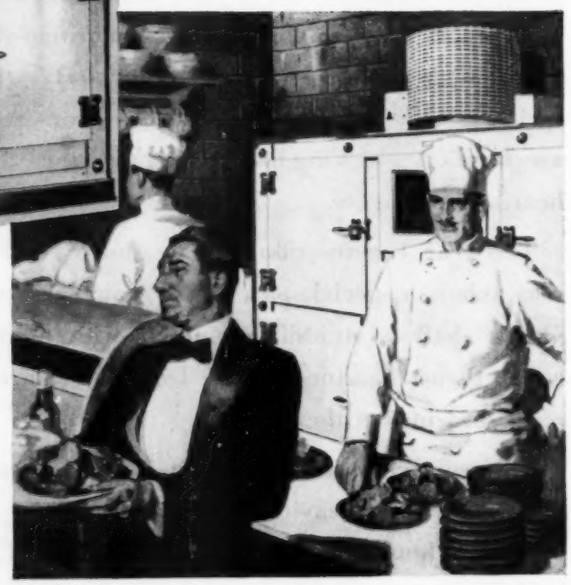
You can inspect the improved Ford truck, today, at the showroom of your Ford dealer. Stake, platform, express and panel bodies are standard, and the chassis can be fitted with bodies for special purposes.

Ford

GENERAL ELECTRIC BRINGS *Economical Refrigeration* INTO THE STORE!



Of the hundreds of thousands of owners of General Electric Refrigerators,* not one *has paid a cent for service.



For the restaurant, delicatessen or grocery—for the combination grocery and butcher shop or bakery—wherever food in quantity must be kept in the very finest condition—*unfailing* refrigeration is a necessity.

You want *electric* refrigeration of course, but—more than that—you want the most *economical* refrigerator—the most durable one—the one which will do its work so efficiently that you can turn it on and forget it.

If that's the kind of refrigerator you want, General Electric Refrigerators were *made* for you! Of the hundreds of thousands of owners, *not one* has paid a cent for service. They are *unfailing*, for the mechanism is designed and built to fit the cabinet, and the cabinet is designed and built to fit the mechanism. The entire mechanism with a *permanent* supply of oil is *hermetically* sealed—safeguarded forever from moisture, dirt, and rust that cause trouble and repair bills. Defrosting is automatic. The freezing regulator is *accessible*. The storage space of a walk-in cooler is provided—but with a General Electric, you merely *reach* in.

Here is the refrigerator with the freezing unit just the right size for the cabinet, so you will use only the amount of current necessary to keep your foods at the proper temperature. With a General Electric, you'll save in electric current bills, in food wastage and shrinkage, and in cost of repairs.

..Why not send the coupon for our catalog of commercial refrigerators showing the many different sizes and styles. Address Section S-3B, Electric Refrigeration Department, General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio. Or ask for a man to come around to discuss your particular requirements. You'll be surprised to see what easy terms may be arranged.

Section S-3B, Electric Refrigeration Department,
General Electric Co., Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.
Kindly send without obligation, your catalog of commercial refrigerators.
*Name*_____
*Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY AT 9 P. M. E. S. T., ON A NATION-WIDE N. B. C. NETWORK

GENERAL ELECTRIC
COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATOR

THE DOOR

(Continued from Page 34)

She looked as though she had not slept for days, and I myself took a sleeping tablet every night and then lay awake until morning. I was alone once more, for Laura had had to go back to her children. She had wept noisily on the way to the train, and had promised to come back as soon as possible.

Of our small family group, then, only Katherine, Judy and I remained, for Wallie was still missing. That defection of his had angered me almost beyond words. He had known something which might have saved Jim, and he had gone away. Somewhere he was hiding until everything was over.

And then, on the twenty-eighth of June, the steward called up from Wallie's club. Wallie had not been seen since the night of Wednesday, the twenty-second, and this was on the following Tuesday.

"We would like to know where he can be found," he said. "We have a number of messages for him, and one that seems to be urgent."

"Urgent?"

"Yes. A lady has been telephoning every day. Today she made me go up and look at his room. She seems to think there's something queer about his absence. She asked me to call you and tell you."

"Queer?" I said, with that now-familiar tightening around my chest. "What did she think? Did she give any name?"

"No. A young woman, I imagine. I don't want to alarm you, but she seemed very nervous. As a matter of fact, she said something about notifying the police."

"She gave no reason for that?"

"No, but I've just been up to his room. It doesn't look to me as though he had meant to be gone for any length of time. His clothes are all there. And his car's missing. Still, I don't think you need to be particularly alarmed; he was erratic at times, as you probably know. If this girl hadn't seemed so excited ——"

"His car is gone?"

"It's out of the garage, yes. Has been since last Wednesday night."

It was Tuesday then, and he had been gone for six days. Of course that might merely bear out Judy's theory that he had simply "beat it," as she put it, but I myself was not so certain. It was hardly conceivable that he had taken himself off for an indefinite stay without extra clothing or even a toothbrush.

The thing worried me. Who was it who had telephoned? Was it Mary Martin, and if so, why had she suggested the police? My entire experience with Mary convinced me that she regarded the police with fear, if not with horror. Yet who else? With all his faults, Wallie had apparently steered clear of the type of underworld woman who might naturally think of the police.

In the end I called the club again and got the steward.

"This young woman who telephoned, Mr. Ellis—did she give any name?"

"No. She called from a pay station. I thought she was crying, as a matter of fact, but she hung up before I could find out anything."

"Why do you say she was young?"

"Well, her voice was young, if you know what I mean."

I was sure then that it was Mary, and the fact that she had been crying convinced me that something was terribly wrong. I left the telephone and went into the library, and there I had as bad an attack of palpitation of the heart as I have ever had.

Joseph found me there and hurried for some bicarbonate, and when I felt a little better I told him the story. It upset him greatly. The hand holding the glass shook until the spoon clattered, and he had to steady himself by a chair.

"The police, madam? Then this young person thinks he has met with real trouble?"

"She was crying, Joseph."

In the end I called up Dick Carter, and that evening he and Joseph went to Wallie's room at the club. They examined everything there, but without result, and the story they brought back was ominous, to say the least.

On that previous Wednesday night Wallie had eaten no dinner. Instead he had gone into the writing room and there had written for a long time—until eight or after. The boy on duty there "thought he was writing a book." When he finished he had asked for a long manila envelope, put into it what he had written, taken his hat and a light coat from the man in the hall and gone out.

He stood on the outside steps for a moment, and then he came back. He seemed nervous and irritable, and he went into the telephone booth and talked to someone for a considerable time. Then he started out again, and so far as was known, he had never come back.

Dick and Joseph examined his room carefully. Joseph, who occasionally went there to go over his clothing and to put things in order for him, said that he found nothing missing.

"But you must remember, madam," he said, "that Mr. Walter has been under a great strain lately, and it is not unusual for him to start out on an evening ride in his car and then to keep on. I have known him to do that a number of times."

"For six days, Joseph? And when he was to testify at a murder trial the next day? That's ridiculous."

"That is probably the reason, madam."

"Nonsense, Joseph! Nobody believes Mr. Walter had anything to do with it."

From the club they went to the garage. The night man remembered clearly his coming there, and that he must have meant to return, for he had ordered the car washed that night.

"I'll be in about eleven," he had said. "I want it properly washed too. The last time it looked worse than before you started."

He had seemed to be in a bad humor. It was about a quarter after eight when he reached there, and he ordered the car filled with gas and oil. He said he was going into the country, and he stood by watching while this was done. He seemed to "be in a hurry to be off."

But after he was in the car something happened of which the mere telling made my hands cold and sent despair into my very soul.

To quote the man at the garage:

"He had an overcoat—it's still here—and at the last moment he threw it out to me. It was a warm night. Then he asked for it again, and he took a revolver out of it. He tried to slip it out so I wouldn't see it. But I saw it all right. He put it in the pocket of the car."

To me that night, that revolver meant only one thing. Wallie had killed himself. Somewhere he had stopped his car on a lonely road and ended a life which had ceased to be endurable.

But why? What did he know? What had he done? Was it possible, after all, that those three alibis of his were wrong? Had he slipped out of my house that night of the eighteenth of April and killed poor Sarah? I went over that night once more, and I was certain that he had not.

Late as it was by that time—almost midnight—I called up Inspector Harrison. I had evidently wakened him from a sound sleep, but he said he would come as soon as he could, and while I sat there waiting, my mind fairly seethed.

If Wallie was innocent, then what did he know that he would rather die than tell, and for which he would let Jim suffer? And once more I harked back to Judy and that strange suspicion of hers about her father. Were we all wrong, after all? Was Howard being blackmailed, and that will with its ambiguous clause his final price for silence? Was Katherine right and was Margaret living? And were Sarah and Florence, Howard's desperate last attempt to keep that secret under cover?

Jim and Wallie both silent; the one ready to go to the chair, if necessary, before he would speak, and the other perhaps dead by his own hand—what did that look like?

And when the inspector came I told him all that was in my mind—my fears for Wallie, my suspicions about Howard. He listened attentively, biting hard on the end of a toothpick, and silent for some time after I had finished.

"It's ingenious," he said at last. "It's even possible. Funny thing Miss Judy would think of that, isn't it, and the rest of us would miss it? Sure he might have recognized this fellow if he was there; especially if he knew him. There's more to recognition than features. There's the outline and the clothes and the way a person moves. And here's a thing that struck me at the trial. If he was inventing that man, why put him in evening clothes? It was plausible enough up to that minute. Then the jury just sat back and yawned. Now, Mr. Somers had white hair, I think, and he wore it fairly long?"

"Yes."

"Queer case, isn't it?" he said. "Unless Blake invented the evening coat to fit the black fibers on that log. Well, let's get to this other matter."

When he left, it was to go to the garage and secure a description of Wallie's car, and I believe it was almost morning before he got to his bed again. He had started the entire machinery of the city and county on the search by that time, and the only reason he did not extend that search over the country was because he felt certain, as he confessed later, that Wallie was dead by his own hand, and not too far away.

That was on Tuesday, and on Wednesday morning the papers were filled with his disappearance: "Young Millionaire Missing. Police Hunting Walter Somers."

And on Thursday afternoon, the last day of June, we had some news.

Wallie's car had been found on the Warrenville Road, not far from the end of the street-car line, and about two miles nearer the city than the Hawkins farm. Some boy scouts, out for a hike, had selected for lunch a gully with a small stream flowing through it, and a half dozen had wandered up this ravine for half a mile or so.

The car had been driven over the hill, and was upside down and badly demolished. A local deputy constable had notified the police and kept the boys away. They had been anxious to turn it over.

When Inspector Harrison arrived on the scene with Simmons and four or five others, the ground had not been disturbed. They found no footprints, however, save the smaller and unmistakable ones of the boys, and they were forced to the conclusion either that the car had been empty when it started on its wild journey, or that Wallie had been thrown out somewhere on the hill. But they found no Wallie, and nothing further to help them.

The inspector, reporting the matter, had his own opinion of it.

"He deliberately got rid of that car," he said. "It might have lain there for a year if those youngsters hadn't happened on it."

There was no sign of the revolver, and although inside it—it was a roadster, with a rumble seat—there were certain scratches, and a leather seat cushion torn in one place, these were probably the result of the terrific impact after it had shot down the hill.

There was, however, an unexpected result to the discovery and description of the car in the press. A woman named Wiggins came forward to say that she had seen such a car as she was leaving the street car at the end of the line at something before nine on the evening of Wednesday, June the twenty-second. She fixed the date absolutely, as she had gone to town to see her daughter off on a train. Also she remembered the car distinctly, because it had almost run over her. And she stated positively that there had been two men in it at the time.

The inspector was very sober when he told me that.

"It looks now," he said, "as though somebody knew that Walter Somers meant to go on the stand that next day and tell all he knew. And that he was—prevented."

"Murdered is what you mean, isn't it?"

He cleared his throat.

"It's possible. It's very possible. And I suppose Walter could swim and Amos couldn't!"

Which was what he left me with, to make of it what I might.

Those few days had told terribly on Joseph. The maids reported that he walked the floor at night until they were almost crazy, and for the first time in my service he was forgetful and absent. I was startled one day to have him pour ice water into my soup, and his hands were so uncertain that he broke a piece of my mother's Lowestoft china—a thing he had not done in all his years of dusting and washing it. On the plea that he knew Wallie's habits, I loaned him my car, and he took his afternoons and joined the search. That he went to the club I know, but I have no other knowledge of his movements save one.

Dick had taken Judy out to the road above the gully, and they were surprised to find my car there. When they got to the edge they saw Joseph below; he was sitting on a rock, his head on his breast, and when they called to him, he jumped and then came toiling up the slope.

"What on earth are you doing?" Judy demanded.

He looked down sheepishly at his muddy clothes.

"I was looking for the revolver. Mr. Walter never killed himself, miss."

"Joseph," said Judy impulsively, "why don't you tell what you know? You know something."

"What little I know is Mr. Walter's secret, miss." That was all he would say.

XXIX

THAT night Joseph was shot—not killed, but painfully injured. The bullet struck his collar bone and broke it near the shoulder. But fired from only five or six feet, the impact was terrific, and at first I thought that he was dead.

The two children had come in about 8:30, and Judy was very low. The appeal was still pending, and unless we secured a new trial, Jim would go to the chair early in September. There was strong pressure being brought against a retrial.

"James Blake has had every opportunity to prove his innocence, and has failed. A jury of thoughtful men and women found him guilty and sentenced him to death as the penalty of at least one crime. There is no question but that an acquittal would have found him at once accused of at least one other murder, and possibly two.

"There is, however, more at issue than this. In the past the murderer with wealth at his command has found it possible to evade punishment for almost indefinite periods, with the result that the sacredness of human life ——"

It is not surprising then that our group of three was silent that night.

Judy, I remember, had gone back to the night of Sarah's death, as though she was desperately attempting to prove something to herself.

"Why wasn't it Wallie, after all?" she said. "He was in dinner clothes that night. Suppose he broke into the house here that night? Why hadn't he stunned Sarah with that piece of wood, and then come here to get whatever it was—the records or the will? She may have lain unconscious for those three hours. Then, later on, he could have gone back to her."

Well, that, too, was possible, although Dick thought the question of time entered into it.

(Continued on Page 86)

FATIGUED?..*Millions find*

Do you, Sir, find the smoking jacket far more friendly than the dinner jacket—evening after evening?

Do you hug the hearth, too weary for even an occasional party? Do the list of books bore you? In short, are you far too old for your years?

And you, Miss, when four o'clock comes and the pot-hooks in your note book swim before your eyes, and your leaden fingers stumble over the keys—when you think the laggard clock-hand will never point to five—are you worn out with work? We wonder—

Do you, Madam, find the household too much of a handful for you of late?

Do you sometimes feel as though you just couldn't carry on?

Do the little trade-marks of tiredness worry you once in a while when you look into your mirror?

POST'S

new play-time alertness in this delicious breakfast bowl!

That's one reason why more people eat Post's Bran Flakes than any other bran cereal in the world!

THE truth of the matter is that *most* weariness is not the result of actual work at all!

The fatigue that gives you that hopelessly gone feeling—that utterly discouraging, I'm-just-ready-to-quit sensation—more often than not comes from *within.*

Sometimes carelessly chosen meals—often a lack of proper exercise—most often of all a combination of these two faults results in an overloading of the body with devitalizing waste matter. Nature complains. You are tired, out of sorts, depressed. Take care! Give overburdened Nature the gentle help—the daily benefits of bran-bulk in your diet.

These crisp, fine-flavored flakes will help you to keep constantly fit

For they are Post's Bran Flakes—and *bran,* you know, is Nature's own regulator—normal and positive.

Each delicious spoonful helps to combat constipation—helps to keep your body free from poisonous impurities.

Eat Post's Bran Flakes in one form or another—for breakfast with milk or cream—for a business lunch with fruits or berries—at *any* mealtime in fluffy, flavorful muffins! Soon, you won't wonder why more people eat Post's Bran Flakes than any other bran cereal in the world!

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

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If this is good enough

why not this?

OF course, you can *see* by candle light! But who wants to, in this electric age? You might get floors clean—after a fashion—with hand methods. But it would be needless and costly drudgery, a fact which is not altered because you may not have to do it yourself.

The FINNELL SYSTEM is the modern way to scrub or polish floors. It is fair to your employees and to you. It means cleaner, more beautiful floors, satisfied patrons, improved product, decreased accident hazard. Its cost is more than paid for by its savings.

A Household Model, too. Refinishes, waxes, polishes and scrubs home floors.

Write for Booklet—stating whether interested in models for business or home use. Address FINNELL SYSTEM, INC., 103 East Street, Elkhart, Indiana, or 150 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Canada. Branches in London and Stockholm.

FINNELL

ELECTRIC FLOOR MACHINE

IT WAXES
IT POLISHES
IT SCRUBS

More than just a machine—FINNELL is a system. Eight models—enabling selection to fit your needs. For factories, stores, schools, hospitals, all business buildings or institutions.

(Continued from Page 83)

"He'd have had to work pretty fast," he said. "It takes time to get old putty out of a window. When I was a housebreaker——"

"He didn't finish. He broke the pane."

I recall that they wrangled about it, and that finally they decided to go out and experiment a bit. Dick's idea, I think, was to get Judy's mind away from Jim's tragic situation, and as I needed the same thing myself rather badly, I trailed along. It was a steaming July night, for it had rained during the day. Somewhere in the ground next door the ex-bootlegger's children were exploding a few premature firecrackers, and on the street a steady procession of cars was passing, the riders not so much seeking a breeze as producing one.

We went out by the pantry and kitchen. Joseph was reading the paper in the pantry, and I remember that as we passed through the pantry Judy asked him the time.

"Ten o'clock, miss."

"Aren't you hot in here, Joseph?" I asked. All the windows were down and the shades drawn.

"It's safer like this, madam."

I remember, too, that when we went outside, Dick carrying a flash light, the dogs went with us, and that Jock saw a rabbit or something of the sort in the shrubbery by the garage and made a dash for it. I whistled him back, and he came reluctantly.

We made our way slowly about, Dick turning the flash alternately on the trees, one or two of which grew close to the house, and onto windows and doors. At last we reached the back drawing-room door and Dick turned the light full on it.

"Now for the knife," he said. "Durn you, I'll learn you, Miss Judy."

"Knife? What knife?"

"I gave you a pocketknife, O love of my life. What did you do with it? I put it on the desk for you."

Judy maintained that he had done nothing of the sort, and after a momentary squabble Dick went back by the kitchen to get it. As I have said somewhere, it is exactly fifty feet around the corner from this door to the kitchen porch, and as he was running, he made it very quickly. It could not have been more than three minutes from the time he left us until he rejoined us.

Jock, I recall, was restless, and Judy was obliged to hold him. She was slightly querulous. In his excitement Dick had carried the flash light with him, and she grumbled.

"He might have left us the light anyhow. I feel creepy."

And indeed she did, for when Dick unexpectedly turned the corner, having left the house by the front door and emerging from behind us, she jumped and screamed.

As I sit here, recalling that night, I am again obsessed with that peculiar fatality which seemed to attend all our actions during those months of terror. Here again was an instance of it. Dick goes into the house by the kitchen door and departs by the front door, leaving both wide open, and as a result we have not only another crime but no clew whatever to the identity of its perpetrator. And in that night's tragedy lay the whole story. A matter of deadly reasoning, deadly inevitable, and as coldly and recklessly carried out.

Dick came back, as I say, and began working with the knife on the hard putty around one of the panes.

"It's hard," he said. "Look at this. Like cement. No, lady love, Wallie hadn't time to meet Sarah and knock her senseless, get here, dig out as much of this as he did dig, and then be seen on the stairs apparently on his way out, when he was seen. All those little things took time."

They wrangled about it, Judy sticking to her point. Wallie had taken the pencil up the ladder with him, because he had dropped something of his own down the shaft. Later on, having to dispose of the body, he had used the ladder to reach the top of the sewer. That was why she had wanted to look at it. There was red clay around the sewer.

But we were not there more than fifteen minutes in all, perhaps less. And next door the firecrackers were popping and the cars on the street were back-firing after coasting down the hill. What was one report more or less to us, as we stood there? When we started back toward the kitchen Judy and Dick lagged behind me, like the lovers they were, and as I was leading Jock by the collar, it so happened that I was still in this stooped position when I reached the pantry door.

Joseph was still there, in his chair. But he did not rise when I entered, and I released the dog and straightened up, rather surprised. I saw then that a thin stream of blood was slowly spreading over his shirt front, and as I stared at him his body relaxed and he slid out of the chair and onto the floor.

His eyes were open, and he seemed to be looking at me. It was as though we gazed at each other, Joseph and I, and as though he said: "You see what has happened to me. It is incredible, but here I am."

He was not conscious. Just when that look of shocked surprise left him I do not know. One moment it was there, the next it was as though a hand had been passed over his face and left it smooth. I dropped down on my knees beside him, stricken with grief. I caught his hand, which had served me for so many years. Strange, in all that time, how seldom I had touched his hand.

I felt a deep remorse, an overwhelming pity. There, under the light, still shone beneath his thin iron-gray hair the scar from that mysterious attack which might have killed him. I put my hand up and touched it, and with that I remember that I began to cry.

I realize now that sometime in those shocked first seconds I heard the front door slam, but it no more than registered on my dazed brain. On the kitchen porch Dick and Judy were still talking, and the red spot on Joseph's shirt front spread a little, but very little.

I got up and went into the kitchen.

"Judy," I said, "will you go around by the front door? Joseph is—not well."

"Not well? You don't mean that he's been drinking?"

"No. Please do what I tell you."

I left them and went back to the pantry. There was no indication there of any visitor. The evening paper lay on the table, and Joseph's reading glasses beside it. Apparently he had stopped reading and perhaps had dozed.

I had noticed lately that he dozed rather often; a sort of half sleep, like that of a very old man, although Joseph was not that. He was perhaps in his late fifties.

Of a weapon there was no sign whatever.

I was apparently calm enough by that time. I knew that we had probably heard the shot, but that we had laid it to the customary explosions in the street. I knew that Jock had not seen a rabbit, but something infinitely more sinister, and even to an extent I was able to reconstruct the crime: Dick had left open the door to the kitchen, and Joseph had not closed it, or certainly not locked it. There had been ten minutes after Dick had passed through the pantry, and a shot required but a second of time. I think it was then that I remembered the slamming door, and I realized that while I stared at Joseph, the murderer was still in the house, working his way forward.

The sharp ringing of the doorbell over my head at that moment sent a chill over me. But it was only Dick and Judy, to report that the front door had been closed, although Dick had left it standing open, and to stare at me with curious eyes.

"Look here," Judy said. "Something's happened to Joseph, hasn't it?"

"He's hurt."

"Who hurt him?"

"I don't know," I said, and then I broke down and began to cry again. That shocked them profoundly. I remember Judy pushing me into the library and Dick running back. Then I believe I fainted, for I recall very little until the police were in the house and Doctor Simonds was bending over me.

They took Joseph to the hospital that night, and they extracted the bullet. He was not badly hurt, but was suffering considerable pain.

"He's strong," Doctor Simonds told me, "and he has kept himself in good condition. He's not flabby like most butlers. But he's had a shock—more of a shock than he cares to tell about."

"He won't say who did it?"

"No. He says he doesn't know. But as he was shot from in front, at pretty close range, that's unlikely. Unless he was asleep."

In spite of myself, I could not get Wallie out of my mind after I had learned that. Wallie with his revolver, and that odd statement of Joseph's that he did not know who shot him.

Inspector Harrison was very noncommittal. One curious thing he had found that night, ranging over that first floor while Doctor Simonds worked over Joseph in the pantry. This was that the criminal—whoever it was—had paused long enough in the library to take a glass of sherry!

A decanter had been brought in earlier in the evening with some biscuits, but none of us had touched it. Yet sherry had been poured and apparently drunk. A little had even been spilled on the top of my old desk, and as it lay for some time, the desk bears the stains to this day.

"But it's incredible," I said.

"Not incredible, probably, if we knew the answer, but it certainly argues a degree of recklessness that's unusual, to say the least. If Jock saw this person with the gun near the garage, and you heard the front door slam, it looks as though he simply walked in the back and out the front of the house."

"Stopping in the library for a little wine," I said bitterly.

"Precisely. Stopping in the library for a little wine."

There was no weapon anywhere. True, Joseph's own revolver was in the pantry drawer where he kept it, but it had not been fired and the chambers were clean and new.

Dick had gone with the ambulance, and as Robert was not about, I sent Judy home in a taxicab soon after. It was not until she had gone that the inspector ceased his ranging over the lower floor, and coming into the library, planted himself in front of me.

"I'm going to ask you a few plain questions, Miss Bell, and I want plain answers. First, tell me again about young Carter going back into the house."

"He ran back for a knife. I've told you——"

"Yes. Whose idea was this 'experiment,' as you call it?"

"I think it was his. I really don't think it was Judy's. He and Judy had both been talking about it."

"But Miss Judy left the knife in the house? Are you sure of that?"

"He accused her of it. Half jokingly, of course."

"That's different. Now, let's go over this. He ran in by the kitchen, through the house and into the library, and then out by the front door?"

"Yes."

"Why the front door?"

"I dare say it was nearer."

He paced the floor for a moment, and the toothpick between his strong white teeth had an aggressive tilt. I began to feel uneasy without knowing quite why.

"How well do you know young Carter? What do you know about him?" he fired at me suddenly.

"Nothing at all, really; except that he is rather a dear boy and—Judy thinks so."

"Where does he come from? Who are his people?"

"I haven't the remotest idea. I imagine he is practically alone. I know he is an orphan."

"He's poor, I take it?"

"Poor and very proud, inspector."

"Humph," he grunted. "Doesn't it beat the devil the way a good-looking boy with nice manners can get everywhere, and no

(Continued on Page 88)

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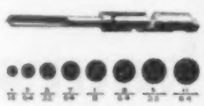

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(Continued from Page 86)

questions asked? Now understand me, Miss Bell, I'm not saying Dick Carter fired that shot tonight, but I am saying that he had an excellent chance to fire that shot. And I'm going to tell you something else. He had a revolver in that Ford of his, parked in the front drive."

I was angry and outraged, but he lifted a hand against my protest.

"Now wait a minute. I'm thinking out loud, that's all; and I have a good bit of respect for your discretion. I've got that gun here, and we have a man in the department who'll be able to tell us if it's been fired lately. Magazine's full, of course. He'd have had time to do that and to slip it into the pocket of his car on the way back to you and Miss Judy."

"But why on earth would he shoot Joseph?" I demanded angrily. "Just because he has an automatic—and I happen to know that he has carried one in his car ever since this trouble began—it is ridiculous to suspect him."

"I told you I was only thinking out loud," he said blandly, and soon after that he went away.

It was the next day that Dick was sent for and interrogated, and Judy came around to see me, with black shadows under her eyes and a look of despair in them.

"They suspect him," she said. "They've got something against him now, and they may get more. Listen. What became of that knife Dick had last night?"

"I haven't seen it since. It may be on my desk downstairs."

"It isn't," she wailed. "They've got it, and it was Wallie's. Dick found it in his room the night he and Joseph searched it, and brought it away. It had the point missing from one blade."

"Do be rational, Judy. What has that got to do with it?"

"I'm as rational as you are. That knife had the point broken off a blade, and if that point fits the piece the inspector has—the piece he found on the step after Sarah was killed—what will they think?"

"Did Joseph see him take the knife?"

"No. He just slid it into his pocket. You see, we have always been sure that it was Wallie on the stairs that night, and Dick thought the knife might prove it. He showed it to me, and I thought so too."

"You can tell them that, Judy."

"And would they believe me? They would not. How do they know I'm not mixed up in the whole rotten mess? How do they know Sarah didn't write me about the will? I came down that day, didn't I? And I telephoned Dick that night. How do they know I didn't tell him Sarah was out with that copy of the will in her pocketbook? I stood to lose a lot by that will, and so did Dick if he married me."

"You're crazy, Judy!"

"Am I? Uncle Jim saw that man on the hillside, didn't he? Saw him and recognized him. Who's he protecting? Can't they easily think he's being noble and protecting Dick for me?"

"And Joseph?"

"They could find a reason for Joseph, if they wanted one."

"Still, I dare say that even in their wildest moments, Judy, they would not accuse Dick of knocking himself unconscious on the hill or of trying to brain you in the garage."

She laughed a little, in spite of herself, and she went away somewhat comforted. But I myself was not so sure.

They released Dick, however, after that interrogation, and things seemed to go on much as before. But I have reason to think that he was more or less under observation from that time on.

xxx

YET things were moving rapidly to the dénouement, although none of us suspected it. It was the next day that Inspector Harrison found, on the hillside below the garage, and leading up to it, those footprints of which he was to say nothing until his case was complete. I saw him from a rear upper window, tramping about with Simmons at his heels, and every now and then he would stoop and plant a stick in the ground. Toothpicks, maybe, although they would be a trifle small. But this was the next day. That night he left a policeman on guard in the house, and the next morning one appeared to patrol the grounds. That continued to the end.

I think it was the next day, or the day following, that Lily Sanderson called up to say that Mrs. Bassett was dead.

"She simply slept away," she said. "One of the boarders here thinks she got hold of the morphia and took an overdose, but if she did, who can blame her?"

She seemed very sad and desolate. I told her to come in sometime, and then, what with one thing and another, I am afraid I forgot them both; Lily getting her sleep now, in that bedroom of hers, and Mrs. Bassett resting at last, after more trouble than most human beings are called upon to bear.

I was not well during the day or two following the shooting of Joseph. I had been profoundly shocked, and what with worry about Wallie and the long strain, I almost collapsed. Doctor Simonds ordered me to bed on, I think, the second day, and Judy stayed with me as much as possible.

She was still anxious about Dick, still fearful for him. She seemed to think that, because everything was quiet, that very quiet was ominous, and in her desperation she was casting about for someone, anyone, on whom to throw the guilt.

Thus, I think it was on Wednesday, she said to me suddenly, after the doctor had gone: "I don't like that man."

"Why not, Judy?"

"He's oily, and he's always around!"

"Only when he's sent for."

"Is he?" She looked at me queerly. "Do you suppose he just happened to be passing the house the night Joseph was shot?"

"Was he? I didn't know that."

"Well, he was. I picked him off the street. Dick was at the telephone, and I ran down to the gate to see if I could find a policeman. He was passing by in his car then."

"Well, that was fortunate, wasn't it?"

"That depends," she said slowly. "Look back a little, Elizabeth Jane. He takes care of father when he is sick here; and he knows about the will; he knows us all, and all about us. And when you think about it, he's always around, isn't he? Somebody throws Joseph down the back stairs, and where is Doctor Simonds? He's apparently waiting in his office to be called. I get hurt in the garage, and he's at home, sitting by the telephone! Joseph gets shot, and he's passing by the house."

"Really, Judy!"

"I'm going to get rid of this if it kills me. Uncle Jim gets sick, and who is in and out of his house day and night? Simonds. It's like that nursery rime about the warm cot, only the answer isn't mother. It's Doctor Simonds. He could get into the garage and put that oil on the carpet of the car, and so bring Uncle Jim into it. And he's got a car of his own and drives like the devil.

"How do we know he didn't go to New York that night and see father? And he's tall and rather thin, and he's got evening clothes and wears them. What I'd like to know," she went on, her voice raised and her color high, "is where Doctor Simonds comes in in all this. We've been taking his word right along, but how do we know he isn't lying?"

"A reputable doctor ——" I began.

"Oh, I'm sick of reputable doctors and reputable lawyers. I don't trust anyone any more. How do we know those two didn't get together—Mr. Waite and Doctor Simonds—and cook this thing up with Wallie? Doctor Simonds dopes father, and Mr. Waite draws the will. And Sarah's suspicious. She puts on the record that father was queer that day."

"And so your Uncle Jim saw him that night on the hillside after he had killed poor Sarah, and is willing to be tried for his life to protect him? Don't be silly. Are you intimating also that Doctor Simonds did away with Wallie and shot Joseph?"

"Why not?" she said more calmly. "Wallie was coming out with the whole story on the stand, so he had to be got out of the way. And Joseph knew something or suspected somebody, so he was shot. And don't forget this: He meant to kill Joseph. That was the big idea."

"I don't believe it. Doctor Simonds has attended me for years, and ——"

She made an impatient gesture.

"Why is it," she demanded, "that all women over a certain age have a soft spot for their doctors? Doctors are human. I'm asking you to think, not to be sentimental. Wallie knows the question will come up of undue influence or of father not being capable of making a will. So what do they do? Doctor Simonds writes him a note that father is perfectly capable of making a will. And whose word have we that the two were as reconciled during that sickness as Wallie pretends? Doctor Simonds again! You never heard Sarah say so, did you?"

"She never talked. And she didn't like Wallie."

"Then again, come down to the night Joseph was shot. Who could walk into this house without suspicion? Suppose we'd happened in before he got Joseph? Would we have suspected him of anything? No! He'd have said he saw the door open and dropped in, or that he wanted to use the telephone, and you'd have given him a glass of the sherry he likes so much and thought nothing of it."

"Why would he have come in the back door?"

"How do we know he came in the back door? Why didn't he come in the front, take a glass of wine and then wander back? Maybe he hadn't planned to kill Joseph just then, but there was the chance and he took it."

I think that was on Wednesday, and Joseph had been shot on Sunday night.

It is hardly surprising that I could not sleep that night, although everything was safe enough, now that crime had at last entered my very house. From the night of the shooting, an officer had patroled the grounds in the daytime, keeping out the curious crowds which would otherwise have overrun us, and another one had stayed downstairs in the house at night.

The maids left him a night supper in the pantry and a coffeepot on the range. About two in the morning there would steal through the house the aroma of boiling coffee, and although I had begun to suffer from a chronic insomnia, that homely and domestic odor acted on me like a narcotic. Downstairs was the law, armed and substantial and awake. I would go to sleep then.

But that night I did not. I lay in my hot bed and listened to the far-off movements below, and that theory of Judy's grew until it became a nightmare. At last I got up, put on a dressing gown and slippers and went down the stairs.

The pantry looked very comfortable, bright with lights and with that solid square blue figure drawn up to the table before the cold roast beef, the salad, the bread and cheese and coffee which were to stay it until morning.

But the officer was taking no chances in that pantry. The shades were closely drawn, and a chair was placed against the swinging door into the kitchen.

I must have moved very silently, for when I spoke he leaped to his feet and whirled on me; none the less impressive because the only weapon in his hand was a silver fork.

"I've come for some coffee," I said.

"Come in, ma'am. Come in," he said heartily. And I gathered from the zeal with which he served me that he, too, had found the night long and not a little dreary.

So we sat there, the two of us, companionably supping. He recommended mustard for the cold beef and so I took mustard, which I happen to despise. All the time he carried on a running fire of conversation,

(Continued on Page 90)

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(Continued from Page 88)

like a man who is relieved to hear the sound of any voice, even his own. And when my complaisance regarding the mustard brought tears to my eyes, he even leaned over and patted my arm.

"You get that coffee down, ma'am," he said, "and you'll feel better. I guess you've been through plenty."

Here, however, he delicately decided to change the subject.

"What's happened to the red-haired girl who was here the night of the—the night you sent for us? I haven't seen her since."

"That was my niece, Judy Somers. She does not live here. But she is not red-haired."

"I don't mean Miss Somers. This girl was red-headed, all right. She was running up the drive just ahead of me. When she heard me she stopped."

I sat perfectly still. Fortunately he was busy with his coffee, into which he was putting lump after lump of sugar. I managed to steady my voice.

"A red-haired girl?" I said slowly. "Did she speak to you?"

"I'll say she did. Caught me by the arm and wanted to know what was wrong in the house. I said: 'What business is that of yours?' and she said she worked here, she had a right to know. The rest had gone on, and I was in a hurry myself, but she hung on to me, and I saw that she looked sort of sick. 'Somebody been hurt,' I said, and with that she let me go."

"You didn't see her again?"

He looked at me and smiled.

"I've been watching for her here. She was a right good-looking girl. But I haven't seen her. You know who it is, I suppose?"

"Yes. But she is not now in my employ."

I thought he looked disappointed but certainly not suspicious. He had, however, little more to tell. The precinct men had arrived before. He had come from headquarters in the side car of a motorcycle, which had dropped him at the street, so that he was afoot when he overtook her.

I slept not at all that night. I was remembering a conversation I had had with the inspector the morning after Joseph was shot, and following that examination he had made of the hillside.

"Just what do you know about Joseph, Miss Bell—his private life, I mean?"

"I don't believe he had any."

"He'd never seemed in any fear, had he? For himself, I mean?"

"Not that I know of."

"Never took any precautions, I suppose? Didn't act like a man with anything hanging over him?"

"Not at all. He had looked very tired lately, and I had asked him if he wanted to go away. I have never seen him show any fear, except that last night as we went through the pantry he had the windows all closed. I spoke about it, and he said it was safer. Or he felt safer."

"What about women? I suppose you wouldn't know about that?"

"I am sure there was nothing of the sort."

"Well, I'm not. I'll come to that later. But there are some things about this shooting that make it just a little different from the others. In the first place, the method's different. There's no attempt to camouflage the crime, and no attempt at even ordinary care against detection. In the others, care was taken. I'll go further and say that I've never seen a case where such steps were taken, during and later, to cover every possible trail.

"But look at this. You're around the corner, only fifty feet away. You've got a dog, two dogs. Except for the fact that you held the terrier that night, he'd have made a row that would have awakened the neighborhood. The house is fully lighted. Joseph is awake, or was until a moment or so before the shot. If he was asleep, the criminal can't know it. The shades are drawn.

"Then again, why shoot him in the house? He must have been in and out. He goes to the garage sometimes; he is not always shut up at night. Since Walter's disappearance he's been out at all hours and in all sorts of places.

"But he's shot right here, in a bright light. The psychology's different, that's all. Look at this: I've just shot Joseph back there. I've got the revolver in my pocket, and so far I've got away with it. I've been watching the place, so I know you three are outside and may come in at any moment. The front door is open; the hall is brightly lighted. You may come in that way, walk right in on me. What's my normal procedure?"

"I should think you'd get out as fast as possible."

"Absolutely. But I don't. I saunter into that library, in a full light, pour myself a glass of sherry, put down the glass and then take my departure. And if you didn't use cut-glass sherry glasses I'd leave a decent finger print instead of what we have. It's too reckless to be normal! Unless it's a woman."

At four o'clock that morning, unwilling to disturb the inspector until later, I called Dick and asked him what he thought of it. He was drowsy and only half awake.

"She was running up the drive, toward the house," I said. "And she didn't know what had happened. She asked the officer."

But I could hear him yawning over the telephone.

"Sorry," he said. "The old bean isn't working very well. Probably she knew a lot more than she was admitting. Maybe she was running out, and when she heard your policeman she reversed the process. It's an old dodge, you know."

I sat on the side of my bed, the telephone on my knee, and tried to think. If that casual hypothesis of Dick's was correct, then Mary Martin had shot Joseph. It would have been easy enough. She knew the house and the habits of all of us—that the two maids retired early, that Joseph sat reading until late in the pantry; if she had seen Judy and Dick and myself go out into the grounds, she knew that the lower floor outside of the pantry was unoccupied. She had only to enter by the kitchen, fire her shot, and go forward, in order to escape.

But she had not escaped. In the ten, perhaps fifteen minutes between my finding Joseph and the arrival of the police, she had had plenty of time, but she had not gone.

Had she been upstairs during that interval, on some mysterious errand of her own? In Sarah's room, perhaps, or Joseph's, and then, later on, in the upper hall, peering over the banister and watching that influx of blue coats and muscular bodies; still later on stealing down the stairs, step by step. Sounds from the pantry, men talking, and Mary looking over her shoulder. Then the still-open front door, a run for freedom, and the sound of a motorcycle stopping and escape cut off.

Had she turned in a panic, and started back toward the house? Or had she already planned the maneuver in case of necessity? To believe that last was to believe her old in crime, infinitely cunning and desperate.

I had worked myself into a condition bordering on hysteria by seven in the morning, when I called up Inspector Harrison, but his very voice quieted me. He was angry enough, however, when I had told him the story.

"The blockhead!" he exploded, referring to the policeman. "I'll break him for this."

"He didn't know. She said she worked here."

"She did, did she? She's a quick thinker. But what was she doing there?"

"You don't think she shot Joseph?"

"Well, I don't think she's the temperament to shoot Joseph and then go in and take a glass of wine. No."

I felt relieved. I was not fond of Mary, but the picture I had drawn for myself during the night had revolted me.

"Then I'm glad I talked to you. And by the way, Mrs. Bassett is dead."

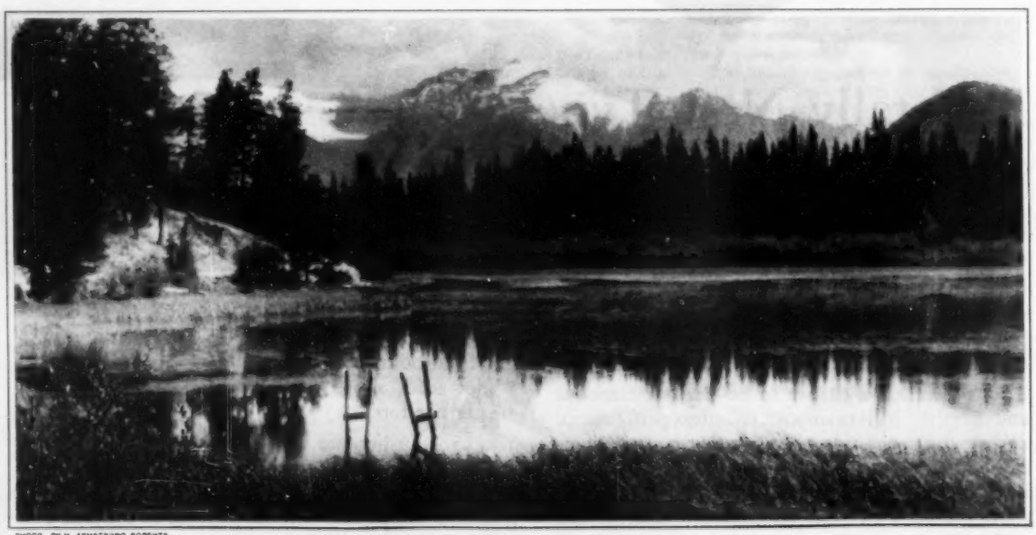
I told him of Lily Sanderson's message, and he was silent for so long when I had finished that I thought we might have been disconnected.

"Hello," I said. "Central, I've ——"

"I'm still here, Miss Bell. I'm sitting on a chair thinking what a fool I've been. I don't belong on the force. I ought to be a paperhanger!"

And with that he hung up the receiver.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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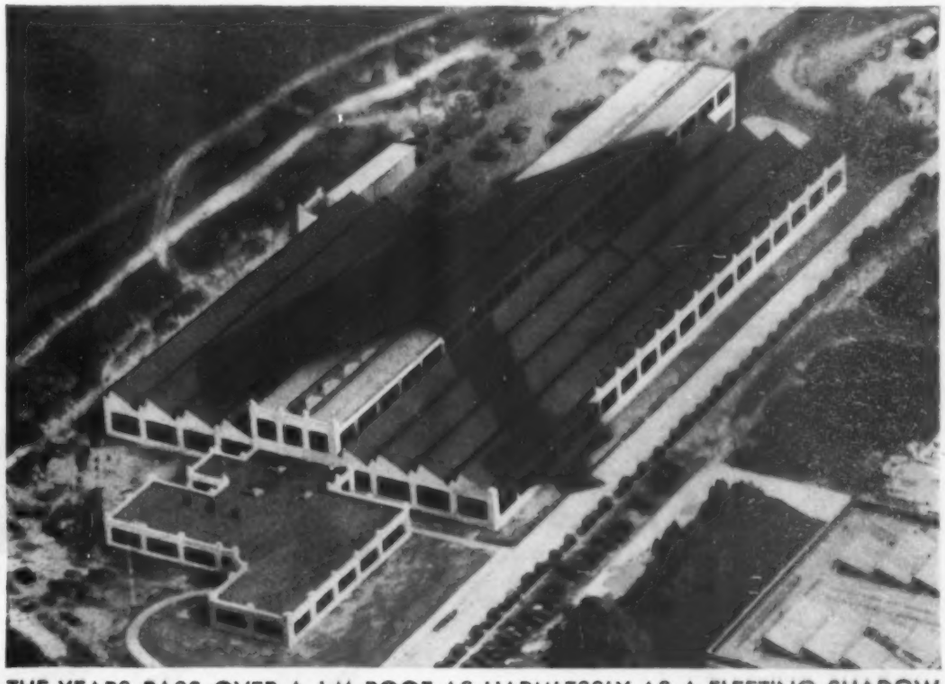

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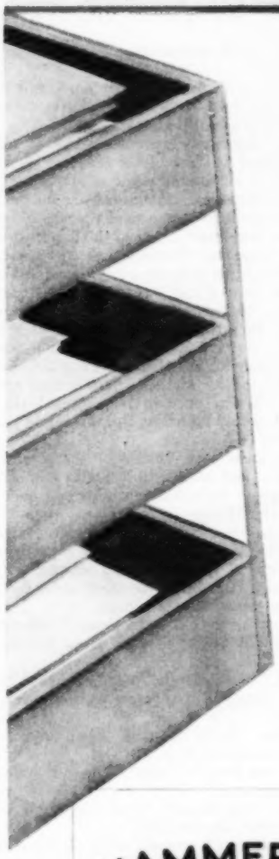

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MEMORANDUM
To
Date
From Office of the Treasurer
Subject

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St. Louis Office
320 Atlantic Avenue

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WESTERN IMPLEMENT COMPANY
206 Highland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
Sales Department

WESTERN IMPLEMENT COMPANY
206 Highland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
Advertising Department

LEAVE HER, JOHNNY—LEAVE HER

(Continued from Page 15)

more rum at the Fish Tavern, and next he was at the Thompsons' house with half a dozen of the crew. He could not recollect how he arrived there, because he had intended to keep away. He could have sworn that Thompsons' was the last place he wished to stop, either drunk or sober.

He could remember the back kitchen with one of those newfangled iron stoves built into the chimney. Old Joel Thompson was sitting close beside it. The remains of a tropical fever kept him there though the weather was very warm. And there was Sadie Thompson, and Effie and Hepsey, all of them big girls, barefooted and in print dresses, but Hepsey was the one you looked at, whether you wanted to or not. Although she had no beauty in her, something in her face made her stand out from the other two. Her eyes were brown and sharp, deep-set and wide apart, and she kept gazing at him while she passed the jug around, just as she had gazed at him when he had seen her last. She had a sharp nose and thin lips—not the sort to make one merry, and not the sort to jest with either. When she looked he felt uneasy.

"Leave her," they were singing in the kitchen. "Leave her, Johnny—leave her."

"Johnny," Hepsey said, "you let me keep your money. You'll only go to tossing it about."

"Stow your tongue," said Johnny, and old man Thompson slapped him on the back.

"That's hearty," said old man Thompson. "Call 'em sharp; they like it. It's time you watched the dollars, Johnny, and kind of settled down."

"Is it?" said Johnny Porter; and he began to laugh. "Well, you don't catch me for any of your girls with any silver-baited jig."

Old man Thompson grinned at him, his face all lines and whiskers. The floor was swaying like a ship's deck, so that Johnny snatched at the edge of the table.

"No, you don't!" roared Johnny. "I'm not the marrying kind!"

"Hepsey's sweet on you," said old man Thompson, "and you're drunk as David's sow."

"No, she ain't," said Johnny. "She knows I'm not the marrying kind." But even as he spoke, it was curious, he recalled, that something seemed to be laying hold of him, though he was free as air.

"Aye," said old man Thompson, "but Hepsey's sweet on you, I say."

Johnny Porter got to his feet and kicked a chair down crashing.

"Well, she better not be," he said. "It will be worse for her."

"She'll tend to you," said old man Thompson. "She'll have you working at the shipyards yet."

"Pa," said Hepsey, "stop your gabbing. I can tend to my own affairs. . . . Johnny Porter, your mug's empty."

Johnny seized her arm, and he remembered that her arm was as hard as his, and she looked at him without blinking.

"Now," said Johnny Porter, "get this in your head. You don't crimp me for any voyage."

"Your mug's empty," Hepsey said. "Johnny Porter, hold your tongue. You're getting fearful noisy."

"And what is that to you?" Johnny Porter told her. "I'll be up to Boston signing on next week, and if you want to know the reason, this town won't hold the likes of me. It's dead as wood—it's dead as wood."

"Won't it though?" said Hepsey. "Well, we'll attend to that."

"Aye," said old man Thompson, "all the boys is going out and all the trade is going. I can mind, before the war, when we registered thirty thousand ton. Yes, the boys is going, and it's cruel hard on the girls, if I do say it."

Hepsey's hair was pulled back from her forehead and tied in a knot so tightly that it seemed to lift up all her face, making it as wooden as a figurehead's.

"Pa," said Hepsey, "you stop your jawing—do. I can do my own keeping company. . . . Your mug is empty, Johnny."

"Is it so?" said Johnny. "Then it don't hold liquor any more than this town holds me. I'm going out; I'm going."

Then he remembered hearing old man Thompson speak, but only vaguely, because his recollections were becoming all confused.

"Don't I know it—don't I? It's the monkeys and the lory birds, but they all come back. The sun gits too shiny, kind of, and the water gits too blue."

That was all which Johnny Porter could remember well. The boys in Fish Town used to roll, but they did not founder beneath a liquor cargo. There was a fight out in the road; he and Walter Gove were snatching at each other's throats, though he could not tell what led to it. And after that there was one more flash of memory.

He and Hepsey Thompson were walking up the road, and Hepsey was holding him by the arm, steering him very straight.

"Blazes!" said Johnny Porter. "It's comical. You're one of them figureheads, ain't you, from the carver's shop?"

That was true enough. The wind was blowing her gingham dress flat against her, showing all the lines of her, as though she were in the bows, and she was staring dead forward, calm and collected, like those painted, wooden ladies.

"Steady," she was saying. "Stop your luffing. We're running before the wind."

"Where?" he asked her. "Running where?"

"To see the Old Man," she said, "and sign."

"Which does suit me," said Johnny. "It's time I was going."

"Yes," she said, "it's time. And mind you answer civil when the Old Man speaks and do as he tells you, or there won't be any voyage. You mind that."

Then there was a lapse as deep as a hundred nights, when space and hours and minutes merged into something else. Try as he might, he could not remember much until a dipper full of water struck his face.

"Wake up now, Johnny Porter," Hepsey Thompson said. "You've been sleeping long enough."

It was night where it had been afternoon before, and he was in the Thompsons' kitchen, sprawled upon the floor with his head against the wall. He could see a candle upon the table, the light of which set his head to spinning. The light struck Hepsey, making her all angles and all shadows. She was standing over him like a first mate, bare armed, bare necked, with her hair in a Turk's-head knot.

"Glory be!" said Johnny. "I wasn't planning to come here."

"Get up," said Hepsey. "Don't lay there sprawling. We're married—you and me."

"Hey?" cried Johnny. "How's that? Like blazes, we are married!"

"Like blazes, we aren't!" she answered. And her voice made him sit up straight. "You signed your name in the parish book, and you won't unsign it, neither."

Johnny gathered his legs under him and half pushed himself from the floor. His head was spinning and at last he knew that there had been a curse upon him ever since he had got to land.

"So you crimped me, hey?" he shouted. "Well, try and make me stay!"

Hepsey was a strong girl—there was no doubt of that. She fetched him a clip with the dipper that shook his teeth. But it was not so much the blow that made him reel; it was the thought she had caught him; and, in spite of the thickness of his head and the taste of brimstone on his tongue, there was one thing that he knew. For the first time he felt the will of woman stronger than the will of man. The will of Hepsey was holding him as though he was wrapped up in a net. Move a hand and something held him; think and his thoughts were tied.

"Glory be!" he said. "I must have lost my wits."

"Yes," she said, "you lost 'em. Sit up now, Johnny Porter. You don't get away—not ever."

As he gazed at her, it was odd, though he had known her always, that he had never truly looked. He had never known how plain she was; not a soft line to her, not a dimple or a tear to make a man forget himself. That was what he always said—there was no beauty but her will, which was written in the tight knot of her hair and in the cut of her nose and mouth.

"Glory be!" he groaned. "What made you do it?"

"You half-wit!" Hepsey snapped. "Because I want a man."

"Blazes!" said Johnny Porter. "Why did you pick on me?"

It must have hurt her when she told the truth, because she was a woman, but she would not dodge the truth—not Hepsey. "I guess," she said, "I ain't the kind the boys make eyes at, Johnny Porter, but I won't be an old maid. I guess not much. So get up now, Johnny Porter. There's hot tea on the table. Now empty out your pockets. Turn 'em out, I tell you! You'll go to the shipyards for work in the morning and you'll go to meeting Sundays, and you can kiss me now. Didn't you use to want to once? You won't get away—not ever."

Why it was he could never tell, but it sometimes seemed that he almost loved her then, or it may have been sorrow which moved him—sorrow for them both, for even then he must have known that he could not stay still for long.

"Lord," he said, "I'm sorry. Lord, but my head is splitting."

"There's no need to be sorry," Hepsey told him. "You're better off ashore."

"Am I so?" said Johnny. "Well, I'm bound to get away."

"Here's your tea," said Hepsey, and as she spoke he could swear he heard the voice of Mr. Swale.

"Drink it up," the voice was saying, "and get away. They can't put moorings on the likes of us."

And Johnny Porter drank his tea; he was a long, long distance from a kingdom then. What was more, he did his best in his own dull way. He stuck to her for two years, with Hepsey always nagging. Yes, he said, he did his best in the quiet order of Haven's End before he drank it up and went away.

It was this way, he remembered. It was getting on toward evening of a cold, still autumn day, and the breeze was dropping with the sun behind the hills beyond the river. The river's mouth was streaked with the colors of the sky, and overhead was the sound of whirring wings and lonely, discordant calls from the wild fowl near the marshes.

At the Swales' shipyard they had set the adzes down because the light had grown too dim for working on the timbers. They had set the adzes down and a ship was coming in, borne on the flood of the tide. John Porter could see her clearly, even in the dusk. The old ships, bluff bowed, high pooped and rich with scrollwork and many-tinted paints, had already left the sea, before the appearance of a trimmer species. Her hull was black except for the white squares of ports, and her lines were very easy. In spite of the dusk, he could see the weeds that fouled her stern and he could see the paint on her bulwarks, blistered by a sun hotter than any that beat down on Haven's End. He knew her because any town boy knew the ships, and there were not so many to remember in the autumn of '22. She was the Betsy, owned by the Whistles, back from Martinique with sugar.

"What be you groaning at?" said William Dow.

"Hey?" said Johnny Porter. "I am not groaning."

"Oh, yes, you were," said William Dow. "Like blazes, you weren't groaning."

"Then stow your jaw," said Johnny Porter.

"There'll be standing treat at the bar tonight," said William Dow.

"Ah," said Johnny, "will they?"

"Come on," said William Dow. "Johnny, you used to be a drinking man."

"No," said Johnny Porter, "I'm not coming."

"No," said someone else, "his wife won't let him."

"Stow your jaw," said Johnny, and he put on his coat. "I ain't afraid of her. All right, this once I'll go."

The cleanliness was the worst of all. First there was the picket fence which he had built, all painted white as Hepsey had made him paint it; then there was the path of clam shells without a weed upon it, which Hepsey had made him trim the day before; then there was the hollyhock bed beside the door, already bedded down with leaves for the winter and weighted with sticks, just so, to keep the wind from blowing under; then there was the house, low and boxlike, as trim and white as the picket fence before it; and then there was Hepsey, waiting in the kitchen, bare armed and solid. It was only to be expected that Hepsey would be sitting up, waiting in the kitchen.

The great pine boards of the kitchen floor had just been scrubbed with lye; the pine trestle table was scrubbed and every dish was shining.

"Wipe your feet," said Hepsey. "Wipe your feet, you shiftless fool. What's been keeping you? What have you been doing?"

Hepsey's tongue was as sharp as her face, and she could use her tongue.

"I was over to see the Betsy," Johnny Porter told her. "She's in from Martinique."

"Ah," said Hepsey, "looking at the ships again, were you? And you've been drinking too."

Johnny Porter slumped down upon a bench beside the fire.

"It was free," he said. "The house was standing treat."

"Ah," said Hepsey, "free, was it? Well, empty out your pockets."

"I tell you," Johnny said, "I haven't any money. I emptied 'em last night."

"Empty out your pockets," Hepsey said.

There was nothing in them but his knife and some string, and Hepsey gave them back. "And now," said Hepsey, "go out and fetch the wood."

"There's enough," said Johnny. "I fetched it in this morning."

Nevertheless, Johnny Porter got up from the bench from habit, but, as he did so, an odd thing happened. Something made him speak before he thought.

"I've had enough of this," he said.

"Did you hear me?" Hepsey answered. "Go out and get the wood. Don't look at me like you're half asleep. What's the matter, Johnny Porter?"

"The matter is," said Johnny, "I've had enough of this."

"The matter is," said Hepsey, "that you've one of your spells again and you want to go gallivantin' off. Don't talk back now, Johnny Porter; I know you."

She knew him, there was no doubt of that; she knew him better than he knew himself. She could hold him, she could drive him.

"Drunk or sober," said Johnny Porter, "I've had enough of this."

"Land sakes," said Hepsey, "don't men grumble though? Haven't I made a home for you, and that ain't easy, is it? Haven't I ——" And her words went on, sharp and jangling, like broken glass, but what it was that had come over Johnny Porter, he could never tell. The white, clean boards of the kitchen floor seemed to strike him in the face that night. It must have been bound

(Continued on Page 98)

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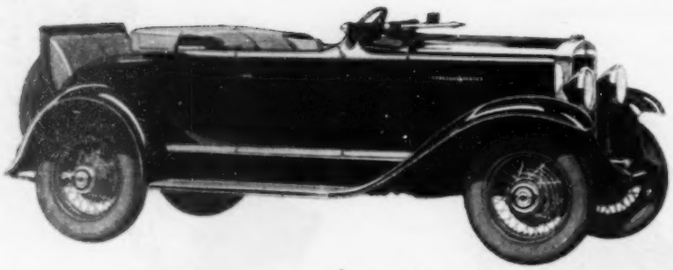

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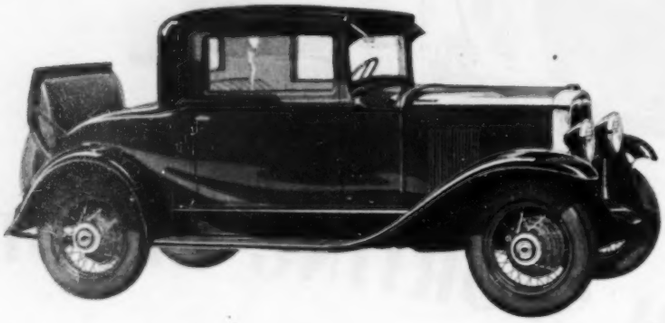

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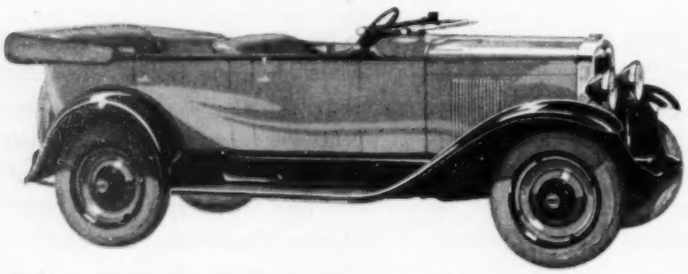

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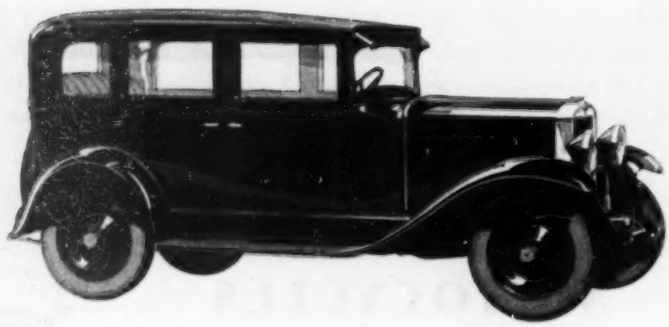

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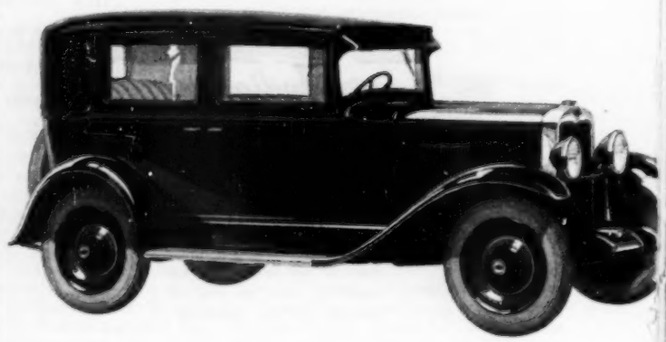

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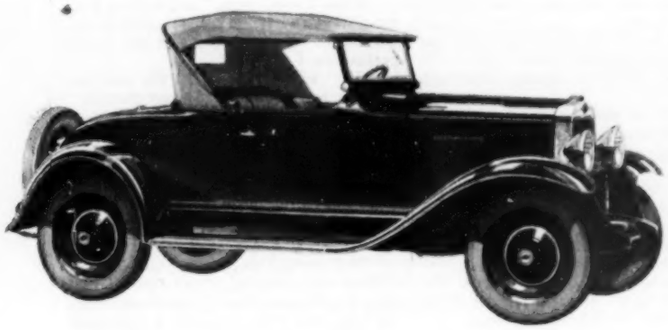

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P. S.—Try Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo in the extra big bottle at your druggist.

WILDROOT
Hair Tonic . . . Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

(Continued from Page 94)

to happen through a combination of dull days and the jangling of Hepsey's voice.

"I have done my best, I tell you," he heard himself answer back, and his words were loud enough to make the kitchen ring. "I've done my best, I tell you, and I want to get away. This place is as dead as wood, I said. And it's too cursed clean, I tell you, should you happen to be askin'."

Then Hepsey's voice went jangling, crash and jangle. He saw that Hepsey had snatched up the fire tongs, which was always Hepsey's way when arguments grew hot.

"Too clean, is it?" Hepsey said. "I guess it's a sight too good for you, if it is. Go out and get that wood. And don't you worry any; I won't let you get away."

"I've got to get away!" he shouted, though he could not tell why he should shout. "I've got to, and that's straight!"

"Land sakes!" said Hepsey. "Will you keep down your voice? The neighbors will hear you yelling."

"Be still yourself!" Johnny Porter shouted. "You're yelling as loud as me!"

And that was true enough. The kitchen was like a storm that was whirling like his brain. Hepsey gave the tongs a twist above her head. "Go on," said Hepsey Porter; "do as I tell you now."

She struck at him; Hepsey was always quick to strike, and Johnny Porter dodged, so that the fire tongs hit the table. The crockery went jangling on the floor, and the noise of it sent Johnny Porter into a curious fit of trembling.

"You mind what I tell you!" Hepsey screamed. "Go out and get that wood! I've got you, Johnny Porter; you won't get away!"

Why it was he struck her was more than he could tell, for he had never raised a hand before to a woman. Actually, though, he did not seem to be the one who did the hitting; it was someone else who set his arm in motion. It was not Hepsey that he struck, but everything that held him.

Just as Hepsey raised the tongs again his fist came down upon her and she crumpled on the floor. She went down on the floor, white-faced like a doll, and that hard-twisted hair of hers came all undone. The kitchen was very still, leaving only his sharp breath and the hissing of the kettle on the logs to break the stillness.

Now that Hepsey lay upon the floor with her dark hair loose, her face was tranquil, gentle for the first time he had ever seen it. Hepsey was like a little girl who had fallen fast asleep. Afterward, he could have sworn, there was a voice in the kitchen. Though the voice must have been his own mind, it sounded absolutely clear and human.

"Leave her," the voice was saying. "Leave her, Johnny—leave her."

And his own voice was answering, hushed almost to a whisper.

"She said to get the wood," he said. "She said to get the wood."

Outdoors it was already dark; the harbor lights were burning red and yellow, and he could hear the pounding surf upon the outer beach. The oil lamps upon the street were glowing; the elm trees were like brushes sweeping into the black sky. In the gentlemen's houses upon the ridge was square after square of yellow lights, for it was suppertime. No one was on the streets, for it was suppertime, and the houses with their lights were like people in silent rows, watching as he passed.

Though there was no one on the street, there were all sorts of shadows, from the elms against the light, from the pillars before the doors, and then there were other shadows, which seemed to come from nowhere. As he turned toward the Boston road the bell from the new First Church began to ring, and next the bell from St. George's, and next the bell from the Second Parish. The sound of them made him hurry faster, but together with that sound the voice was still beside him.

"Leave her," it was saying, "leave her, Johnny—leave her."

It was singing, wild, triumphant, because he was getting clean away from all of Haven's End.

Now where did Johnny Porter go? He could never tell, because it was pictures to Johnny Porter—always pictures. They used to come before his mind shuffled like the faces on a deck of cards—now this, now that; all of a jumble—places, faces, water. He could not get them straight, arranged in right order, though he used to try and try. He could not get the sequence or the meaning from the jumble of those pictures, because he only felt them. He was not a thinking man.

There was the forecastle of the Thomas Gleason, sailing out of Boston for the China trade. It must have been the first of all the ships he took, he often thought, for he loved the stale tobacco smell and the sight of the mess kids on deck. He could see himself standing, swaying with the motion, while the oilskins swayed from pegs like figures on a gibbet.

"Mates," he said, "I'm Johnny Porter out from Haven's End. The old woman sent me out to get the wood. Well, I've gone to get it, but it ain't in no wood box yet."

There was Canton, where he jumped the ship, all paper flags and dragons and sing-song girls and yellow men in filthy narrow streets. There was Lima, though where Lima should have come into it he could not make out, or how he came there either, though he knew that he was going somewhere. Always in him was the thought that he was going somewhere, because you must get somewhere sometime. He was sitting propped against a shady wall with a ten days' growth of beard upon his brick-red face. He was whittling with a jackknife and staring now at his bare feet and then at a line of woolly animals, not sheep or yet camels, being driven in the sun and dust.

"Blest if it ain't Johnny Porter!" someone said. And he looked up, and there was Walter Gove, whom he had fought with once. How long ago? Johnny could not tell. It did not seem odd to see him, for Haven's Enders were all around the world in those days.

"Morning, Walter," Johnny said. "You're looking pretty spry."

"So it's you, is it?" said Walter Gove.

"Yes," said Johnny, "of course it's me. And none of your lip, you hayseed."

Then Walter Gove was staring, and he remembered that he felt uneasy, for all at once Haven's End seemed near. He had been going away from it all the while, and yet, there it was, just around the corner of the wall.

"So it's you, is it?" said Walter Gove.

"Didn't I tell you?" said Johnny. "Didn't I tell you it was me?"

"Well, it's no wise decent," said Walter Gove. "That's what."

"And how," said Johnny," might I ask, do you reckon that?"

"It's no wise decent," said Walter Gove, "sitting here and whittling. You've got a wife back home."

Johnny Porter scratched his head, and then he began to grin.

"Ah," he said, "so Hepsey's still back home?"

"And it's no wise decent," said Walter Gove. "That's all I've got to say. You wait till Hepsey hears I've seen you. Johnny Porter, aren't you coming back?"

Johnny Porter got quickly to his feet and put his jacknife in his pocket. All at once he could see her again, and the white house and the shell walk and the white boards of the kitchen.

"No," said Johnny. "Lay to this: I'm not coming back. She sent me out to get the wood and I'm not coming back."

"Easy," said Walter Gove, "easy now. I'm not making you."

"No," said Johnny Porter, "you're not man enough to do it."

"I'm only saying," said Walter Gove, "shame on you—that's what I'm saying. She made you good and comfortable."

"What's comfort got to do with?" said Johnny, "I can't keep still. Yell her I can't keep still."

He wondered sometimes why he remembered every word, because the talk was inconsequential, nothing, and he had had so many words and so many other voices.

The street was very hot when Walter Gove was gone.

"So it's you, is it?" Walter Gove had said, and that was puzzling, because he was certainly himself.

Yet he had a feeling that the whole place was different, colder. The street was lined the street along the river, and the bell from the First Church was ringing. The white houses and the garden walls were like the gentlemen's houses; the llamas were like the cows being driven along the street. There was a hammering like the hammering in the shipyards; the whole town seemed to be following him, whirling in his mind. The thought of it made his forehead wet and clammy. In the dull confusion of his mind he could almost believe, in spite of running from it, he had not gone at all.

"Blazes!" said Johnny Porter. "I've got to get out of this. I've got to get away." And he knew he had been trying all that time to get away.

It must have been out toward the Marquesas when Johnny had it straight and spoke his mind. He could scratch his head and think and think, but the name of the vessel he was aboard escaped him, except only that it was something fancy. Nevertheless, he could remember the rake of her masts and the dents and curls in her bright work. The captain was a hazer and the first mate was a bully, but there was nothing so odd in that. There were weevils in the ship's biscuit and the water smelled to heaven. It was the food, and not the officers, and the straining roll of her in the breeze, which made the talk go that her luck was bad.

It was night, he remembered, and though it was his watch below, it was so stifling hot that he was lying upon the forecastle, bare to the waist. Johnny's torso was a sight by then, as pretty as a picture book, tattooed with a spread eagle, two mermaids and a sea serpent, or it might have been a whale. The moon was down, but the stars gave a faint light, like a hundred distant moons, faint but somehow brighter than the running lights which made feeble yellow circles on the deck. The wind was very light and there was a rolling swell which caused the sails to slack and boom upon the yards, sending drafts of air upon him, warm and unexpected.

The sails above him went up and up, and somehow they seemed to him that night like sheets on washing day, left out to dry although the sun was down, hanging all white and restless on the lines at Haven's End. He was talking to a Frenchy named Pierre, who came from the Norman coast.

"It's this way, mate," Johnny Porter said. "It keeps after me, that's what."

"Ha?" said Pierre. "What keeps?"

"Where I come from," said Johnny Porter—"that's what. It keeps keeping at me. No matter where I get, it's at me, if you gather how I mean it."

"Ha!" said Pierre. "It's the sun that hits you, hey? It makes to smart the eyes."

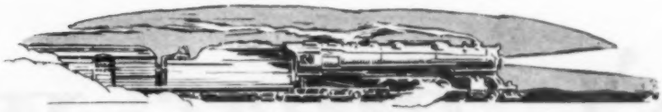
"Blazes!" said Johnny. "It ain't that. It's where I come from that keeps at me, and the old woman keeps at me. Do you see? Nagging, nagging continually. 'Turn out your pockets,' she used to say. 'Go out and fetch the wood.'"

"Ah," said Pierre, "exactly. Yes, the women."

"Now, it's this way, mate," said Johnny. "When we're moving, it's all right. I contrive to get away from it whenever I am moving; but when I'm still it gets upon me. Do you see? The streets and the trees and the bells. I don't know why it should. It ain't natural, now, is it?"

"Ah," said Pierre, "with me, in my place they ring the bell when the *pêcheurs* approach the mole."

(Continued on Page 102)



NATURE LEFT JUST ONE NARROW PASS
in this thousand-mile mountain range

Topographic map of Northeastern States. Land less than 500 feet elevation in white; above 1000 feet in black. New York Central route is shown by broken line from New York up the Hudson, then westward through the only low-level pass. Map does not show New York Central western terminals at Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati.

THE New York Central main line through the Hudson and Mohawk Valleys, and along the Great Lakes, is a natural water level route—nearly at sea level for a thousand miles—although *it cuts straight through a mountain range.*

The Appalachian Mountains, extending all the way from the Canadian border to Alabama, offer only one low-level pass for the easy transport of commerce between the Atlantic Seaboard and the Mississippi Valley. This is the historic valley of the Mohawk in central New York, which cuts deep through the rocky barrier at Little Falls, N. Y., at an elevation of only 370 feet above the sea.

Early railroad surveyors explored the mountains of New York, Pennsylvania and the Virginias, hoping to find another natural highway to the West—but Nature had left only this one.

The topographic map above clearly shows why the New York Central is such a comfortable route for travel between the East and West, and why it has become the central artery of commerce through this great industrial region.

The long mountain range, running northeast and southwest along the Atlantic Coast, is shown in black, the low country in white. The New York Central main line from New York City follows the majestic Hudson River at sea level all the way to Albany, and then strikes through the Mohawk Valley pass to the level country of the Great Lakes region, and the western terminals at Chicago and St. Louis.

It is this unique level roadbed that makes possible the smooth operation of the great fleet of New York Central trains—led by the world-famous *20th Century Limited*, "the most comfortable long-distance train in the world."

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Chicago . . . New York . . . New England

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ONLY ROUTE BETWEEN CHICAGO AND THE EAST SAFEGUARDED BY AUTOMATIC TRAIN STOP

Don't *guess* which

Free BITE TEST decides

instantly, positively - 3 types of brushes medium and small - *all* Pro-phy-lac-tic

FIRST—get Pro-phy-lac-tic Bite Test Card and Wafer from your druggist, or by mail from us, free.

SECOND—bite into the wafer of sanitary dental wax. Result—an exact impression of your teeth.

THIRD—match impression of your teeth with three types of dental curve shown on Bite Test Card.

LAST—buy the shape of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush which the Bite Test Card shows you should use.

A simple 30-second way to choose a brush that fits your dental curve with scientific accuracy

At any drug store you can make the Bite Test; can get whichever Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush the Test shows you should use.

DENTAL science has long recognized three types of dental curve—the U-shape, V-shape and Square shape. Dentists have long pointed out that no one tooth brush ever made can possibly fit all three.

But what could the public do about it? How could a dental curve be measured and identified without a lot of costly trouble? Or, when identified, where were any tooth brushes scientifically designed to fit the three types of dental curve?

The best anyone could do was to choose whatever brush struck his fancy, use it regularly and trust to luck that it would do a thorough cleaning job.

Where trouble starts

That's why so many people today have perfect front teeth and a lot of trouble with back teeth. Almost any brush will clean the straight up-and-down front surfaces. But the curved back teeth are a different matter. Fifty per cent of all dental trouble starts there, where the ordinary tooth brush only half reaches and hence only half cleans. The only way you can possibly reach every part of every tooth is to know which of the three dental curves is yours and then use a brush especially made to fit that curve.

Three curves—three brushes

Pro-phy-lac-tic saw the need. With their experience of almost half a century, they set to work—designed three new brushes specially made to fit the three types of dental curve . . . then evolved a simple way to tell which curve is yours . . . quickly, infallibly—without one cent of cost or any trouble on your part.

The Bite Test tells

The new Pro-phy-lac-tic Bite Test takes 30 seconds. It is free. You make it yourself, either at home or in the nearest drug store. Simply bite into a sanitary wafer of dental wax. Match the impression of your teeth with the three types of dental curve shown on the Bite Test Card. Decide which curve is yours, and you've automatically picked the right brush—Pro-phy-lac-tic Tufted for U-shaped curve, Pro-phy-lac-tic Oval for V-shape, Pro-phy-lac-tic Masso for Square shape.

Pro-phy-lac-tic quality bristles

Each Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, whichever shape you need, is made with scientific care in a spick-and-span New England plant under the finest hygienic conditions. Pro-phy-lac-tic quality

tooth brush to use

Dental science says, "You can't reach every part of every tooth unless you use a brush especially made to fit your dental curve."

If you prefer to take the Bite Test in your own home, simply mail the coupon for necessary material.

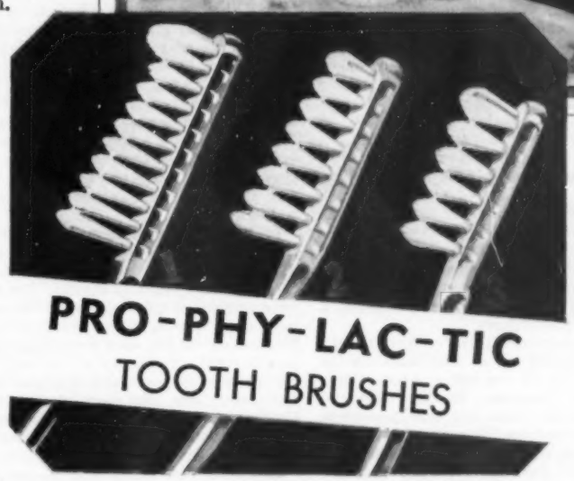
bristles, firmly anchored, are serrated and spaced to clean between your teeth as well as on the surface. Handles come in white and six beautiful, transparent colors to match your bathroom.

Sanitary individual boxes

Each Pro-phy-lac-tic is packed in an individual box. This keeps the brush as fresh and sanitary as when it left the plant, keeps it untouched by any human hands but yours. Look for the yellow box, and you can be sure you're getting the genuine Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Brush your teeth thoroughly and regularly with a brush that fits your dental curve, consult your dentist twice a year, and you'll be doing all you can to preserve your teeth.

Your druggist can supply you with Pro-phy-lac-tic Bite Test wafers and cards—or we will gladly mail them free of charge. Return the coupon today. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Mass.



1. U-shape Dental Curve, needs Pro-phy-lac-tic Tufted Brush.

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Gentlemen:

Please send me, free of charge, the material needed for ..... people to take the Pro-phy-lac-tic Bite Test.

Name _____

Street _____

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(Continued from Page 98)

"Well, damn 'em," said Johnny, "they won't ring no bells for me. For I'm not going back. You hear me, mate—not going." But even as he spoke, it was around him. It had a way of coming at him in the night, straight out of the sea.

Then all at once the mate was bellowing and the decks were full of shouting. Lord, what a noise they made that night before the water stopped their mouths for good.

"All hands!" the mate was shouting. "Loose them topgallant halyards!"

"Blazes!" said Johnny Porter. "What's coming on us now?"

Even as he spoke, he knew what was coming well enough—the wind. They should have made all snug an hour ago, but as it was, it caught them clean aback.

He might have been drunk again, for all he remembered clearly. He saw the longboat swamp; he saw the hull keel over, and he was on a grating, lashed with a piece of line, and the next he knew the ship was gone. Then everything was gone except himself.

"It's me, isn't it?" Johnny Porter was saying.

He was sure it was himself, bobbing like a cork, nowhere, nowhere. There was no memory, nothing. He was away from everything at last, at peace at last, with nothing keeping at him. There was a triumph in it of superlative achievement, because he was gone away from everything, where nothing could bring him back. Though he knew that death was near him, he did not think of death, but rather of this triumph which was curiously his own.

His lips were dry and parched, and his throat was dry and stinging. The sun was up above him, clear and hot.

"Blazes!" said Johnny Porter, and he shook his fist at a hard, blue, cloudless sky. "I'm the skipper of this craft. You can't get at me now."

He could never have explained what he meant, because he did not have an abstract mind; he only knew that he was away from something that was in him—away from Haven's End.

There was faith in Johnny Porter—the childlike faith of the childlike mind which accepts all things without wonder. The simplicity, when he told what happened, was a reflection of that faith and all that made the story credible. He was drifting toward an island with the flowing of the tide. He was not startled by the sight of it, because it was another picture, as natural as natural. It rose from the sea like half a sugar loaf. A volcanic cone, it must have been, a Gargantuan finger of basalt, lava and pumice, pointing upward from the ocean floor. There were cliffs of purple black and gashes in the cliffs, all green; so brilliant that he never could forget the greenness of the verdure. All about that sugar loaf, as neat as if men had made it, was a thin, white ring of land where the waves kept spraying. Upon that white ring were palm trees in an even circle, as neat as though they had been planted for a gentleman's garden. He was never wholly clear as to how he drifted through that barrier reef, because he probably was weak and half delirious by then. It must have been the tide which brought him through, and all he could remember was the swaying trees, their tops nodding at him like old men's heads at church, while that sugar loaf of the mountain kept looming nearer.

Then he was in water as still as glass, so clear he could look to the bottom of it, down and down, where the weeds and coral waved like swaying fingers. And next there was a splashing near his grating. The air was full of voices and the heads of coffee-colored men were shouting at him from the water.

"The same to you!" said Johnny Porter. "Do you aim to eat me, mates?" He had heard stories enough in a dozen forecastles of the stewpots and the cannibals. "Aye," said Johnny Porter, "stop your yelling! I'm salted and I'm pickled like a fish!"

Then he was on a beach of white sand which bit into his water-logged, bare feet, stripped to the waist, in his torn canvas breeches, swaying dizzily, and staring at black lava rocks and at a million bright green trees. All around him were coffee-colored men and women, shameless in their nakedness. The noise they made was what he could never forget; their tongues were like the sea birds' voices about the coral reef.

"*Mortarkee!*" he could hear them say; though what the word meant was more than he could fancy. He must have been an odd sight, with the brine dried white on his hair and beard, looking at them with bloodshot, weary eyes.

"*Mortarkee!*" they were saying. "*Mortarkee!*"

"Belay that jabber!" called Johnny Porter. "Can't a body think?"

Their voices only rose louder. A dozen handy-looking men moved near him with fish spears in their hands, but they did not touch him. Instead, they looked and jabbered. They were all tattooed with snakes and horrid figures, and then he saw what they were looking at; it was his own tattooing—a long sight handsomer than theirs. Upon his chest, from shoulder to shoulder, was that spread eagle of the United States which a sailmaker had put on him once. It was a magnificent blue eagle with a red head, holding in his talons the stars and stripes.

"*Mortarkee!*" they shouted. "*Mortarkee!*"

Then up there came a girl, as pretty as a picture, although she was a nigger, and threw a string of flowers around his neck.

"Hell's bells!" said Johnny Porter. "What good are flowers to me?" He opened his mouth and pointed to it, and they understood him then.

"*Poee,*" they said, "*poee.*" And two girls took his hands. Then they led him from the beach to where a stream was running down the rock, roaring in a little waterfall, beneath high, strange trees, where everything was very cool. Johnny Porter saw that there were huts beneath the trees, all of neatly woven split bamboo. They were handing him a gourd filled with a yellow paste which he took on his finger and ate the way they showed him.

"*Mortarkee,*" they said.

"Yes," said Johnny, "*Mortarkee*—and what kind of key is that?"

Then an old man stood before him with a head as shiny as a stone and struck himself upon the chest. "*Tailee,*" he said, and once again he beat upon his chest.

"Ah," said Johnny, "that's your name, is it, you dirty, shameless beggar?" And he touched his own chest lightly.

"Johnny," he said—"that's me."

Then it seemed that everyone called out his name; scores of them were shouting out.

"Johnnee, Johnnee!" they were shouting.

Johnny Porter stared about him; the sticky food had made him better, and the water from the brook. The voices were as loud as ever, but they sounded restful, tranquil then. More girls were looking at him, smiling, giving him strings of flowers.

"Pretty dears," said Johnny. "Well, if you ain't pretty dears!"

The place he was in was beautiful, though he could never tell all that made up the beauty. The air was soft and full of rich, outlandish blossoms. Strange trees and vines were all around him, and from where he sat he could see the reef and palm trees and the sea, now grown as blue as blue.

"Blazes!" said Johnny Porter. "Here I am. Blazes, if I ain't here."

For suddenly it came over him that there he was; there was nowhere else to go. There was no new ship to take or any new land to see. Suddenly, as he sat there, with the sunlight dancing in spots about him through weird, enormous leaves, he seemed to be sitting in a colder sun; the noise of the surf was like the surf upon the outer beach; the lagoon was like the river mouth; upon his nostrils there came the smell of dried fish like the smell from the fish frames near the river bank at home. The white beach came up to strike his eyes like the white path of pounded shells which led to his own front door. He could catch an undertone in the voices which sounded like Hepsey's voice at home, always at him. An old woman was plodding up the stream, bowing beneath a load of wood. There was wood smoke in the air, pungent, choking.

It had come to him because it had been behind him all that time. There, in that outlandish place, Haven's End was back, peaceful, dead as wood.

"Glory be!" said Johnny Porter. "Glory be!"

He passed his hand across his eyes, but it would not go away. Haven's End was all about him, with all its smells and sounds, and there was Hepsey's face, white and peaceful, as when he had seen her last.

"Glory be!" said Johnny Porter. "How can I get away from it when there's nowhere else to go?"

It was true enough he could not get away. He had reached where he was going, but there was not any end.

"Johnny," she was saying, "you go out and fetch that wood."

There was bound to be an end to it, because there was an end to everything, as Johnny Porter knew. It could not have been nostalgia which Johnny Porter felt nagging at him—nagging, because, surely, the heroes in Elysium do not grow homesick for a harsher past. It was in him—that was all—the bare, straight instinct of a race which knew no compromise or ease, telling Johnny Porter always that it was not right.

It was springtime always within the limits of that land, always a careless, languid time, such as could have lasted for an instant only upon a New England shore; framing the unmeasured moment only, when the amber of the willows turned to soft gray green and when the little blossoms of the northern forest trees tossed their faint cloud of golden pollen to the sun. How could Johnny Porter tell of such a place where that moment of ease and lush fecundity spread onward into chains of hours and days, uncounted and unaccountable? Sunshine, hot and pulsing, made water blue as blue except for the swordlike coolness of the streams upon the rocks. Air as soft as the hand of a timid girl was perfumed with the exhalations of strange, rich-growing things. Crimson birds, quick green lizards darting like furtive sins, and children playing in the surf—happy children, mating, living, dying, like the echoes which rose and fell against the black purple mountain rocks—that island was always so to Johnny Porter—endless in its peace. He could not tell of it because he could not think; he could only touch and feel. How could he tell how long he stayed or what he did, when time had vanished long ago, leaving him dressed in a loin cloth from a breadfruit tree—when even the tattooed eagle on his chest was growing dim? There was an ending—that was all—for there was bound to be an ending.

It came, he remembered, one day when the mists of dawn were growing shell pink with the rising of the sun. As he awoke, all the village had begun to chatter. The men were pointing at the sea, beyond the palm trees and the reef. When Johnny Porter first looked out the sight seemed as fragile as a thought. A ship lay off the reef, her yards aback, her masts and rigging all dark in the rising sun. Her longboat was crossing the lagoon, skimming toward the beach, just where Johnny Porter had landed on his grating long ago.

Eight men were at the oars; he could see their patched white shirts. A man in a reefer jacket, who would be the skipper or the mate, was seated in the stern, and a little brass one-pounder was gleaming in the bows like gold.

"Hey!" roared Johnny Porter. "Stop your yelling!" For everyone was yelling and pointing out their fingers. They stopped for the moment when he told them, exactly like little children when the master spoke at school, and Johnny Porter picked up his newest fish spear, striding toward the beach, gravely, graciously, as became a king, with all the village scampering behind him.

"Avast there with that noise!" shouted Johnny Porter. "Now, there's good boys. Keep still."

The boat was on the shore; the men had landed with muskets in their hands and the man in the reefer jacket stood in front of them, holding out a bolt of gayly colored calico.

"Put down them guns," said Johnny Porter. "They'll not harm you, mates."

Then he walked toward the man in the jacket—a short, stocky man with a close-clipped beard. Johnny Porter forgot how he must have looked himself, muscle bound and shaggy haired, all naked except for a girdle of breadfruit leaves, but he noticed that the gentleman's eyes were wide and that the gentleman's mouth had fallen open.

"Good gad!" said the gentleman. "Who the devil are you?"

"I'm the king," said Johnny Porter, "in case you want to know. And I want to get back home."

The skipper dropped his bolt of cloth upon the sand and gave his head a shake. "The king?" he said.

"Blazes!" said Johnny Porter. "Damme if I ain't! Give 'em the calico, mister. All they want's a toy."

"Well, king," said the skipper, and he began to smile. "I'm Captain Quill, from Boston, come to fill the water kegs. Well, king, might I inquire what's your name?"

"My name's as good as yours, I guess," Johnny Porter said. "I'm Johnny Porter, out from Haven's End, and I've got a wife back home."

"Haven's End!" said Captain Quill. "'Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?'"

"Captain," said Johnny, "I don't know what you're talking of, being an ignorant sailor man, but I'm out of Haven's End, and I want to get back home."

"Good Lord!" said the captain. "I've heard yarns, but I never thought to see the like of this."

"Will you come up, sir, and have refreshment?" Johnny Porter asked. "The town lies up beside the brook. I call the brook the river."

Then they walked up to the town, where the huts of bamboo were laid out in squares, all very trim and shipshape.

"This here," said Johnny, "is Liberty Street. I made 'em clear it out, you understand. And this here is Water Street, and up yonder is the Swale house and the Whistle house. And Fish Town lies over there. It's my fancy to call 'em that, like home. Here's some food, if you please, sir. *Poee*, they call it. You stick your fingers in it and jam it in your mouth."

"And who are these?" asked Captain Quill. He was pointing out some children, lighter than the rest, who were staring from behind a corner of a hut.

"Oh, them?" said Johnny Porter. "Them's my kids."

"Lord preserve us!" said Captain Quill. "How many have you got?"

"God bless you," said Johnny Porter, "I don't know. What year is it, please, sir?"

"It's January second," said Captain Quill, "1832."

Johnny Porter scratched his head slowly, like a man awaking from a stupor.

"Blazes!" he murmured. "I never guessed it was so long as that. Mister, I've been away ten years, and it don't seem any more than yesterday."

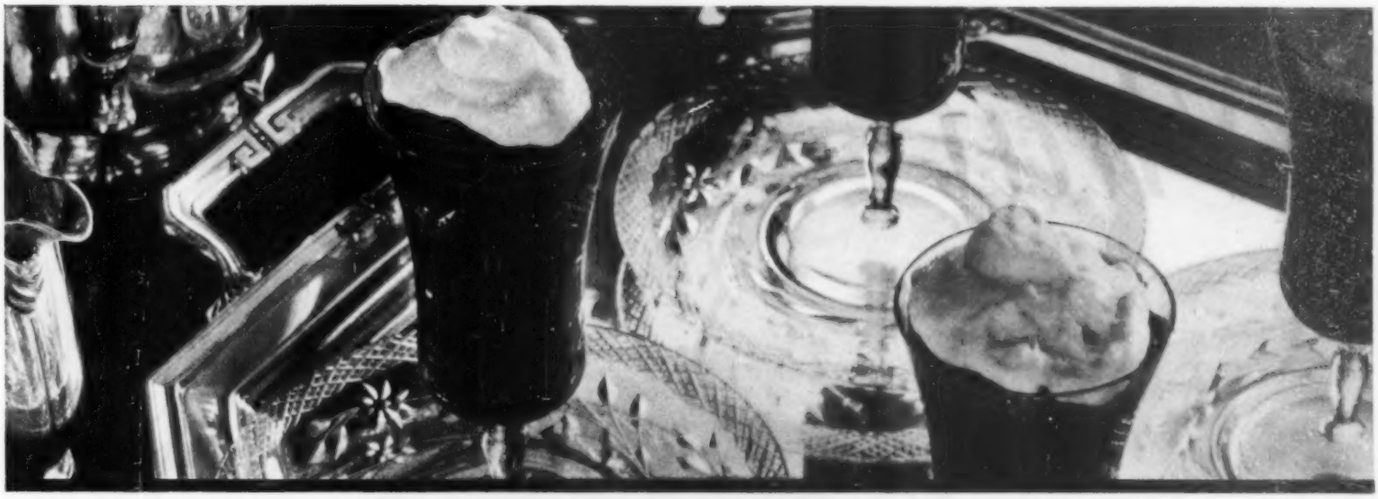
Captain Quill looked around him at the breadfruit trees and palms, and at the rich green mats of vines all watered by the stream. Then he lighted his pipe—and how those natives chattered when they saw him blow the smoke!

"My man," said Captain Quill, "why do you want to ship back? I can't say as I should myself. Are you homesick? Is that your reason?"

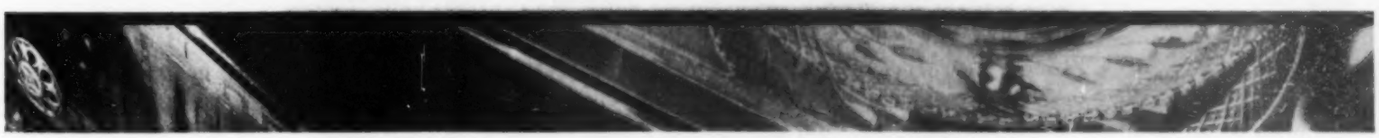
"No," said Johnny, "I'm not homesick, sir. It's awful restful here."

"Then why do you want to ship back?" said Captain Quill. "It isn't everybody who's a king, you understand."

(Continued on Page 107)



Says One Guest:
"It has the fragrance of cider..."
says Another:
"It's smooth as Cream..."



SAYS A THIRD:

"And it tastes of apples and spices. It makes me think, all at once, of sunny hillside orchards and spice-laden tropical breezes . . . of 'my old Kentucky home' and 'the road to Mandalay.'"

You, too, can surprise your guests with the luscious tang of Lippincott Apple Butter in many dishes.

Its refreshing spiciness makes it quite wonderful as a seasoning *baked into* meats. It adds a new touch to Sunday suppers when it's served as a condiment with cold cuts. It always sets mouths watering when it's spread thickly on hot tea-biscuits. And as a pie-filling . . . ! It makes, altogether, so many delicious desserts . . .

And what's good for your guests is good for your family. Your husband will clamor for it at his breakfast as well as in the evening. And it's really one of the healthiest foods in the world for your children, whether at meals or with between-meal snacks.

Lots of the most careful mothers give it to their children every day when they come home from school . . . a thick layer of Lippincott Apple Butter on a piece of lightly buttered bread.

If you haven't a jar of it on your pantry shelf . . . a tall jar with a big, red apple on the label . . . why not telephone immediately to your grocer and order "Lippincott Apple Butter?" And do this, too—write for our book of tempting apple butter recipes—meal-time surprises that you'll want to try.

These will make guests want to come again

LIPPINCOTT APPLE BUTTER CREAM PIE

½ cup Lippincott Apple Butter
1 pint milk — 1 cup brown sugar
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon cinnamon — 3 egg yolks
Thickening (use ½ cup flour)

Cook mixture until thick. Pour into a baked pie-crust. Cover with meringue made from whites of 3 eggs.

LIPPINCOTT APPLE BUTTER SNOW

1 egg white
¼ cup Lippincott Apple Butter

Beat white of egg until stiff. Mix Lippincott Apple Butter in gradually. Pile lightly on glass serving-dish, chill, and serve with steamed custard or cream.

THE LIPPINCOTT COMPANY · *Cincinnati, Ohio*

Lippincott Apple Butter

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What Wou

There's No Excuse Today for an Undernourished Child!

Indispensable to health for babies and children is pure, safe, easily digested, whole milk. Given a proper quantity of such milk, children will not fail in health and sturdy growth. Lacking such supply of this indispensable food, there will not be proper growth of bone or teeth or tissue—there will be undernourishment.

With Pet Milk there need be no question about either quality or quantity. The purity, the food content, and ready digestibility are as certain as the safety is sure. And the proper quantity is less of a problem when Pet Milk is used. If your child doesn't readily drink as much milk as he ought to have, a pint of Pet Milk, undiluted, will give him his quart of milk a day. Blended with fruit juices, Pet Milk tempts the appetite with variety—and stimulates it.

There may be a reason, but there is no excuse, for an undernourished child.

I d n ' t *You Do for Them!*

You'd spare no time, or trouble, or expense you could afford, to have your children always well and happy. And if you knew a way had been found to give you better assurance of that happy result—how quickly you'd follow that course!

Famous Specialists Have Found The Way

More than a thousand babies who couldn't have mother's milk were fed under their direction. These babies didn't have the digestive disturbances which so often come to babies who are artificially fed. They had, indeed, as sturdy growth and as rugged health as the babies who, under the same direction, had their own mother's milk.

It Isn't An Accident

This extraordinary experience didn't happen by chance. There is a plain and simple reason. Cow's milk is designed by nature for the stomach of a calf—vastly different from the stomach of a child. Pet Milk is *adapted* to the human stomach. That's the secret of the wonderful results which these specialists accomplished.

Science Doesn't Guess

Pet Milk is not a substitute for milk. It *is* milk. Not a thing is added to the pure milk. It is concentrated by removing part of the water—made uniformly rich by scientific method and test. Then it is homogenized and sterilized. And this makes Pet Milk as easily digested—as readily assimilable—as the milk that nature designed for the human stomach—makes it as safe as if there were no germ of disease in the world.

At What Cost?

Not an extra penny need be spent. Pet Milk doesn't cost more than ordinary milk. It costs less. This extraordinary milk—surely safe, more easily digested, uniformly rich—will give your children more sturdy growth, more rugged health—the very best assurance that they'll always be well and happy.

One Minute Of Your Time

We'll send you free of charge a complete story of why this extraordinary milk is the best of milk for babies' bottles, for children to drink, for every need you have for cream and milk—for the cream soups—creamed meats, fish and vegetables—whipped cream desserts.

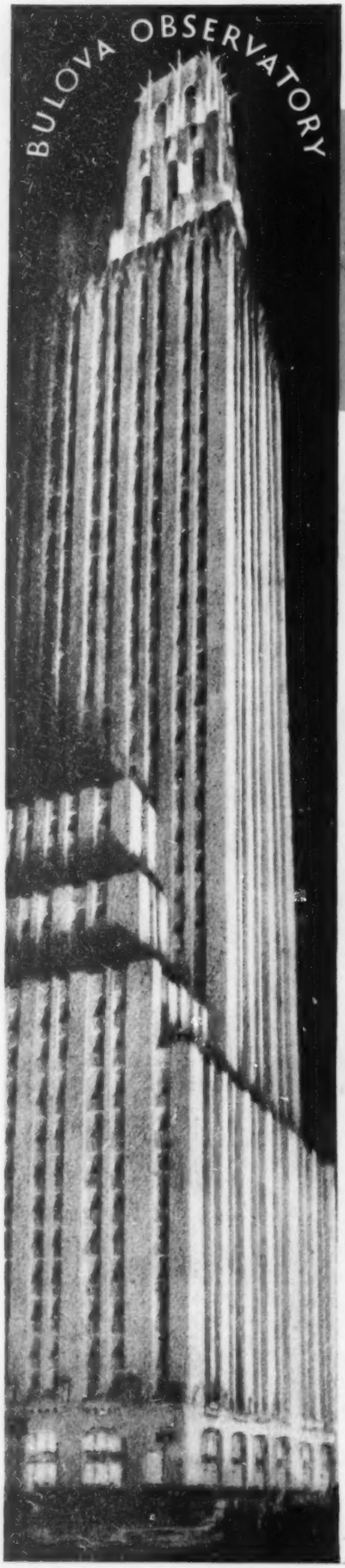
PET MILK COMPANY, 1421-C Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me, free of charge, the items I have checked below.

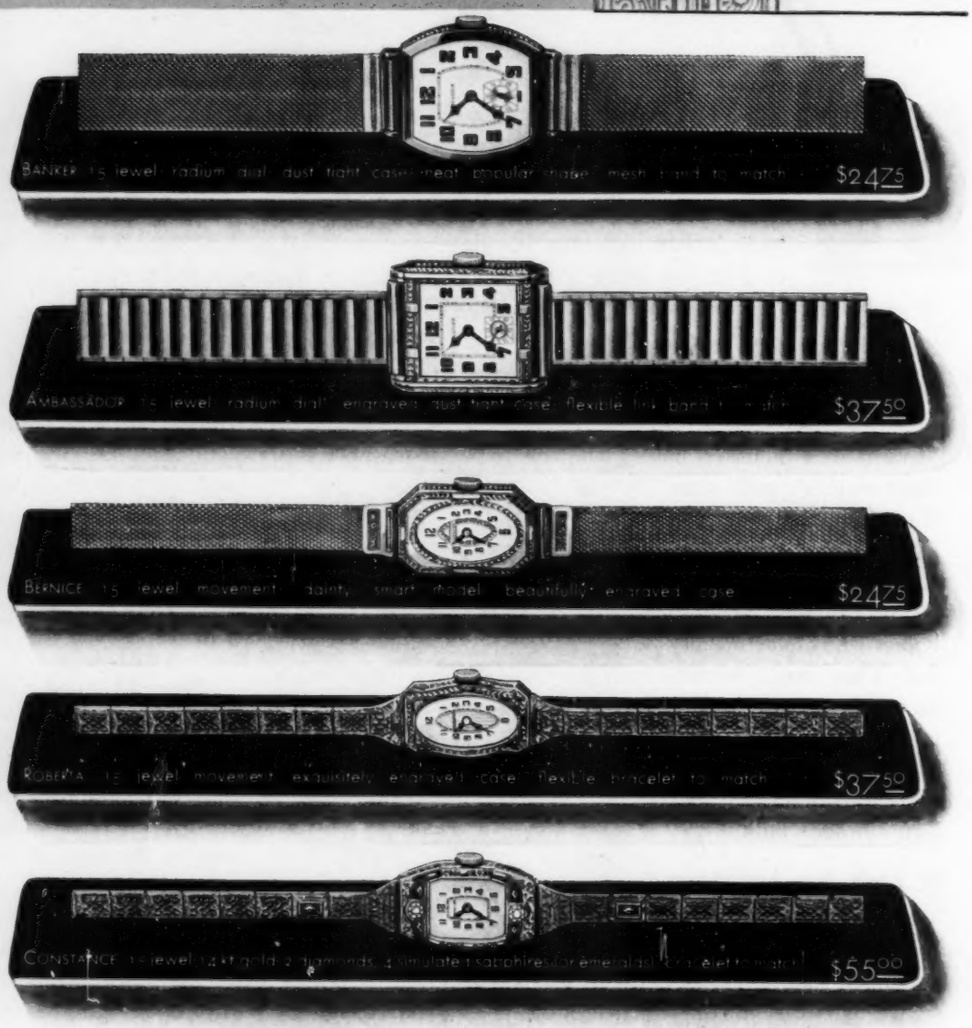
☐ New baby book, "When baby needs milk from a bottle." ☐ Cookbook and leaflets containing 200 recipes.

Name_____

Address_____



BULOVA *Watches*



TODAY, your Jeweler is showing, for men and women, the newest Bulova watches ...models of rare artistry, of smart, individual design, many with bands and bracelets to match. As enduring as the charm of each case is the trustworthiness of each Bulova movement. Whether you pay $25 or $2500 for the Bulova of your choice, with each goes this assurance... that *every* Bulova Watch is a dependable timepiece.

BULOVA WATCH COMPANY, Fifth Avenue, New York . . . . In Canada: Sterling Tower, Toronto

"LISTEN IN" NIGHTLY FOR BULOVA RADIO TIME ANNOUNCEMENTS

AT BETTER JEWELERS . . . EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 102)

"Blazes!" said Johnny Porter. "I don't know, but I want to get back home."

It was something he could never tell—why that wish was so strong within him—for always afterward that island was in his mind, always sweet, serene and every day more beautiful, as it drew away in memory.

"Mister," said Johnny Porter, "blest if I can say. But it's just inside me, like a habit. A feller never has what he wants, now does he? I want to get back home."

Now why—now why? Even then, his mind was asking him, without hope of an answer.

"King," said Captain Quill, "you'll never see the like of this again."

"No," said Johnny Porter, "I'll never see the like." Yet all the while he was speaking, something was pulling at him, against his will—something that was nagging, always nagging.

Sam Jenks was the driver of the Boston stage; he was older and stouter when Johnny Porter climbed beside him on the box, but still he did not seem different. Sam Jenks had seen too many come and go to recall all names and faces.

"Sam," said Johnny Porter, "don't you recollect me?"

"No," said Sam. "I don't say as how I do."

"Well," he said, "I'm Johnny Porter. Don't you recollect how we used to fish for sculp?"

Mr. Jenks moved his quid in his cheek, for the tobacco-chewing days were starting, and his eyes lighted in faint remembrance as he flicked at his off lead horse.

"So," he said, "you're Johnny Porter, be you? Yes, I recollect you now. Been away some time, ain't you? Thought I hadn't seen you lately."

Somehow Johnny Porter knew it would be so, once he got back home. The glories he had seen and the wonders he had seen, all sank back to nothing, once he came to Haven's End. Its cold gentleness was reaching out to him like something surpassingly wise and weary.

"How's the town?" said Johnny Porter.

"How d'you think?" Sam Jenks said. "It's just the same; it's sound asleep."

And Johnny Porter knew it would be, for nothing there would change.

"Where've you been?" Sam Jenks asked. "You say you've been away some time."

"Shipwrecked," said Johnny Porter. "Shipwrecked on an island. The niggers, they made me king."

"Ah," said Sam Jenks, "did they? . . . The September tides was fearful high this year; they carried off a piece of Scarlet's wharf. A two-headed calf was born to Parlin's farm, and old man Swale is dying."

Johnny Porter did not answer. He shivered because it was autumn and the air by the marshes was damp and chill. It gave him a start, somehow, to think that Mr. Swale was dying just as he was getting home, because he had wished to tell him. Mr. Swale would have listened, Johnny knew, and Mr. Swale would have been glad to hear. Johnny Porter could hear him, in spite of a lapse of time.

"Drink it up," Mr. Swale was saying, "and go away." Now he was coming back and Mr. Swale was going. Yet, even in his going there would be no change in Haven's End.

In the darkness of the autumn night he could feel it, more like a dark cloud than a town. There was no one in the streets, for Haven's End has always closed its doors early on autumn nights. The street lights were lighted just as he had seen them last, and here and there were squares of light from the gentlemen's houses by the street.

"Blazes," said Johnny Porter, "if it ain't dead as wood!" Yes, all of Haven's End was sound asleep.

"A powerful lot of fellers has been leaving," Mr. Jenks said. "There ain't much opportunity these days."

Johnny Porter did not answer till he had jumped down from the wheel rim to the sidewalk by the tavern.

"Well, here I be," he said, as though it had only been a day since he had been there last.

"Yes," Sam Jenks answered, "here you be."

The shadows from the elm trees against the street lamps were waving in the street, and once again the houses were all like people watching. His boot heels echoed back with the same old echo, just as though he had not been away. And there was the wood smoke in his nostrils, clear and fresh, that mingled with the salty smell of the thick mists from the mud flats by the river. It was dark, but it was all about him, just as though he had never been away. The bell from the First Church was ringing, and then the other bells.

"Johnny Porter," they were saying, "you're bound to come back home."

Though he was walking, he could almost think if he had not moved he would have been carried forward just the same, like a stick upon the river tide. All at once he had the strangest thought, that set his hair tingling at its roots—an absurd, but fearful thought. He could almost believe that he had never been away, but, instead, had been there all the time; that it was true, what Hepsey said—he could never get away. Could it be, while he was in all those distant places, that Johnny Porter had been always walking down the street? He was not man enough to say, for what did Johnny Porter know of habit and soul? He only knew that he was moving as surely as the breeze.

Fish Town was lying in the faint light from the river, and he could see the harbor lights, clear red and yellow, the way they always were in the hushed air of autumn.

First there was the picket fence before his house, as white as though he had painted it only yesterday. The light from the kitchen lay shining upon the ground-shell walk where it stretched in a clean, even slash toward the door. The woodshed was not ten paces off. Johnny Porter walked toward it with bowed head and stooping shoulders, cursing beneath his breath when he stumbled upon a log.

When he opened the kitchen door, there was Hepsey, seated by the table. You might have thought she had not moved since he had left, because there was no change in her. Even when she looked up, she did not seem surprised. Her hair was knotted tight in the same old knot; the only difference he could see was that her hair was more pepper and salt than brown, as though a bit of wood ash had been blown upon it from the fire.

There was a moment's silence when they stared each other in the face, for after all what was there left to say? But as they stood there staring, Johnny Porter had another thought, which seemed to make a circle of all thinking, perfect and complete. She was the town. All the grayness, all the harshness was there in her, and all the loneliness and all the strength that had been forever at him when he tried to get away. Johnny Porter slammed the door behind him and shuffled across the white-scrubbed kitchen floor.

"Mind where you're going," said Hepsey. "Don't you know enough to wipe your feet?"

Johnny Porter did not answer. There was a crash of wood in the wood box, and he turned around, old, sullen, all at once, and very weary. And when he spoke, his voice was weary.

"There," said Johnny Porter—"there's your damned old wood!"

LONG TIME NO SEE

(Continued from Page 21)

searched. "A big chicken does not eat small rice," he said when one of his friends advised concentrating on some ground where the gold was coarse enough to net an ounce a day. "The little servants of Kwan Yin are ugly. Only the Goddess of Fortune herself is beautiful. She must be won."

Late in the afternoon, in a freezing rain that chilled him to the bone, Lee Song rested for a moment in the comparative shelter of a bowlder that bulked above him larger than an emperor's tomb. He lighted a little fire and fed it, in a fight against the rain, with fat pine cones. "To be warm and dry—that is half of happiness," Lee Song decided when the grateful warmth of the crackling fire had brought the blood back to his gray hands.

Idly, then instinctively diligent, he stuck a flat steel knife into the wet earth near the face of the great bowlder. It penetrated an inch of tangled pine needles, another inch of thin rotten leaves, and grated faintly into a stratum of coarse sand. Lee Song glanced casually at the bit of sand adhering to the end of the knife. Lying bright against a dark gray background was a fragment of what appeared to be thin gold wire.

Lee Song made another stab with his knife and uncovered a tangled fabric of yellow gold in wire and filaments and spikes and slender crystals. "Now indeed have the devils of delirium found residence within my eyes." Lee Song closed his eyes and kept them closed for ten seconds, but when he looked again his treasure was still there.

When Sam Tanner returned, according to his threat, to extort the balance of his personal assessment against the Chinese crew at Mud Bar, he was paid without protest.

"That's fine," Sam Tanner said in a verbal receipt for three bricks of gold that were worth two thousand dollars. "You boys are entitled to work another two months without paying no more tax. Be sure to keep that receipt I gave you."

"Allee time, long time keep him," Lee Song answered; then, "The longest rivers finally reach the sea," he reflected. "Some day the books will be balanced. Who am I to question the will of heaven?"

Returning to the rich strike they had made in the shelter of the great rock, when Sam Tanner had departed down the trail that led to the pleasant playgrounds in San Francisco, Lee Song and his companions worked diligently for five days before they exhausted the pocket of gold. When the treasure was divided, each of the ten men was rich.

When wealth comes, harmony departs. Three of Lee Song's companions returned forthwith to China. One of them died with a knife in his heart in the opium room of a Chinese gambling house at Placerville. Three others gained the sanctuary of a den on Ross Alley in San Francisco, and it took them seven days to attain poverty.

Before he left the Mud Bar district where the Goddess of Fortune had awaited him, Lee Song searched for the little rounded quartz bowlder that Sam Tanner had used in defending him from the gun-wielding tax collector.

He found this piece of rock and carried it with him, nested in his share of the golden treasure; for no good man, practicing virtue, could abandon a friendly stone in the Sierra snow.

With the marching years, to Lee Song came new and easier methods of making money. He worked for a while in various stores that kept pace with the advancing line of the railroad that was being driven through the hills of gold; and then, with a modest capital acquired from thrift, and a larger bonus with which the Goddess of Fortune had endowed him, he opened a gambling house at Dutch Flat where any of his countrymen who were inclined to mild adventure could discover it.

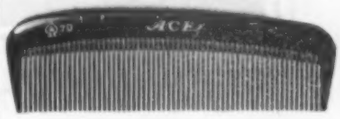
(Continued on Page 110)

Some Combs do more harm than Good

PULLING out and breaking off your hair is an expensive way to comb it. Yet some combs do that. Jagged, sharp edges, rough surfaces, cause damage that only years of growth can replace.

ACE COMBS will bring out the life and lustre of the hair, laying each strand exactly as you want it, without the slightest danger to either hair or scalp.

ACE COMBS are moulded from a fine grade of vulcanized hard rubber. Teeth are carefully rounded with a lustrous smooth finish so they pass easily through the hair. And they come in a wide assortment of sizes and styles to meet any demand of taste or purse. Look for the ACE COMB Cabinet, as illustrated below, in any drug or department store.



Above is reproduction of a 5-inch Purse or Pocket Comb for use during the day—

The No. 1028, illustrated below, is a 7-inch Dressing Comb as popular with women as with men.

ACE COMBS

A most informative booklet will be sent free for the asking. It gives many practical suggestions on the care of the hair. Write your name and address in margin and mail to

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER CO.
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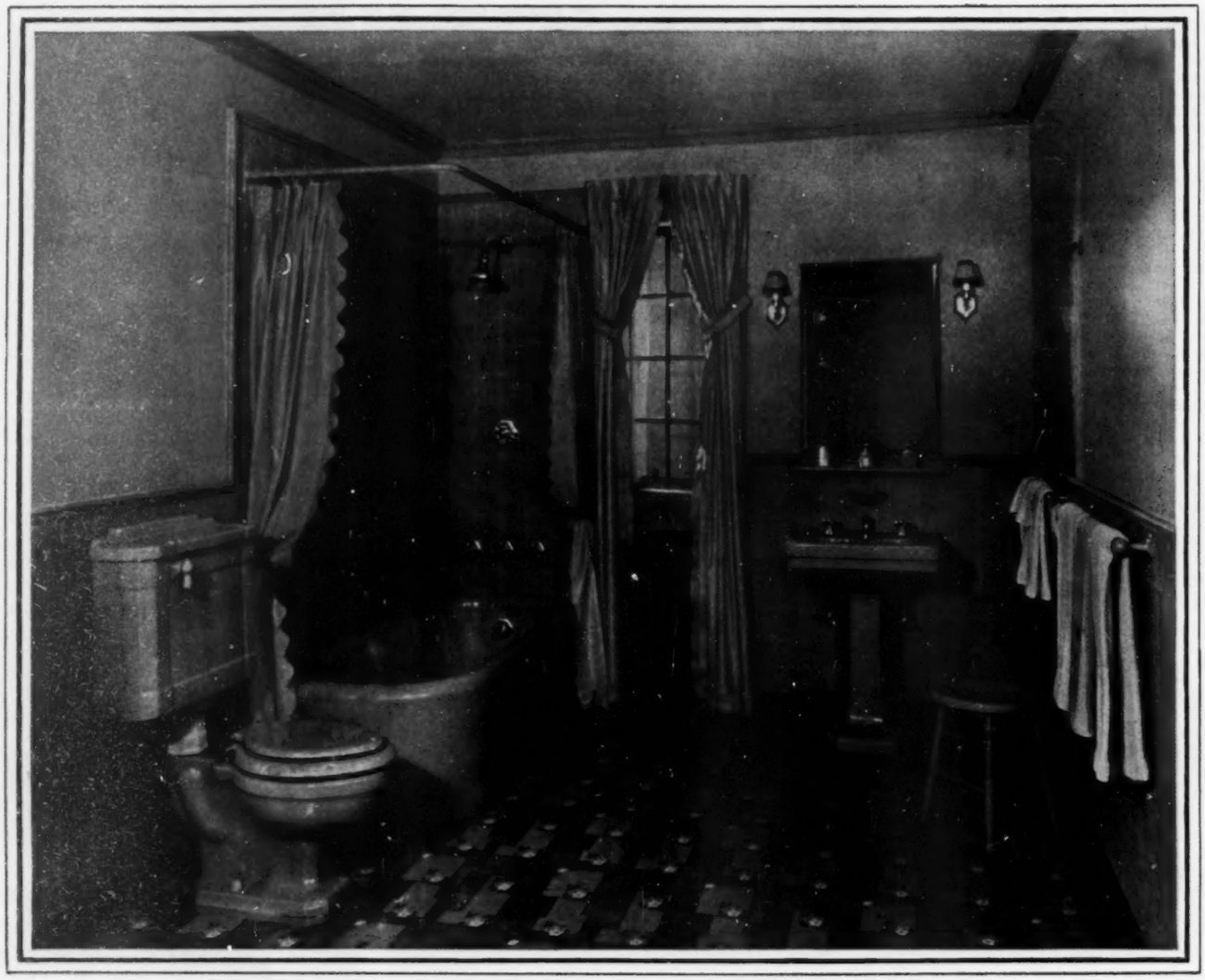


YOUR BATHROOM IS AS ATTRACTIVE AS THE PLUMBING FIXTURES ARE BEAUTIFUL

HOW old are the plumbing fixtures in your bathroom? So old that they are old-fashioned and unsightly—so old that they have an out-worn, not-quite-clean appearance? Then you know that to redecorate your bathroom will only make the plumbing fixtures seem more out-of-place. You realize that bathroom beauty must have its beginning in the plumbing fixtures.

Why not modernize and beautify your bathroom by replacing the old fixtures with new "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures? Never have they been so beautiful, both in design and color. "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures are now made in Ming Green, Rose du Barry, Ionian Black, T'ang Red, Orchid of Vincennes, Royal Copenhagen Blue, Clair de Lune Blue and St. Porchaire Brown, as well as White.

The group illustrated above in Ming Green, built-in bath, vitreous china water closet and pedestal lavatory, all equipped with "Standard" Mastercraft Fittings is priced at $510. The same group equipped with regular "Standard" fittings is priced at $380. The same group in white fixtures with regular "Standard" fittings is priced at $310.

Is it a question of ready cash? Then you will be glad to know that only a small part of the total cost of the plumbing fixtures, including your plumbing contractor's charge for installing them, need be in cash and that convenient monthly terms may be arranged.

Your plumbing contractor will be glad to give you the complete details of the "Standard" Time Payment Plan, or you can obtain them, and any other information you desire, by mailing the coupon. You are invited to visit a "Standard" Showroom to see the new designs in the new colors.

"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES

I am interested in receiving S. E. P.—3-15-30

☐ Book—"Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home.

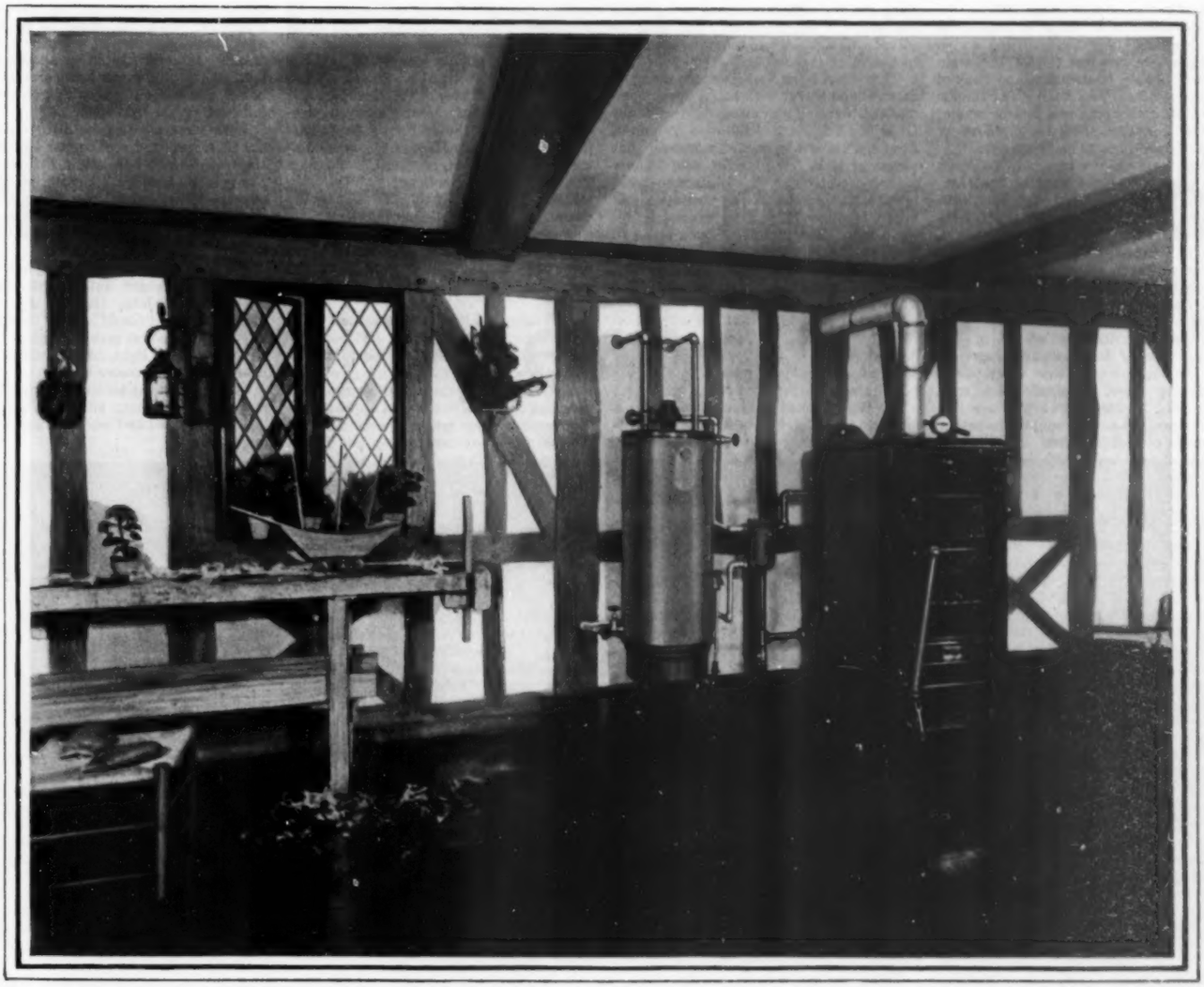
☐ Particulars of your convenient payment plan.

My name is_____

My address is_____

City State

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.
106 SIXTH STREET, PITTSBURGH
DIVISION OF
AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION



AMERICAN RADIATOR HEAT FOR APPROXIMATELY $75 PER ROOM — WHY HAVE ANYTHING ELSE?

ARE you going through another winter with inadequate heating? . . . It is really an extravagance to do so, aside from the discomfort, when you can have an American Radiator heating plant installed for approximately $75 a room. And now is the time to install it.

Radiator heat is so natural that it is used in conservatories to protect flowers—and it is equally vital to the health of the family. It is the only kind of heating that assures you clean, even warmth in *every* room, all winter long, regardless of the weather.

And see that your heating plant is "All-American"...part American and part something else means parting from efficiency. "All-American"—Boiler, Radiators and Accessories—means perfect team work. Then get ready to see a transformation downstairs when the "Ideal" Boiler in its red enamel jacket gets busy. It sheds the glamor of a room into the gloom of the cellar.

CONVENIENT PAYMENTS IF YOU DESIRE

And don't worry about the cost. You can take out the old heater and put in American Radiator heating paying for it while you enjoy it. Defer the payments—not the benefits. Modernize your home now with a heating system that will promote the wealth of your property and the health of your family.

Write for details and call in a good local heating dealer.

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AMERICAN IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

I am interested in receiving S. E. P.—3-19-30

☐ Book—"Ideal Heating."

☐ Information on your heavy duty vacuum cleaner.

My name is_____

My address is_____
City State

(Continued from Page 107)

In the shade of a clump of poplars he built an adobe structure with iron doors. The walls were two feet thick. The main room was twenty feet square, and back of this there were a dozen smaller apartments where tired men would rest at a price, and where, at a greater price, the pleasures of wine and opium might be enjoyed.

Except for a counter inclosed by an iron grille, where Lee Song handled the cash, the walls of the main room were lined with gambling tables. There were three roulette wheels; and each afternoon, for long months, the Night Star Lottery reaped a rich income from the sale of its flimsy tissue tickets.

Lee Song's establishment was a quiet house. Language was scarce in the Pavilion of Plenty.

The cashier's desk behind which Lee Song sat was of thin tongue-and-groove pine. Back of this pine there was a three-inch plating of oak. Chained to four eye-bolts riveted to this oaken armor was Lee Song's treasure box. The links of the chains were made of half-inch iron, and the box itself was of oak banded with iron and lined with copper. This copper tank had been sealed with solder along all its seams, because it was designed to hold gold dust and amalgams of fine gold and mercury which were brought to the Pavilion of Plenty by miners hungry for play.

On the counter above the treasure tank sat Lee Song's gold scales. In the left pan of these scales rested the rounded quartz bowlder which had saved Lee Song's life at Mud Bar. The bowlder now served as a pedestal for a little gold statue of Milo Fo. When the right-hand pan of the gold scales was empty, Milo Fo rested low in his sanctuary behind a barricade of silk. A commensurate weight of heavy yellow dust would lift the smiling Milo Fo to view. The quartz bowlder and the image of Milo Fo weighed, together, about twelve hundred dollars in the local gold. Every time Milo Fo's smiling face popped up behind the silken screen, Lee Song knew that he was another thousand dollars to the good.

There had been one big night when Milo Fo had showed his head above the barrier of poverty three times, but usually it required five or six nights of play in the Pavilion of Plenty to yield a thousand-dollar profit to the proprietor. Counting his wealth, "*Shan in shan pao*—to virtue there is great recompense," Lee Song would say to Milo Fo when the little image popped his head above the silken screen. "Presently I shall have enough wealth to insure peaceful years for my old age, and sons beside my grave after I depart on the dragon."

Completing his preliminary arrangements for sons, Lee Song purchased a bargain whose price had been cut practically in two by the same knife which left a four-inch scar along her cheekbone. The knife had been wielded by a white member of the reception committee who welcomed consignments of Chinese brides to San Francisco with gunfire and edged weapons.

Marriage settled Lee Song and anchored him to the Pavilion of Plenty. "With advancing years a man's heart hardens while his feet grow soft."

In the community Lee Song became a fixture, and the house of Lee Song grew to be a standard of stability. "As solid as Lee Song" came to be gilt-edge commercial rating in the gold hills. White men whose talons had been clipped by the higher ethical standards that invaded the informal society of the hills of gold envied Lee Song.

Among these drifting white men, Sam Tanner returned presently to the place where Lee Song had settled. Without knowing the cause of his good luck—good for evil—the white man enjoyed special favors at the hands of Lee Song and various other Chinese whose stores and gambling houses had sprung up in the vicinity of the Pavilion of Plenty.

At Sam Tanner's first visit to the Pavilion of Plenty Lee Song had recognized him as the man who had saved his life. "Long time no see," Lee Song said in greeting, but the white man had evidently forgotten Lee Song and the violent incident of their first contact. "I let him sleep," Lee Song resolved, when no sign of recognition lighted in the white man's eyes.

That night when Sam Tanner journeyed down China Street with half a dozen companions, fighting a running fight with the Gods of Luck, he was followed by one of Lee Song's men who carried a message that meant at least fair play for Sam Tanner and his associates. "This white man saved my life. Afford him honest treatment and kindly courtesy," Lee Song ordered.

An hour after midnight, back again in the Pavilion of Plenty, Sam Tanner was broke.

"What you do now?" Lee Song asked the white man.

"Me? I'm headin' back for a claim on the other side of Bear River. I'm workin' it on wages."

"You got good gold mine?"

"All she needs is to be opened up."

Lee Song looked at Sam Tanner for a moment, and then his glance ranged downward to the little white quartz bowlder which lay in the left-hand pan of the gold scales that sat on the desk in front of him. "How long you live heah?" he asked Sam Tanner.

"I come to Californy in forty-nine. I never had enough to git out on. I been here ever since."

"You got wife married? You got fambly?"

Sam Tanner frowned. "My wife and children is still back East. Ain't never had enough money at one time to git 'em out here with."

"Mebby bimeby you ketchum good job on railroad. Mebby you start store, make large money. Gold mine cost too much. Spend large money for pay tax man."

Spending small money trying to make it grow, Sam Tanner used his wages on a roulette wheel in the Pavilion of Plenty on the next Saturday night.

His bank roll was gone in seven whirls, and then, to ease his distress, he lunged at the Chinaman back of the roulette wheel with murder in his eye. He hit the gamester once. Then he was interrupted by a short knife wielded by the doorkeeper of the Pavilion of Plenty, whose left hand carried a longer, swordlike affair which had been the bayonet on an ancient musket.

With one blade coming at him and another swinging above him about to cleave his skull, the white man prepared to bid farewell to life; but before the knife wielder could get his man Lee Song intervened with the little quartz bowlder. He aimed it fair, and its impact on the watchman's skull draped that faithful servant with a black mantle of sleep.

Lee Song turned to Sam Tanner. "Moah betteh you go quick," he said, picking up the five-pound rock and the gold image of the smiling Milo Fo. Then, to himself, "Now the books are balanced. I owed this man my life, and now, undoubtedly, I have saved his heart from the slicing daggers of this faithful servant at my feet."

Explaining his interruption of the program to the faithful servant, when the latter revived, saving face all around, "You did your duty, but after a typhoon there are pears to gather. If you had killed that man the white men of this town would have reaped a hundred Chinese lives in revenge."

Quietly at first, but thereafter somewhat more blatantly, "Lee Song is a mighty good Chinaman," Sam Tanner advertised, remembering the details of his salvation in the Pavilion of Plenty. "Most of 'em ain't worth a damn, but Lee Song is a mighty reliable hombre."

Within a month the theme of Sam Tanner's eulogy had translated into a more practical impulse. Needing cash, "Like as not Lee Song would be mighty glad to lend me two-three hundred dollars," the white man decided. "I'll go to him and tell him the fix I'm in and see what comes of it. He's a mighty big-hearted feller even if he is a Chinaman."

Explaining his desires to Lee Song, "I got a letter from my wife. Two of the kids is sick. She owes the rent on the house. I'll be dogged if I know what to do. You let me have—let me have five hundred dollars an' I'll pay it back mighty soon."

"*Huang-ien*—a trumped-up story," Lee Song said to himself. "A lie upon this wastrel's lips—but, having enjoyed plenteous years, why should I not listen to liars if they amuse me? Heaven disposes. Virtue is a present recompense." To Sam Tanner, "I let you have money," Lee Song consented; and then to himself, "In the course of time men's motives may be learned."

Smiling at Sam Tanner from his place behind the cashier's desk, "How you likee? You likee gold? Mebby you likee check paper?"

"I'll take gold if it's all the same."

Lee Song reached into the gold tank under the gold scales that carried the white quartz bowlder and the gold image of Milo Fo. His long fingers searched for appropriate slugs of gold which would approximate the value of the required amount. He dredged up a five-ounce lump and half a dozen smaller slugs. He brushed the gold dust from his fingers and reached a second time into the visible working capital of the Pavilion of Plenty.

"You sure got a lot of treasure laid away in that box," Sam Tanner commented, frowning suddenly in an effort to concentrate on a new project which had taken instant possession of his mind. "Listen, Lee Song—I'll tell you what I'll do. I don't want to carry that gold around on me today. I'll come back here tonight and get it from you. I'll be back along around eight o'clock. Chances are if I got that gold from you now somebody might git it away from me before the express leaves. I aim to send it East on the train tonight, and I'll come back around eight o'clock and git it from you. I'll git it just before train time."

"Moah betteh," Lee Song said, nodding his head quickly; and then affably, "You ketchum gold now mebby you go saloon, dlink too much."

"I ain't afraid of that," Sam Tanner countered. "Ain't afraid of that, but there's too many galoots with guns waitin' around every place. I'd look plumb foolish gittin' that gold from you and turnin' it over to some greaser at the first dark place in the street."

At half-past eight that night a man drifted into the Pavilion of Plenty where a dozen games were going strong. He carried a message for Lee Song. "Sam Tanner had to leave town. Feller wanted him to help with the sluice gates on the Pine Hill ditch tonight. He says he come back for what he was after sometime tomorrow."

"Allight." Lee Song nodded briefly, indicating that he understood the message. And then to himself, "A wise man understands a nod."

The night's play in the Pavilion of Plenty was ended half an hour after midnight.

Two hours after midnight, working with unusual energy, Sam Tanner effected an entrance through the side wall of the Pavilion of Plenty at a point within the little inclosure that held the cashier's desk, the gold scales and the treasure chest. He worked for half an hour making the opening in the wall big enough to let him get away with the iron-bound box chained to the thick oak armor under the gold scales. In the left pan of the scales, on his white quartz throne, Milo Fo smiled complacently in the dark.

"By gum, she's heavy!" Sam Tanner observed after he had sawed through the eye-bolts which anchored the treasure chest. "Ten thousand, mebby twenty, sure as shootin'. After tonight, if I git away with this here box, I'm a made man."

Crawling directly away from the poplar-lined main street of the Chinese colony, cursing the moonlight, Sam Tanner managed to drag his heavy prize a distance of a hundred yards into a cover of pines which fringed the Chinese colony.

Before dawn, in a cabin ten miles nearer to San Francisco than the Pavilion of Plenty, Sam Tanner began the work of opening the treasure chest. At first he used a hammer and a cold chisel on the locked iron bands that bound the cover of the chest, but presently he abandoned this method. "I'll saw the wood around them bands, and if she's lined with iron then I'll fall back on the cold steel."

With some pleasure he discovered that the chest was lined with copper. "Gums up the teeth of this here saw a little bit, but I'm goin' on through," he said, heedless of what might happen to the contents of the chest. He sawed through three sides of the chest. Then, using all his strength, he bent the top half of the box upward.

The thick copper lining, acting as a hinge, resisted his strength, but presently the box lay open before him. He saw eight canvas money sacks. "Gold!" Sam Tanner exulted—but the first sack felt light.

They were all light, for the money sacks held nothing but coarse sand.

Gray against the tarnished copper at the bottom of the empty chest was a printed handbill, creased and worn, announcing, in large type:

$500

A REWARD OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS will be paid for the capture, dead or alive. . . .

Sam Tanner's vision blurred, and his throat burned with a sudden congestion of profanity when on the lower margin of the handbill he read four words that had been written in English with a thin Chinese brush laden with vermilion ink: "Long time no see."

She Was Glad She Was Educated

SHE: My dear, I think it's perfectly poisonous how many people you run into nowadays who are abs'lutely illiterate or something—do you know what I mean?

HE: Yeah, I guess you're right.

SHE: I mean they've practicably never read a thing and can't talk English to save their life—you know the type.

HE: Yeah, you bet!

SHE: Gosh, my dear, it makes me simply livid because I mean half the so-called educated classes simply aren't, and people think it's smart to use all kinds of perfectly vile slang expressions which actually lay me an egg because they're so terribly vulgar and everything!

HE: You said it. It's the limit.

SHE: Honestly, my dear, I'm all of a doodah about the situation at this point, because I really think there must be something wrong with people who have advantages and yet can't discuss lit'rature or talk plain English decently!

HE: I guess most of 'em aren't reading much these days.

SHE: Of course not, my dear! Nobody has any time to read anything worth while, but I mean they had time when they were in school, sort of. I mean I read loads of classical tripe when I was in school, like Ivanhoe and Idols of the King and everything, which I simply abominated because I mean they bored me to tears, but anyways I read them, which is more than practicably any girls I know can say at this point.

HE: Yeah, I guess most girls are pretty uneducated.

SHE: My dear, it's perfectly appalling how ignorant most society girls are! You'd never think they had the slightest education!

HE: I spose they figure it'll interfere with their popularity if they let any bozo get the idea they're highbrow.

SHE: Some of 'em may pretend that's the reason they appear so darned dumb; but let me tell you, my dear, the real reason's that they simply haven't any education—do you know what I mean?

HE: Yeah, I guess you're right.

SHE: Well, anyways, my dear, I may not be any intellectual prodigal or anything, but I'm awfully glad that I'm at least educated, my dear—I mean I actually am!

—LLOYD MAYER.

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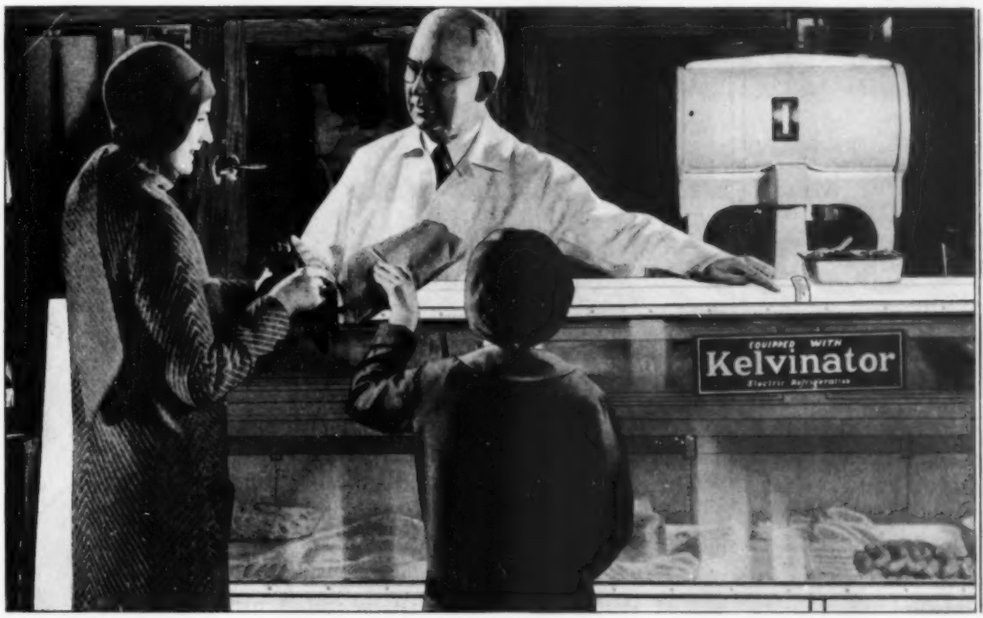

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1. *Economy*—Eliminates food spoilage. Kelvinator provides unvarying cold at all times—*automatically*. Trimmings reduced to minimum.
2. *Lower Operating Cost*—In many cases as much lower as 75%.
3. *Controlled Temperatures*—*Fully Automatic*—Governing temperatures best for each requirement.
4. *Convenience*—No worry, no bother, no attention over week-ends. Just carefree, reliable refrigeration.
5. *Sales Asset*—Customers are favorably impressed with sanitary, clean and economical care of foods.
6. *Quantity Purchases*—Food can be bought in larger quantities—consequently at better rates. A wider assortment of perishables can be maintained.
7. *Kelvinator Pays for Itself*—Because of the multiple savings it effects, Kelvinator very soon repays its cost—often in a single year's time.

OVER your morning grapefruit, your crisp luncheon salad, your evening chop or steak, think of the part modern Kelvinator Electric Refrigeration plays—in the *store* as well as the home—in bringing these healthful foods *fresh* to your table!

Most out-of-season delicacies you now enjoy, as a matter of course, owe their final freshness and purity to facilities provided by your local food retailer.

Quick to recognize his obligations as the last link in food distribution, he has modernized his methods for the safe-keeping of perishables by the installation of Kelvinator Electric Refrigeration.

ORIGINATED BY KELVINATOR—The Cross-Fin Cooling Unit—the greatest contribution to commercial electric refrigeration. This giant size has refrigerating capacity equivalent to 505 lbs. of ice daily.

And in serving you, he is unquestionably serving himself. For Kelvinator attracts scores of new customers to his shop because of the appetizing, sanitary quality of his foods. Kelvinator largely eliminates spoilage in his store through the steady, constant cold it maintains.

By thus enabling him to make quantity purchases with no danger of loss, he obtains better food at lower prices. And in common with thousands of home owners, he has found Kelvinator Electric Refrigeration far more dependable and economical in operation.

The first successful manufacturer of electric refrigeration, Kelvinator has behind it more than 16 years of steady growth. Constant research and study of the food retailer's problems have evolved the most complete line of cooling and condensing units in the industry.

Fifteen compressors insure a size adapted to every need. A wide variety of cooling units, with extraordinary cooling area, but requiring an unbelievably small amount of space within the refrigerator or display case, can be easily installed in present refrigerating equipment.

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FOR EVERY COMMERCIAL PURPOSE

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Please mail me free folder describing Kelvinator equipment for—

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REAL MEXICAN DISHES

AND UNIQUE, NEW SALADS WITH

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Chili POWDER

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If you eat food merely for nourishment, pepper and salt will suffice. But if keen flavors, pungent aromas and spicy tangs intrigue you . . . then the true Chili flavor will give you a brand new thrill.

No longer must you go abroad to get Mexican cooking, as it tastes in Mexico. Now, in your own kitchen, you can make Chili Con Carne that rivals the natives' best. All the famous, popular Mexican dishes, you can surely duplicate at home.

It's all in the seasoning. The natives themselves use a subtle blend of rare spices, principally the Ancho Chili pepper grown in Mexico. You can get the identical formula in 15c and 35c bottles at your grocery store. Ask for *Gebhardt's* Chili Powder to be sure you get the real thing.

Allow yourself a wider range of seasoning than salt and pepper can give. Spice up the hum-drum dishes. Transform left over meats into delicacies superb. Enliven egg and vegetable dishes. Put pep, color and zest into sauces, soups and gravies. Add relish to salads with a flavor piquant and rare.

With each bottle of *Gebhardt's* Chili Powder a recipe folder is enclosed. In *Gebhardt's* two famous cook books, you get *all* of the recipes of typically Mexican dishes and American adaptations as well.

Nearly all grocers now have *Gebhardt's* genuine Mexican Chili Powder and *Gebhardt's* Mexican foods, ready-prepared in cans. If your grocer doesn't have them, use coupon below to get samples of both direct from "San Antone."

"Salads:" By Alice Bradley, Principal of Miss Farmer's Boston School of Cookery

It unfolds to you, by word and beautifully colored illustration, the very newest vogue in salad art; new color, flavor, decoration and design. You can duplicate them easily. You can serve veritable salad sensations for your next bridge luncheon; and entice your own family to eat more, healthful salads.

Also Gebhardt's Book of Original Mexican Recipes

The "low-down" on Mexico's highest art. It discloses the real secrets and recipes of famous native dishes and tells you how to achieve the exact flavor and zest for which they are famous. Contains also, scores of welcome variations of familiar American dishes, inestimably improved by Chili powder's magic touch.

Also a full 10¢ sample of Gebhardt's Mexican Chili Powder

A dainty Cellophane packet, containing enough powder for two or three recipes. This is the real thing from San Antonio . . . The quality and formula that natives themselves prefer. Both books and sample [retail value 40c] postpaid to any American address for only a dime. Send for sample today.

SAMPLE
and 2 Books
Retail Value
40c...*Postpaid*
10¢

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For
—meat—fish—eggs
—vegetable dishes
—salads—sauces—soups
—gravies—relishes—etc.
—Use it wherever you use pepper and salt.

. . . once you've tried the sample you'll want to buy it regularly. If your grocer doesn't have Gebhardt's Genuine Mexican Chili Powder and Gebhardt's Mexican foods in cans, ask him to stock them for you.

15c and 35c Bottles

SEP-2

the SAMPLER

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$1 To introduce real Mexican foods, where dealers have not yet stocked them, Gebhardt has provided a handsome "Sampler" box. It contains one can each of Chili Con Carne, real Mexican Beans, genuine husk-wrapped Tamales, 2 cans Deviled Sandwich Spread, 1 bottle of Gebhardt's genuine Mexican Chili Powder and two famous Mexican recipe books. These foods are prepared in Gebhardt's immaculate, sun-flooded, San Antonio kitchens. Only Government inspected meats are used. Box shipped to any address in the United States postpaid for a dollar bill.

GEBHARDT'S, San Antonio, Texas.

☐ Enclosed find 10c; send sample of Gebhardt's Mexican Chili Powder and 2 recipe books free.

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"I say, Doctor, aren't YOU tempted to swear a little when you have tire trouble?"

"Perhaps I might be, but so far I've avoided that temptation by using Kelly-Springfield tires."

FEW of us have escaped the experience of having to change a tire in a storm or on a hot highway. A great many drivers have learned to avoid these annoying moments by turning to the most dependable tires it is possible to buy—Kelly-Springfields. When Kellys were higher-priced than other tires, these drivers cheerfully paid the extra cost. Today, they can buy far better Kellys *at the same price they would have to pay for most other makes.*

KELLY

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, 1775 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

BONDS OF SERVICE

(Continued from Page 19)

"Cruelty," said Sam. "Cruelty of the female gender. I'm sensitive, Bill. Be a sport and keep quiet."

Bill promised. He promised not to mention Talcott Talcum to Madge at all. But across the dinner table Madge mentioned it.

"It went up," Madge said, without preface. "Talcott Talcum."

Bill squinted suspiciously. "What do you know about it?" he demanded.

"Three and three-fourths," said Madge. "Today. It went up 3¾. That's just the same as 3.75. I mean the same as three seventy-five a yard for something. I think it's marvelous."

"How do you know?" Bill asked, holding the squint. "You've got it wrong, as usual, but how do you know?"

"Elsie," said Madge. "Elsie Dean. They're coming over. Elsie and Sam. Tonight. To play bridge."

"They are not," Bill asserted. "I'm tired. I've got a headache. Call her up and flag it."

"Poor dear," Madge purred; "if you have a headache we won't play bridge. We won't play it at all. We'll just sit and talk."

Bill groaned. "No," he said, "we won't just sit and talk. My head's much better. We'll play bridge. But the Dean outfit is going to get the rush at 10:30 by the clock." He turned to the mantel and glared. "Why didn't you put that clock back?"

"Elsie's new watch," said Madge happily. "You'll see it. Maybe she'll wear her coat. I'm hysterical about it."

The Deans arrived, with coat, at eight. The salutations were brief. "Come up and take it off in my room," Madge said to Elsie, and the men were silent until a door closed.

At ten Bill called from the foot of the stairs, "What's the idea of this card table down here?"

Madge replied from above, "We're coming. Elsie's showing me her coat."

The ladies descended at 10:40. Bill said cheerfully, "Well, it's too late to start a game now."

"Aye," said Sam, "and the ayes have it."

"What time is it?" Elsie asked.

"We have no clocks," said Bill. "Nobody has clocks. Consult your marvelous watch."

"It won't run," said Sam, "and who cares?"

"Give it a hard shake," Madge advised. "I think it's a love."

"If it is late, we simply can't stay," Elsie said. "I'm going to town early tomorrow."

"They start pulling the rabbits out of the hat at ten sharp," said Bill. "Don't be late."

Elsie gave him a smile of pity. "Still stubborn, Bill?" she asked.

"Stubborn," Bill said, "and able to sleep nights. It doesn't worry me at all to see the market getting wabbly."

"Wabbly?" questioned Elsie coldly. "Wabbly?"

"It went up today," Madge remarked. "Talcott Talcum."

"I haven't noticed the market wabbling," Elsie said firmly.

"You're not expected to notice it, dear lady," said Bill. "That's not being done this season. It's out."

"I think you're absurd, Bill," Elsie declared.

"And dumb," said Bill.

"Just look at all the prosperity," said Elsie, patting her transformation. "Just look at all the new conditions, and the—and lots of things."

"Mr. Stanwood," Madge murmured. "Elsie's broker. He's very bright. Mr. Stanwood."

"Of course, the market is selective," Elsie said instructively. "As my broker says, it is very selective." She smiled wanly at Bill. "I suppose you know what that means."

"Tips," said Bill.

Elsie registered scorn. "I thought you didn't know," she said. "It means that you have to know just what the important men are going to do. My broker, Mr. Stanwood, knows all the important men. His cousin is high up in a trust company. He's very helpful."

"He knows about it," said Madge. "Talcott Talcum. The cousin knows about it."

"Talcott Talcum," said Elsie positively, "is going to have a very large rise. It has been accumulated for weeks and weeks by the very best people. Of course, Bill, you don't know about it, but Talcott Talcum has hidden assets."

"You may be right," said Bill. "It has hidden assets, if any."

"And hidden assets are very important," Elsie explained graciously. "Most people don't appreciate them, and that is one reason why Talcott Talcum is going to rise. By the time people really appreciate its hidden assets, it will be up enormously. Mr. Stanwood has told me all about it, and I agree with him."

"It's marvelous," Madge proclaimed. "Don't you think it's marvelous, Sam?"

"Sam knows nothing about it," said Sam's wife.

Sam shivered and blinked at the light. "What?" he asked. "What's wabbly? . . . Certainly I'm ready. I've been ready a long time. I'll wabble out for the car. Get your overcoat, Else."

"I'll get it, dear," Madge cried, and went into action.

"And another thing," Elsie said sternly to Bill, "is that Talcott Talcum has a process patent on by-products. I don't suppose you know that, either."

Bill said he was astonished.

"It has a process patent on by-products, and no other company can have any by-products at all unless it pays Talcott Talcum so much apiece for them. And practically all companies really need by-products. It is rather scientific, of course, but I understand it in a general way, because Mr. Stanwood explained it to me very clearly."

"I can see he did," said Bill.

Sam honked outside, and Madge, in fur, floated down the stairs. "How do I look in it?" she caroled.

"Enormous," said Bill, "and what's more, I'm not going to try to make the price of one of them out of Talcott Talcum." He grinned at Elsie. "You girls will have to get a better act. The one you're using is raw."

Elsie wriggled into her coat and returned the grin. "Good night, William," she said sweetly. "I do hate to mention it, old dear, but you really are dumb."

Bill closed the door as the car drove off. "Goofy," he growled. "The woman's goofy. How much of a bet has she made on that Talcum stuff?"

"She didn't bet at all," said Madge. "Not Elsie. Not on Talcott Talcum. She invested on it."

"My mistake," Bill said, "but how much? How many shares did she buy?"

"Ten," said Madge. "Ten hundred."

"Make up your mind," Bill urged. "Was it ten shares, or what?"

"Ten hundred," Madge repeated.

Bill stared. "You can't mean a thousand," he said. "The woman can't be as daffy as that."

"Ten hundred," said Madge, "Talcott Talcum shares. Is that much?"

"Much!" Bill snorted. "Maybe not much for Rockefeller or Otto Kahn. But for Elsie Dean, in a stock like that ——"

"I think Talcott Talcum is a marvelous stock," Madge said cheerfully. "It went up 3¾."

"It went up six points today," said Bill, "and it's likely to drop twice as much tomorrow."

"Don't be silly. It's going up ever so high. Mr. Stanwood said so. He said so today. He told me."

"What's that?" Bill asked. "How could he tell you? Where did you see him?"

"In his office. Fifty-something Street. It's lovely. The paneling's lovely. Dark. Not very dark, but dark. I went in with Elsie. I went to town with her. Didn't I tell you? We had luncheon. Alligator pear and a marvelous dressing. I was hysterical about it. Mr. Stanwood is very good-looking. Tall."

"Lady," said Bill ominously, "listen to me. No more of any of that for you. *Savez?* No more stock market. No brokers' offices. No tall Stanwoods. No short Stanwoods. No whoopee in town with La Belle Elsie until her ticker fever goes down. Understand?"

"And Mr. Stanwood promised," said Madge, "that Talcott Talcum will jump over a par tomorrow. What's a par?"

"It's a joke," Bill said. "It's a Wall Street joke, and it hasn't any point. But I want you to keep away from that stock-market game. Hear me?"

"How much will it go up if it jumps over a par tomorrow?" asked Madge.

Bill scowled darkly upon the wife of his bosom. "Are you deaf?" he inquired. "I've been telling you I don't want you to get interested in stocks. And I mean it."

"If it jumps over a par," said Madge, "will it go up 3¾ again?"

Mr. Wrenn gave it up and went to bed.

The subject was not revived at breakfast, and that day Talcott Talcum soared to 103. Again it was Mrs. Wrenn who first mentioned the matter at dinner.

"It jumped over a par," she said. "Talcott Talcum. A par costs one hundred dollars."

Bill put down his knife and his fork. "Did you go to that broker's office again today?" he demanded.

"I couldn't today," said Madge. "It's Wednesday. I simply couldn't. The bridge club. I wouldn't miss it. I won a compact. It's marvelous. I'm going to give it to somebody next Christmas."

Bill resumed eating. "I suppose your friend Elsie told you about Talcott," he growled. "Did she sell out?"

"Of course not," said Madge. "It went up. Elsie told me. She told me on the phone. She told me what a par is. But it went up more than 3¾. It went up 4¼. That's the same as four dollars and a quarter for something."

"If that woman doesn't grab her profit she's crazy," said Bill. "The whole market got sloppy again today. Talcott was about the only thing that went up. The big stocks closed right at the bottom. They're on the toboggan—all of them."

"Think of that," Madge said. "But of course not Talcott Talcum. It's going up higher. Mr. Stanwood said so again today. Elsie told me."

Bill said, "She'll be telling that to a margin clerk some day, and he won't think it's a good excuse at all."

"What's a margin clerk?" Madge asked.

"A form of sorrow," said Bill. "Wait a couple of weeks and ask Elsie. By that time she'll know."

Bill's broker telephoned him at noon the next day. "The market's getting a sweet reaction, old man," he said. "Some of these good things are off eight and nine points."

"When they're off eighty and ninety, let me know," said Bill. "Give me a few prices, Aleck."

Aleck gave him a few prices.

"How about your favorite Talcum?" Bill asked.

"That's been a pin wheel," said Aleck. "It shot up above 106 this morning, and then somebody flattened it out. It's down around 99 now."

"It won't be cheap at half the price," Bill said, "and that goes for all the rest of them. The wind is in the palm trees, Aleck. Give me a buzz when the last hope has fled."

That night it was Mr. Wrenn who made Talcott Talcum a dinner-table topic.

"Your pet investment stubbed its bally toe today," he told Madge. "Didn't I say it would?"

Madge smiled. "It went up higher first," she said.

"That was this morning," said Bill. "This morning is a long time ago. The Talcum stuff closed at 95. What does Enthusiastic Elsie say about it this afternoon?"

"She says it doesn't matter at all," said Madge. "I don't believe she really liked it falling down, but she says it is only a passing shower."

"It's still very cloudy tonight," Bill said, "and tomorrow may bring more rain."

Tomorrow brought more rain. The stock market lost more of its upper works, and Talcott Talcum reached 87.

"I told you it would slide fast," said Bill. "Down nearly twenty points in two days, and closed at the low. And the whole market is blah."

"But it is only temporary," Madge protested. "Elsie says Mr. Stanwood says it is only temporary. Eighty-seven. Don't you think it is only temporary?"

"Absolutely," said Bill. "The pause at 87 is temporary. After a restful night, Talcott Talcum will resume its downward course."

Madge said, "Not down lower. That would be terrible. It would be terrible for Elsie. But how can it go down lower when it is a real bargain? Elsie says the time when stocks never go down lower is when they are a bargain. She says Mr. Stanwood says so too. I think it is a good time to invest on some."

"Well," said Bill, "I don't."

"Talcott Talcum," said Madge. "When will be a good time to invest on some?"

"Never," said Bill.

"I think you're marvelous," said Madge, "because you're so silly."

Two days later Talcott Talcum was up again to 94.

Madge said, "The going down was just an accident. Mr. Stanwood says it was just an accident. He told Elsie about it. Now the price will go up ever so high. It was just an accident."

"All right," said Bill; "it was just an accident. I suppose everybody will collect insurance."

"I never thought of that," said Madge. "I'll ask Elsie."

"Wait a day or two," Bill suggested. "The market began to turn pale again this afternoon. Maybe there will be another accident."

"Elsie thinks she will invest on some more," said Madge. "She told me. Talcott Talcum."

"Now you've explained it all," said Bill. "The woman has a complex. She's an accident fiend."

"She's very successful," Madge declared. "Elsie Dean is always very successful."

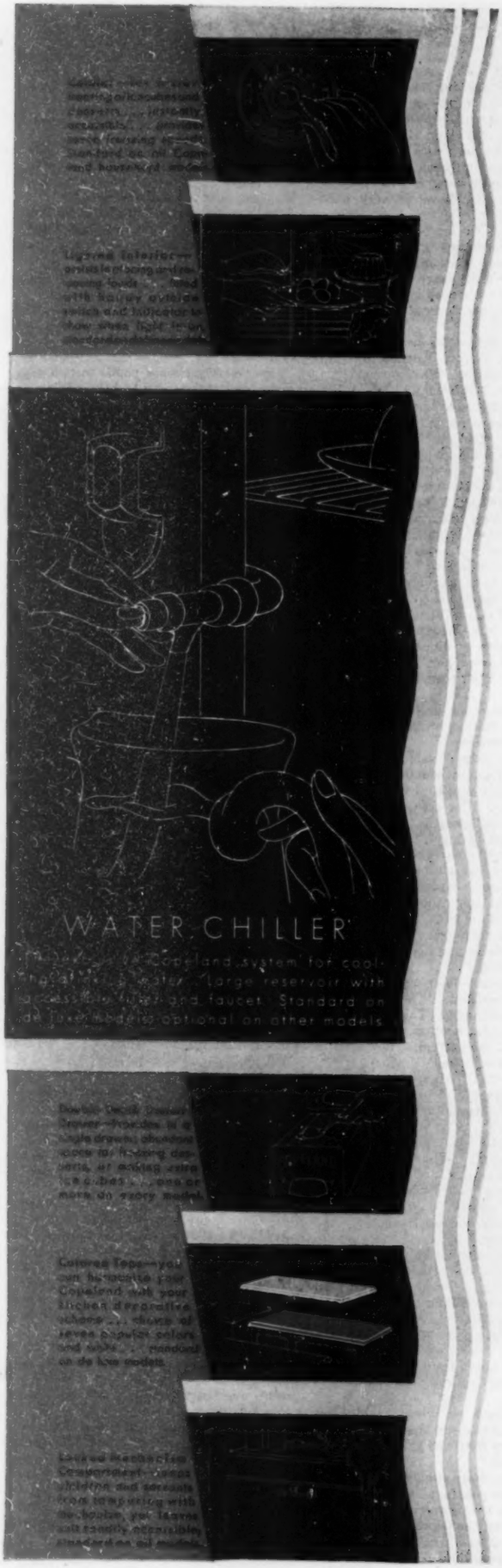
"Uh-huh," said Bill. "So was Pharaoh until that Red Sea dam went down on him."

Wall Street dams began going down a day later, and the flood lasted two weeks. As floods go, it was a huge success. Bill Wrenn looked on grimly and gave up the 8:17 smoker because nobody there would speak to him. He wasn't losing money. Elsie Dean went into the silences, which Madge regarded as a reason for tears, and Sam told Bill the facts.

"She's cleaned," said Sam. "That baby-powder stock had most to do with it. She had a thousand shares of it, and the lot went overboard when it hit 60. They knocked the price down to 55 selling it. She had other junk too. She must have dropped seventy-five or eighty thousand, and she'll owe the brokers ten or twelve. If they can get it they're good. I'm cleaned myself."

Madge heard the story in silence. "And," said Bill, "that's the kind of thing you wanted to step into."

(Continued on Page 118)



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Now, at the touch of a button on your refrigerator, you can have an abundance of chilled drinking water! Now, at the turn of a handy and accessible lever, you can choose any one of seven speeds to hasten the freezing of ice cubes or desserts! Now, you can enjoy advantages unheard of in refrigeration!

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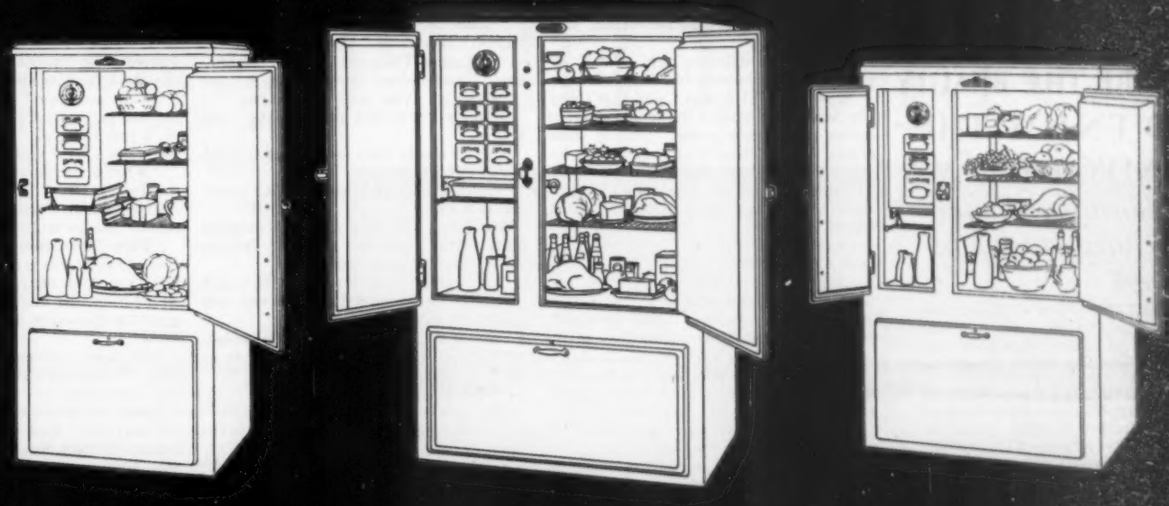

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Fine woods, excellent construction features, and unsurpassed workmanship give long life to all Sikes Chairs. Many Sikes Chairs produced thirty or forty years ago are being used today. Good chairs serve their purpose throughout the years.

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(Continued from Page 115)

"Well," said Madge, "Elsie's still got her coat. It's marvelous."

"Stanwood-with-the-spats has probably got it by this time," Bill remarked. "Maybe he let her keep her watch. It won't run."

"It was lower down today," Madge said. "Talcott Talcum. It was 50."

Bill looked at her with suspicion. "How did you know that?" he asked.

"I think I heard it on the radio. They give the stock-market prices on the radio. They give them every day. They always give Talcott Talcum. When will it be time to invest on some?"

"Never," said Bill. "I told you that before. But I'm getting ready to buy some other things. This break isn't over yet, but it will soon be time to pick up good things and sit on them. That's what I'm waiting for."

Bill ended his waiting on the last day of Wall Street's panic. "This is a real fire sale, Aleck," he said. "I'm going to buy."

"You've got nerve," said Aleck.

"Nobody else has," said Bill.

"You can't tell what's going to happen, old man," Aleck said. "This is a wicked market. In your place, I wouldn't buy any more than I could pay for outright, if necessary."

"You didn't tell anybody that when this market was going through the ceiling," said Bill.

"Things are different now," Aleck explained. "The bottom has dropped out."

"I notice it," Bill said, "and that's why I'm here." He handed the broker a list of stocks and buying prices. "Put in these orders, Aleck. Those bonds you bought for me are out home in a trust-company vault. I'll dump them in here tomorrow. They're worth more than sixty thousand at market prices."

Aleck studied the list. "You're buying good things, Bill," he said. "The bonds will be plenty of margin. I'll count on you to bring them in tomorrow."

"They will be here," Bill promised. "Call me later and let me know how many of those stocks you've been able to buy."

Aleck called him later and told him they had all been bought. "And most of them are a little lower now," he added.

"That's all right too," said Bill. "I didn't expect to get the bottom."

He decided to take an early train, and go to the trust company for the bonds that afternoon. They would be safe enough at home overnight, he thought, and he wouldn't be delayed in the morning. At the vault a gray-haired manager was cordial.

"We haven't seen you for some time, Mr. Wrenn," he said.

Three minutes later Mr. Wrenn was wildly proclaiming to the gray-haired manager that his vault had been robbed.

"Bonds!" Bill shouted. "They're gone! All of them! I put them in myself! They're gone!"

The manager looked at him calmly. "Who else has access to your box?" he asked. "Who else has a key?"

"Nobody!" roared Bill. "Nobody except my wife!"

The manager said, "I know Mrs. Wrenn. She was here two or three weeks ago. Perhaps she knows something about the securities."

"Rot!" Bill barked. "Rot!"

An usher in uniform said, "I opened the box for the lady that time. I got her some wrapping paper and rubber bands. She took a package away with her."

"I'll soon find out," Bill sputtered. "Where's a phone?"

The gray-haired man laid a hand on his arm. "Phones leak, Mr. Wrenn," he said quietly. "You're not far from your home."

Bill stared at him. "You're right," he said. "You're right. I'll be there in five minutes."

Madge was writing at her desk when he burst into the room.

"Those bonds!" he snapped. "In the vault! Did you take them?"

Madge nibbled the end of her pen. "Yes, I took them," she said.

"When? Why? What did you do with them?"

"I used them," Madge said. "To invest with. Mr. Stanwood. He called them margin. Talcott Talcum."

"You stole them and gambled with them!" Bill raved. "What happened? How many are in the account now?"

"Account?" Madge questioned. "What account?"

"With Stanwood. How many bonds has he still got?"

"None," said Madge. "None at all."

"Gone! What did you do? You bought Talcott! How much? How many shares?"

"The same. The same as Elsie. Ten hundred. Ten hundred shares."

"At what? What price did you pay?"

"Ninety-five dollars and no cents," said Madge.

Murder was in Bill's face. "And it broke below 40 today!"

"Oo-o-h!" Madge breathed. "It's a marvelous bargain!"

Bill raised clenched fists and dropped them. "Have they sold you out? Do you know if they've sold you out?"

"Of course," said Madge. "Of course they did. Mr. Stanwood did. He was very nice about it."

"And what's left?" Bill demanded. "What's in the account? No bonds at all?"

"None at all," said Madge.

"No money?"

"Of course not. I took it. I put it in the bank. I put the check in the bank."

"How much? What did you get back?"

"I remember exactly," Madge said. "Nine thousand and four hundred and seventy dollars and sixty-some cents. I remember it all but the some cents."

Bill was glaring. "So you grabbed that for yourself and stuck it in your own bank, did you? Why?"

Madge said, "I'll have it there to pay for my coat. I ordered it. Mink."

Bill tried to bark—and couldn't. He began to pace the room. "So you ordered a coat!" he raged. "You stole the bonds and gambled with them, and you think you'll blow the leavings on a fur coat!"

"And a wrist watch," said Madge. "Like Elsie's. Something like Elsie's."

"Are you crazy?" Bill roared. "You stole the bonds ——"

"I didn't steal the old bonds," Madge flared. "I just took them. Why couldn't I take them if I wanted to invest on Talcott Talcum? You said they were mine in case anything happened to you. Why did I have to wait for something to happen to you? I just took them."

"You just took them!" Bill sneered. "And you're cold about it! You have no shame. You have no conscience. You just took them and played the market with them, and where are they now?"

"Upstairs," said Madge. "In the closet. In my room. On the first shelf. To the left."

"What?" Bill yelled.

"The bonds," Madge said. "Behind the hat box."

Bill Wrenn sat down heavily, caromed off the seat, and rushed from the room. He came back with green and pink mortgages cascading from his hands.

"Well?" said Madge icily.

Bill's voice was weak. "Then you didn't lose them?" he said.

"How could I lose them?" Madge demanded. "I held them in my hands. I held them all the way coming out. Tight. In Elsie's car. How could I lose them?"

"I mean," said Bill, "you didn't lose them in the market."

"Of course not. I only used them. I let Mr. Stanwood use them. To invest on Talcott Talcum. He only used them three or four days."

"Sing it slowly," said Bill. "I'm a little faint."

"Mr. Stanwood gave me the check. The next day. The next day after he sold what I invested on Talcott Talcum. He gave me the check for nine thousand ——"

"Wait a minute," Bill begged. "What did you get for the Talcum?"

"I just told you," said Madge. "I got the check. Nine thousand ——"

"What price did you get when you sold the Talcum?"

"One hundred and five dollars and no cents," Madge replied.

"Baby," said Bill softly, "you're good. How did you come to get out at that price?"

"I put it to figures," Madge said. "I added it up. So much for the coat, and so much for the watch, and about so much for Paris."

"All right; you put it to figures," said Bill. "When you had enough to quit. Sing on, sweet singer."

"And Mr. Stanwood gave me the check the next day. And he gave me back the bonds. I don't think he liked to, but he did. He's very good-looking. And then we came home in Elsie's car. Elsie cried the whole way out. I wanted to stop and look at wrist watches, but she wouldn't. It was one of the days Talcott Talcum had the accident. Elsie wouldn't stop ——"

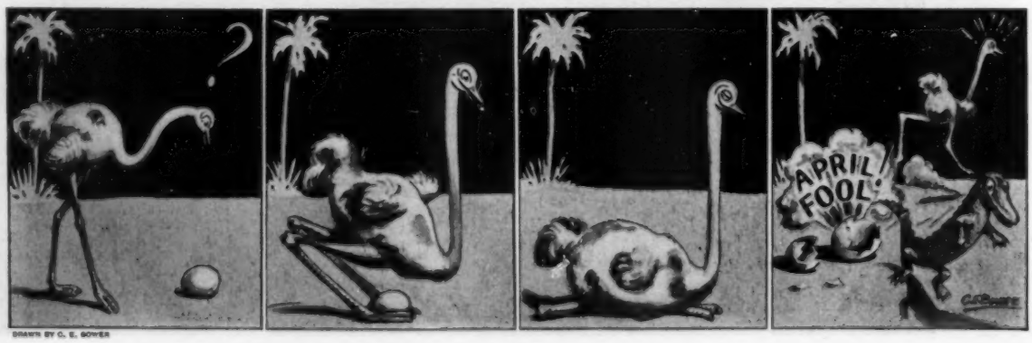
"All right; she wouldn't stop. And you shoved the check in the bank and chucked the bonds up in the closet. Why didn't you put them back in the vault?"

"They're so much easier to get at in the closet," Madge explained. "When I want to use them again, I won't have to go all the way to the trust company for them."

"I see that," Bill said. "They're real handy in the closet. You're thinking of using them again, are you?"

"Why, of course," said Madge. "To invest with. To invest on Talcott Talcum. I think it's marvelous. I'm hysterical about it. I'm hysterical about Talcott Talcum."

"All right; you're hysterical about Talcott Talcum," said Bill. "So am I."



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Greater strength without superfluous weight. A 12% larger cushion of buoyant air. Increased mileage. Stylish modern beauty.

WITH THE PERFECTION of this new-type Federal Tire, riding on buoyant, cushiony *air* becomes a practical, enjoyable *fact*—not a mere assumption. Excessive weight and stiff, inflexible bulk *have been eliminated*. Long mileage is secured by finer quality, improved design and more scientific distribution of weight—*not by mere brute bulk alone.*

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In addition to air-cushioned riding comfort, the new-type Federal Tire assures phenomenal mileage. The fine looking, big Federal DeLuxe model, for example, has a life expectancy of 50,000 miles and more.

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THE FEDERAL RUBBER COMPANY
CHICOPEE FALLS MASSACHUSETTS

FEDERAL TIRES

YOU RIDE ON MORE AIR

MONUMENT HISTORIQUE

(Continued from Page 13)

At one o'clock we stopped for a picnic lunch, and at once my French calliope player began to get a little temperamental. He had been alternately stoking the boiler and massaging the keys all morning. He remarked that he was tired playing, and right away Jean said that he himself was twice as tired listening. The young musician at once got very sore, and there was such an argument that I had to step in myself and quiet it. On the whole, I was rather inclined to sympathize with Jean. I find that the music of the steam piano—though it is wonderful at first—tends to become a trifle wearying after the first three or four hours. I tactfully suggested that the young musician might take things a bit easier through the afternoon, but he was so sore that he played practically continuously in the hope that it would annoy Jean. It did. And it also began to annoy me.

About suppertime we reached the small town of St.-Chamas, where I arranged for us to spend the night in a small inn. During the evening we showed the tractors and the machinery to a crowd of the inhabitants that had gathered around. Unfortunately, there did not seem to be any very lively prospects.

The next morning we got under way early. Before starting, I had Gadget tell the piano player very emphatically that he was to operate his instrument only at such times as I ordered, and he was not to keep up any such continuous uproar as he had the day before. This very reasonable request he seemed to regard as a reflection on the quality of his playing, and during most of the day's ride he sulked and grieved like a spoiled child. But he obeyed orders; we had music only while passing through towns, of which there were not many, and, in consequence, the rest of us had a much pleasanter time.

We had lunch at a place called Arles. And late in the afternoon, as we were approaching the town of Tarascon, we discovered something that filled my heart with joy. On the bank of the River Rhone, just south of Tarascon, we saw a large and splendid castle. It was built of stone. It had towers, battlements, a yard surrounded by tremendous double walls, a big gate, and a moat—just like the pictures in books. All around the castle were a lot of dingy, mean-looking houses and shacks.

All this was very interesting, but the thing that made me stop and prick up my ears was the fact that there seemed to be a lot of work going on. There were several dozen men hard at work tearing down some of the houses right next to the castle wall; others appeared to be grading the surface of the ground and smoothing it off at a place where some buildings had already been removed.

In other words, I saw that there was dirt moving going on. And wherever dirt is being moved, that is the place for me to step in and sell as many Earthworm tractors as the job can possibly use.

I did not stop at once. It was getting along toward the end of the afternoon, so I drove right on into the town, stored the tractors and the machinery in a garage, and engaged rooms in a hotel.

I then started out with Gadget to make inquiries. The first person we tackled was the concierge of the hotel. Fortunately, he spoke English.

(Note: "Concierge" is a French word. The dictionary says it means "janitor," but most of these concierges seem to be a whole lot more than that. This bozo was very large and handsome, with big whiskers and a swell blue uniform with brass buttons. It seems that he speaks about four or five different languages. He greets the arriving and speeds the departing guests. He takes care of the baggage, is a general bureau of information, bosses the help, and handles most of the other jobs around the place. As far as the hotel is concerned, he seems to rate about like the captain on a boat. The only difference is that the concierge is more important and wears a much more handsome uniform.)

This concierge was very glad to tell us all he knew about the castle. It seems that the name of it is the Château de Something-or-Other. It is very old; part of it was built by the Romans, and the rest of it in the thirteenth century—or maybe it was the eighth, or the sixteenth, or something. Anyway, it was built many years ago, and for a long time it was used as the home of some of the big nobility. At the time of the French Revolution it was taken over by the government, and for the last hundred years or so it has been used as a jail. That seemed to be about the only thing they could do with it. It was so damp and so disagreeable that nobody with any sense wanted to live there. Also, it was too big for any one family, and it would have been too much of a job to cut it into apartments. It was not located in the right place for stores, and of course the dampness made it useless for almost anything you could think of. In fact, the only people that could be persuaded to live there were the poor, helpless prisoners, and probably it took a good deal of heavy persuading to get most of them in.

"But recently," said the concierge, "the people of the town have got an entirely new idea—one that they think will bring a lot of money into the town. They are going to make this castle into a *monument historique*."

"And what," I asked, "is a *monument historique?*"

"It's a historic monument," said the concierge, "and it's a fine idea. They have tried it out at several towns near here, and it pays big money."

"How is that?"

"Well," said the concierge, "there is a town about twenty kilometers up the river called Avignon. There is a great big stone building up there—a regular whale of a building—that was used as a barracks for the soldiers. Apparently in the old days, whenever they had a big building that was too damp and unhealthy for anybody else to live in, they would use it for prisoners or soldiers, or, once in a while, as an orphan asylum. Soldiers and orphans and prisoners are all equally helpless. They have to live where their bosses tell them to."

"Yes," I said, "I was in the Army once myself."

"So the soldiers lived in this big building up at Avignon for a long, long time. It did not do them any good, and it didn't do anybody else any good. But some years ago one of the inhabitants of the town got to reading in a history book, and he found out that this building had once been the Palace of the Popes."

"I thought the popes lived in Rome," I said.

"They do now," said the concierge, "but it seems that a long time ago several of them lived at this little town of Avignon."

"And everybody in town forgot all about it until this guy happened to look in the history book?" I asked.

"Probably most of them knew that it had been the Palace of the Popes, but they didn't do anything about it until this man came along. He and some more people talked it over, and they decided it ought to be made into a *monument historique*."

"And just what," I asked, "do they do to an old building to make it into a *monument historique?*"

"They fix it up. They took this building at Avignon, and they got the soldiers out, and they repaired it and tried to make it look as much as possible the way it was in the old days. There had been a lot of paintings on the walls which had been all whitewashed by the soldiers, and they got a smart guy down from Paris who managed to take off the whitewash without hurting the paintings underneath. I have been up there and looked at these paintings, and, personally, I would prefer the whitewash. But that is just because I do not know anything about art. Any picture that is very old and is painted in a clumsy way is art. The clumsier it is, the more artistic it is."

"Yes," I said, "I have seen something of this art myself, and I guess you are right."

"Of course I am," said the concierge. "And when they got the palace all fixed up, they hired a lot of guides. They charge admission, and every day they take a whole flock of tourists through the building. They make a lot of money. And that is not all."

"No?"

"There are so many tourists that they bring prosperity to the whole town. This is particularly true of the Americans. They stay at the hotels; they visit the shops; they spend money all over Avignon. It is a wonderful thing."

"It must be," I said.

"It is," said the concierge; "and the same pleasing condition exists at the town of Arles, a short distance down the river. At Arles they have dug up a whole lot of Roman ruins which, in former days, were nothing but a nuisance—cluttering up half of the town and occupying much valuable space that could have been used for useful buildings. But now, thanks to the Americans and other tourists, these ruins are the chief source of prosperity to the town. Naturally, this has all been very distasteful to the citizens of Tarascon. The tourists stop off at Avignon, throwing money right and left. Then they get into the train, motorbus or auto, and rush right through Tarascon to Arles, where they throw around a lot more money. They never stop here. It is most annoying."

"It must be."

"It is little short of a calamity. The citizens of Tarascon can use money just as well as the citizens of Avignon or Arles, and it is most maddening to see all this tourist wealth rolling through the town without stopping. But, fortunately, the situation is about to be remedied, for our old jail is now being converted into a *monument historique*, and when they get through with it, it ought to be one of the best *monuments historiques* in the whole country, and the beautiful city of Tarascon should then begin to get its rightful share of the tourist gold."

"This is indeed most interesting," I said. "Just how much work are they going to do in fixing up this old castle?"

"I do not know," said the concierge.

"Who has charge of the job?" I asked.

"It is under the direction of the keeper of the archives of the city."

"Then he is the man I want to see. What is his name and where does he live?"

"His name is Monsieur Jules Pascal," said the concierge, "and he lives on the rue du Rhone."

"Very well," I said, "I will call on him this evening. I thank you very much for your information."

"It is always a pleasure," said the concierge, "to be of service to the Americans; they are so very liberal."

So I slipped him a five-franc note, and Gadget and I went in and had a very good supper. After supper we called on Monsieur Jules Pascal on the rue du Rhone. He turned out to be a very pleasant and hospitable gentleman, and I guess he is a rather bright guy in spite of the fact that he speaks no English. Gadget got her French into action and talked with him for more than half an hour. Then we said good night and came back to the hotel, where Gadget has just been telling me what she learned.

It seems that there is a lot of work inside the building, which of course is of no interest to us. But there is also a lot of outdoor work. They are going to remove all the shacks and ugly little buildings that have been built around the great wall. They are going to clean out the moat, which has been largely filled in, and they are going to

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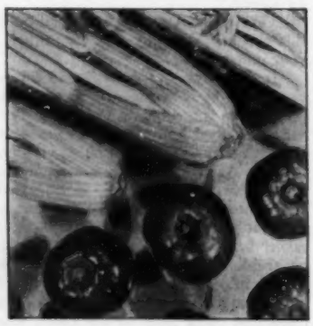
RIGHT IN SIGHT *on the skins of grapefruit and oranges you'll find the sure sign of fine flavor and juiciness. Just look for the name Blue Goose, your guarantee of goodness.*

BELOW ARE TWO ITEMS *you'll buy at least once this week. Not easy to select for quality unless you let Blue Goose guide your choice to crispy, well-blanched celery, rosy-ripe tomatoes.*



Buying Guide Free—Would you like to know the shopping secrets our own experts use in selecting the finest fruits and vegetables? They are yours if you write for "Blue Goose Buying Guide." Compiled by Colonel L. Brown, formerly of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. More than 90 illustrations. Free. Address American Fruit Growers Inc., Pittsburgh, Pa.

BLUE GOOSE

The highest mark of excellence of the American Fruit Growers

smooth up and regrade about fifteen or twenty acres of ground all around the castle. This will mean a whole lot of dirt moving. The job has been let out on contract to a man called Monsieur Alfred Beaumont, who apparently has no equipment other than picks, shovels and dump carts. The keeper of the archives did not know where Monsieur Beaumont lived, but he told Gadget that we could find him tomorrow at the château, where the work was going on.

Having learned all these facts, Gadget and I at once planned our sales campaign. Tomorrow morning we will descend upon this Beaumont guy with everything we have. It will be a quick, short and overwhelming attack. We will advance with our three tractors and all the equipment, including the steam piano. Without stopping to ask anyone's permission, we will drive right up to where the work is going on, order the workmen to one side, and get busy ourselves. With one tractor and a chain we will start pulling down the walls of the larger buildings. With a second tractor, which I have equipped with a heavy wooden pole to use as a battering ram, we will commence demolishing some of the smaller walls. And with the third tractor and the wheel scraper we will start leveling up the rough ground.

There will be no lengthy approach, no long arguments, no tedious explanations. Entirely without warning, the astonished Monsieur Beaumont will be treated to a tractor demonstration more amazing and more remarkable than anything he could possibly have dreamed or imagined. If he has any sense at all, he will realize at once that the Earthworm tractor is heaven's gift to dirt-moving contractors. And shortly thereafter I expect to have his name on the line and his cash in my possession.

I am so confident of the outcome that I have made a large bet with an American gentleman by the name of Jones, who is a buyer for an American silk company, and who is staying here at the hotel. I happened to mention to him what I was going to do, and he sprang the old pessimistic remark that you can't sell such things as tractors to the French. Right away I offered to bet him a thousand francs that before tomorrow night I would sell at least one tractor to a Frenchman. And he was foolish enough to take me up.

So tomorrow I will not only have the pleasure of making my first tractor sale in France but I will also rake in one thousand francs—which I am too lazy to figure out what it would be in real money, but which ought to amount to quite a bit.

I will write you again tomorrow and give you my final report on this interesting affair.

Most sincerely,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR
TARASCON, FRANCE,
Saturday, March 10, 1928

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: Things have been moving so fast today that for once in my life I find myself completely confused. I don't know whether I am coming in or going out. I don't know whether I have just put over one of the snappiest sales of my entire career or whether I have been played for a sucker. The only thing I am sure of is that I have lost the thousand-franc bet. I only lost because of a miserable technicality, but I lost; so I have paid Mr. Jones promptly and like a good sport.

Everything started off exactly as I had planned it. I carried through my high-powered selling campaign so efficiently and so rapidly that I never realized anything was wrong until after I had brought matters to what I thought was a successful conclusion.

Gadget, Jean, the musician and I had an early breakfast, and soon after eight o'clock we had the tractors and all the machinery out of the garage and ready to go. About this time Mr. Jones came out of the hotel. I invited him to come along, and he climbed up in the seat beside me. We started off in the same formation we had used on the grand march out of Marseilles. The sixty-horse-power Earthworm tractor, driven by myself, was at the head of the parade with the twelve-foot blade grader and the wheel scraper. Next came the thirty-horse-power machine, driven by Gadget, and pulling the large dump wagon containing the plow and the fresnoes. At the rear was the twenty-horse-power machine equipped with a big timber for use as a battering ram. This tractor was driven by Jean, and it pulled the small dump wagon containing the steam piano and the temperamental young French musician.

We swung down through the main street of Tarascon with the steam piano going full blast, much to the amazement and delight of the inhabitants. Within less than half an hour we had reached the castle, where I at once started to put on the demonstration with all my usual energy and skill.

In less than thirty seconds I had unhooked the large tractor, backed up to the wall of a half-ruined stone house, grabbed a large chain off the blade grader, passed it in one window and out another, hooked both ends to the drawbar of the tractor, and climbed back into my seat, ready to start up and pull down the whole wall. In the meantime, Gadget had driven over onto a piece of ground which had just been cleared of houses; it was all full of holes and hummocks, and Gadget started in right away with the wheel scraper to level the place off. At the same time, Jean—following previous instructions—had unhooked from the small dump wagon and advanced with his battering ram toward a rather thin little house wall that stood off at one side.

We had acted with such rapidity that the amazed workmen made no attempt to stop us. Most of them retreated as fast as they could to a safe distance and stood watching us with their mouths hanging open. I was just getting ready to slip in the clutch and pull down the big stone wall, when there came a sudden yell from the young French musician, followed by some frantic and discordant toots of the steam piano. Glancing up, I observed a very curious phenomenon. When Jean had unhooked from the small dump wagon he had left it on top of a little knoll, and now it had started to roll down the slope toward the castle moat, coasting along quite merrily, and carrying with it, of course, the steam piano and the piano player. This piano player, besides being temperamental, also seems to be a good deal of a dumb-bell. Instead of putting on the brake, he merely sat in his seat, yelling and pounding on the keys.

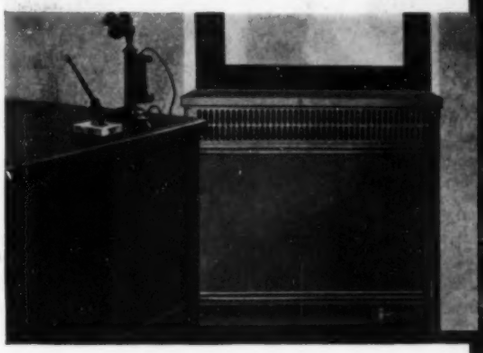
With my usual presence of mind, I leaped off the tractor, rushed over, and pulled the brake lever on the side of the wagon. This stopped the wagon, but not in exactly the way I had intended. In the hurry and excitement of the moment I quite naturally grabbed the first lever I could reach. And most unfortunately—but, of course, through no fault of my own—I got hold of the dump lever instead of the brake lever. The doors in the bottom of the wagon at once opened, and the steam piano and all its accessories, including the boiler and the piano player, dropped through and hit the ground with a very healthy smack. This blocked the wheels and prevented the wagon from rolling into the moat. But it did not seem to be very good for the steam piano. Several of the pipes broke off and a great cloud of steam came hissing forth. And the mishap seemed greatly to excite the piano player. He came scrambling out of the wreckage and began to act very temperamental indeed, waving his arms about and talking French so fast that I did not think even a Frenchman could understand him.

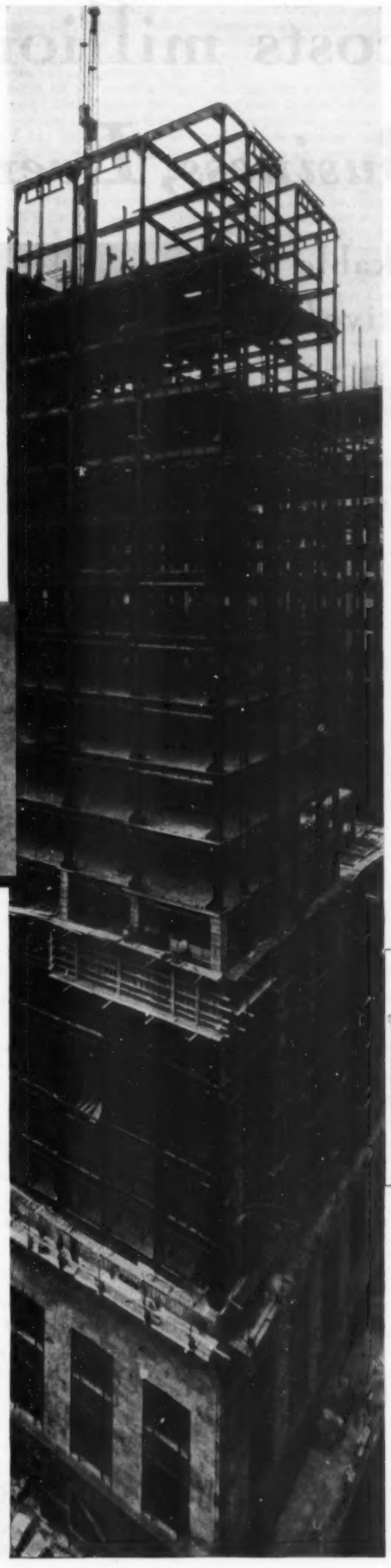
But Gadget—as I have told you before—really knows more French than the average Frenchman. She came running over and was able to interpret the gist of his remarks.

(Continued on Page 125)

HOW LONG CAN *this* MIGHTY TOWER *pay dividends?*

Years added to profitable life of modern buildings by new type Concealed Heater





With the crashing clatter of riveting hammers another skyscraper is born.

But all too soon its tenants move. Its profits dwindle. And it stands a monumental example of the terrific cost of old-fashioned equipment.

In every building now being planned the lean years of shrinking income can be indefinitely postponed. For heating methods, too often the cause of dissatisfied tenants, have been completely revolutionized. And every man responsible for the success of skyscrapers welcomes the new Trane concealed convection heaters as the *modern* heaters for *modern* buildings, and the source of years more profit.

The tenant finds his office or apartment far more comfortable when it is warmed by the Trane heater concealed under the window in the wall. He regulates the temperature easily, almost instantaneously. Warmth is circulated evenly throughout every room. And not a single inch of space is wasted.

The renting agent finds the comfortable, convenient Trane heating his strongest ally in attracting and holding more tenants.

TRANE CONCEALED HEAT

Costs no more than old-fashioned radiation

The owner cuts his fuel bill 15 to 25%. Trane concealed heating reduces his annual maintenance expense. It helps to fill the building and keep it full. *And Trane Heaters cost no more than old-fashioned cast iron radiators.*

The architect, conservative guardian of his clients' huge investments, endorses Trane concealed heat because it provides greater comfort at low cost, and new beauty in every room. The completely unobstructed floor span gives him a free hand in room layout. And the simple heat outlet grille beneath the window, the only visible part of the Trane heater, harmonizes with any decorative scheme.

The builder saves installation costs with Trane concealed heat because the heating elements are much lighter than old-fashioned radiators. And the cost of temporary heat is sharply reduced.

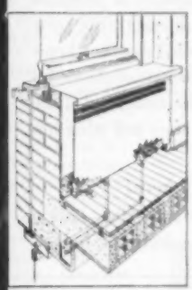
The heating contractor seizes this opportunity to work on more jobs without adding to his labor cost. Handling expense is cut to the minimum. Servicing costs come down. And the progressive heating contractor finds his profits growing rapidly when he identifies himself with the heating practice of today and tomorrow.

And the building engineer praises Trane concealed heating because it combines greater comfort with lower operating cost.

Famed engineering staff at your disposal

This completely modern heating system for great buildings was originated by the Trane engineering staff, known to every heating man as one of the finest in the industry.

The crowning achievement of their long history, Trane concealed heating for large buildings is the direct outgrowth of concealed heat for homes, first introduced by these same men. It employs the famous Trane heating element used in Trane Unit Heaters for factory buildings and Trane Blast Heaters for industrial process heating.



In every sense of the phrase, the Trane engineers responsible for these far reaching developments are *specialists in heating.*

These noted engineers are ready to help you add years to the profit record of every great building you are interested in. The full significance of this new form of heating and its influence on modern building practice unfolds as you read the detailed description of Trane concealed heating. Mail the coupon for this complete description — at once. Take the first step toward modern heating and greater profits.

THE TRANE COMPANY, Dept. J,
305 Cameron Ave., La Crosse, Wis.

Send your free heating booklets.

- ☐ Concealed Heat for Large Buildings.
- ☐ Modern Style in Home Heating.
- ☐ How to Cut Industrial Heating Costs.

Name .....

Company .....

Street and No. .....

City ..... State .....

In Canada address Trane Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

Bad air costs millions yearly

...Every Business, Every Home

needs this remarkable electrical corrective!

Bad air and bad odors are recognized today as an important loss to all forms of business as well as to the comfort of homes. People will not patronize stores, hotels, theaters, drug stores, hospitals where stuffy and unpleasant air conditions exist. Also they *shun* homes where air is bad!

Executives, sales people and employees cannot work at their best where the air is dead, stale, listless. Sickness and only half-hearted effort are bound to prevail when there is an insufficiency of pure, invigorating air at all times.

Colds, flu, grippe and bronchitis alone cost heavily in absences per year, experts state.

Likewise bad air is a social risk as all hostesses will agree.

De Luxe Model Corozone. Size 10½ x 6 x 7½ in. Net weight 12 lbs. This model is priced $40. (Extra charge for D. C. Adapter. Price slightly higher on Pacific Coast.)

Bad air makes good brains dull!

Corozone makes bad air fresh by electricity

Corozone, a small, compact scientific electrical device —not a liquid nor a ventilating system—actually *revitalizes* and *deodorizes* heavy, stale, dead air. Literally recharges it with the life-sustaining element, ozone, in its most efficient *corona* or "mist" form.

Simply screw an ordinary plug into any A. C. light socket. Turn a small switch. Heaviness and all odors from any source whatever disappear instantly and completely—even in small rooms where windows must be closed! Think what this means in winter!

Operates on proved scientific principle

No other device is like the new Corozone. It produces the *corona* or "mist" form of ozone in exactly the same way as lightning storms, on a hot, humid day. You know how lightning "clears the air" and revitalizes the entire atmosphere. Corozone does the same thing, and at the same time it literally *burns up* all odors and other unpleasant and deadening impurities.

Corozone necessary here!

Often certain places are difficult to ventilate—for example, bank vaults, shipping rooms, kitchens, homes, soda fountains, lobbies, and so on, present a difficult fresh air problem. In places like these, Corozone has no equal. You quickly recognize how delightfully fresh, clear and inviting the air becomes when Corozone is operating.

We shall be glad to send you signed testimonials from firms as well as home users who are extremely enthusiastic about Corozone's help to them.

Corozone is inexpensive to operate

Costs no more to run than an ordinary light bulb. Does what hundreds of dollars' worth of mechanical equipment could not do. Does not "mask" odors but completely eliminates them!

In two models

Corozone is available in two sizes, meeting every office, home or apartment need. The De Luxe model for offices, factories, etc., and the Junior model for homes and small rooms. Both are finely made precision instruments. Nothing to get out of order. Available in colors and natural wood finishes.

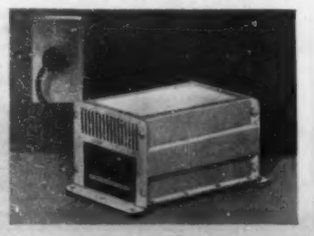
"Money-Back" Guaranty

Corozone is sold on a definite guaranty of money back if it does not fulfill the *claims that we make for it.*

Among COROZONE Users

Erie Railroad
Cleveland City Hospital
Canada Steamship Lines
Saddle & Cycle Club, Chicago
Hollenden Hotel, Cleveland
United Artists Theatre, Detroit
Simplex Piston Ring Co., Cleveland
Battle Creek Sanitarium
Chicago Athletic Association
Fair Store, Chicago
Hornblower & Weeks, Chicago
Paul H. Davis & Co., Chicago

Junior Model Corozone. Size 8x5x4 in. Net weight 8 lbs. Price $28.50. (Extra charge for D. C. Adapter. Price slightly higher on Pacific Coast.)



Be sure to tune in on the Corozone Pure Air Boys over WTAM every Monday night from 10 to 10:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time

New Opportunity *for* Distributors—Dealers

in a few excellent territories or organizations for Corozone distributorships. Write at once or wire to secure first call in your locality, if available. Dealers, also, who want Corozone should communicate with us without delay.

The Corozone Company, General Offices: The Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio. The Corozone Company of Canada, 28 Scott Street, Toronto.

The Corozone Company, The Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio
New York City Office, New York Central Building, 230 Park Avenue

COROZONE

Makes bad air FRESH *by electricity*

Approved by Underwriters' Laboratories, National Board of Fire Underwriters, U. S. A.
Also by Hydro-Electric Power Commission, Ontario, Canada

(Continued from Page 122)

He said that never in his life had he been treated so outrageously. He was an artist. He had been putting his whole soul into the music which he was producing. And what reward did he get? Nothing at all. The first two days he had been forced to listen to the vulgar and ignorant criticisms of Jean. For two days he had been constantly insulted. And this morning he had been brutally assaulted. He would stand no more. He would quit at once and go back to Marseilles.

This last remark seemed to me the most sensible one we had heard from this musician so far. The steam piano seemed to be out of commission. If it were beyond repair, we would of course have no use for our musical artist. On the other hand, if it proved possible to repair the instrument, it would be even more desirable to fire this guy so that we could save our eardrums and our nerves from his overenthusiastic and needlessly continuous music. I therefore had Gadget hand him a week's salary, with enough extra to buy a ticket back to Marseilles.

As we were wishing the young man a thankful farewell, we were interrupted by a large and tough-looking gentleman who came striding up and addressed us in English.

"Well, well!" he said. "You seem to be Americans. What do you think you're doing? Where did you get all this machinery? Who gave you permission to come in here anyway?"

"Who are you?" I asked.

"My name is Beaumont," he said. "I am in charge of the work here. And it seems to me you have a good deal of nerve. What do you mean by butting in on my job this way? What's the big idea?"

As soon as I realized that this was the big boss himself, I started to work on him with all my usual energy. Unfortunately, I was still a little confused on account of the accident to the steam piano, and for this reason I fear that I did not handle the affair with all the wisdom and good judgment that I usually show.

I at once shook hands most cordially. "It is indeed a pleasure to meet you, Monsieur Beaumont," I said. "My name is Alexander Botts. I am the European representative of the great Earthworm tractor—that world-famous miracle of science and mechanics. The three tractors and all the accessory machinery which you see before you are for sale. I am about to put on a demonstration which will show you that this is exactly the stuff that you need for your work here."

"Let me get this straight. You say you want to sell all these tractors and all this machinery?"

"It is for sale in whole or in part. I will now start the demonstration."

"I don't want to see any demonstration."

"But you must. Let me show you what I can do. I am going to pull down that stone wall over there behind the big machine."

"You certainly are not," said Monsieur Beaumont. "That wall is one of the ancient outworks of the castle. If I let you pull it down, the authorities would pretty near murder both of us."

At this point, I realized that I had almost made a faux pas. (Note: This is French and means a "bad break.") It occurred to me that perhaps I was not making the best possible impression on Monsieur Beaumont. I began casting about for some soft answer to turn away his possible wrath, when he surprised me by asking the price of my entire outfit. Now, I rather dislike to discuss prices at an early stage of a selling campaign, before I have had an opportunity to kindle a warm desire for the goods in the mind of the prospect. But Monsieur Beaumont asked the question with such brutal directness that I had no choice but to answer. On the back of an envelope I rapidly added up the prices of the three tractors, the grader, the wheel scraper, the two wagons, the plow, and the two fresnoes.

"The lot for 459,250 francs," I said. "And I will throw in what is left of the steam piano, free of charge."

"Sold!" said Monsieur Beaumont.

"Pardon me?" I said.

"Sold!" he repeated.

For a short time I was so amazed by the turn that events had taken that I did not know whether I was on foot or in an airplane—whether I was actually engaged in a selling deal or merely reading a fairy story. I had supposed that this man would be a difficult prospect. I had expected that it would be a difficult job to sell him even one tractor. And here he wanted to buy the whole works. Furthermore, he had closed the deal quicker than any prospect I had ever worked on.

"But I don't understand," I said, and I fear that my face must have presented a very stupid appearance. "Don't you want me to tell you something about these machines? Don't you want to see them work?"

"No," said Monsieur Beaumont, "I can see that they are just what I want, so we might as well get down to business at once. Come with me."

He led me over to his automobile, which was parked near by, and drove me down to the bank in Tarascon. Here I made him out a bill of sale for the entire outfit at the price I had mentioned, and he handed me the full amount in beautifully colored French notes. I was still in such a daze that all I could do was thank him in a confused sort of way and stuff the money in my pocket. Then we drove back to the castle. By the time we arrived, I had partially regained consciousness, and I began to think that I had done something pretty good.

Monsieur Beaumont wanted to hire my mechanic, Jean, so I introduced them, and then rushed over to Gadget and Mr. Jones.

"Mr. Jones," I said, "you owe me a thousand francs. I have not only sold a tractor, I have sold three tractors, and all the machinery as well. Congratulate me and pay me."

"Not a chance," said Mr. Jones. "You owe me a thousand francs."

"How so?"

"You bet me you would sell a tractor to a Frenchman. And that man is not a Frenchman. He is an American. While you were gone we talked to the workmen here, and they say that Mr. Beaumont is an American contractor."

"I don't believe it," I said.

"All right, I'll prove it to you," said Mr. Jones. He called Monsieur Beaumont over, and Monsieur Beaumont told us that he was indeed an American. He had been a big contractor in Kansas City. While taking a pleasure trip through France, his wife had been taken ill and was now in a hospital at Nice. He did not want to go back to America until his wife was able to accompany him. The life at Nice bored him, so he had left his wife and daughter there, and was amusing himself by taking a little flyer in the dirt-moving business in France. His French-sounding name came from a French Canadian great-grandfather, and he was just as much of an American as anybody else.

So I had lost my bet. And that is not all. Right away Gadget began to jump on me.

"Your job over here," she said, "is to introduce these tractors to the French people. This sale to an American doesn't really count at all. And now that you have got rid of all your demonstration machinery, we are sunk, as far as France is concerned, until we can get more shipped over. We ought to be going on to Montpellier and getting after the real Frenchmen. But now we can't."

By this time, I had fully regained consciousness after the jolt I had received by making such a quick sale. And I began to realize that I had conducted this selling deal not wisely but too well. My first move was to chase after Mr. Beaumont and do something I have never done before in all my years as a tractor salesman. After selling a number of tractors, I turned right around and made a frantic effort to buy back at least one of them. But I had no luck at all. Probably I am so used to talking stubborn bozos into buying tractors that I cannot accommodate myself to the reverse procedure of talking them into selling tractors. Mr. Beaumont only laughed at me. He said he had used Earthworm tractors around Kansas City and he knew what wonderful machines they were. That was why he had bought them so quick. And that was why he was going to hang on to them.

Finally I had to give up, and Mr. Beaumont drove us back to the hotel, where it has just occurred to me that the whole trouble is that I am too good a salesman. I just can't seem to resist making sales, even when I shouldn't.

I have just cabled the New York office to ship a new fleet of demonstration machines to Marseilles. While awaiting their arrival, Gadget and I will make a whirlwind raid into Italian territory. I have just received a letter, forwarded via Marseilles, from a man in Merano, Italy, who has seen some of the advertising literature which we sent out. He wishes to see a demonstration, and he says that if the machine lives up to the claims of the advertisement, he will buy. Accordingly, we are leaving for Italy tonight. You will remember that I still have four demonstration machines at Genoa. I will have one of these sent up to Merano, where I hope to put over a real bona-fide sale to a real European.

And it gives me the greatest pleasure to announce that I will have a certain amount of extra expense money for this Italian trip. In checking things up, I find that I was so excited and confused when I made the sale to this Beaumont man, that I made a mistake in addition, and charged him twelve thousand francs too much. As he seems to be so satisfied, and has been so snooty about taking back anything connected with that sales contract, I have decided not to refund any of this money. I have used a thousand francs to pay my bet to Mr. Jones. Another thousand will reimburse us for the steam piano. And the remaining ten thousand will be used to make our Italian sales campaign even more magnificent than our French venture. I sincerely hope that before long I shall be able to send you tidings of a glorious victory in sunny Italy.

Sincerely,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

PHOTO. BY ARTHUR W. NELSON

TESTS PROVE
BAY WEST
MOSINEE DUBLTOWLS

73 times as fast

4½ times as strong

(Note: Above facts were proved by tests comparing Dubltowls with ordinary paper towels, carried out in conformity with U. S. Bureau of Standards Circular No. 294).

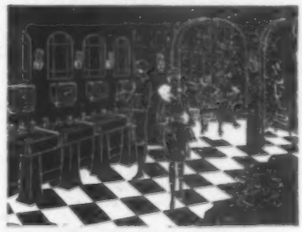
ONE Dubltowl dries the hands or face—quickly, thoroughly, pleasantly, and without waste.

The strength of Dubltowls means less tearing when wet. The material of Dubltowls makes them soft and free from lint. And the *compound capillary attraction* between the two sheets of each Dubltowl—an exclusive feature—vastly multiplies their absorbency, making them 73 times as fast in absorbing speed.

Proof of these advantages is evident in thousands of wash-rooms where Dubltowls have supplanted every type of towel service, including cloth. Typical users: U. S. Playing Card Co.; Inland Steel Co.; The Emporium, San Francisco; Ault & Wiborg Co., Cincinnati; Famous-Lasky, Hollywood; H. J. Heinz Co., Pittsburgh; University of Nebraska, Lincoln; Crosley Radio Corporation.

Mail the coupon today for interesting facts about towel service.

BAY WEST PAPER CO.
Green Bay, Wisconsin
— A DIVISION OF MOSINEE PAPER MILLS CO.



Dubltowl service is thoroughly attractive and in keeping with well appointed wash-rooms.

TEST A DUBLTOWL

BAY WEST PAPER CO., Green Bay, Wis.

Kindly send several Dubltowls to test—free and without obligation. Also send Government facts.

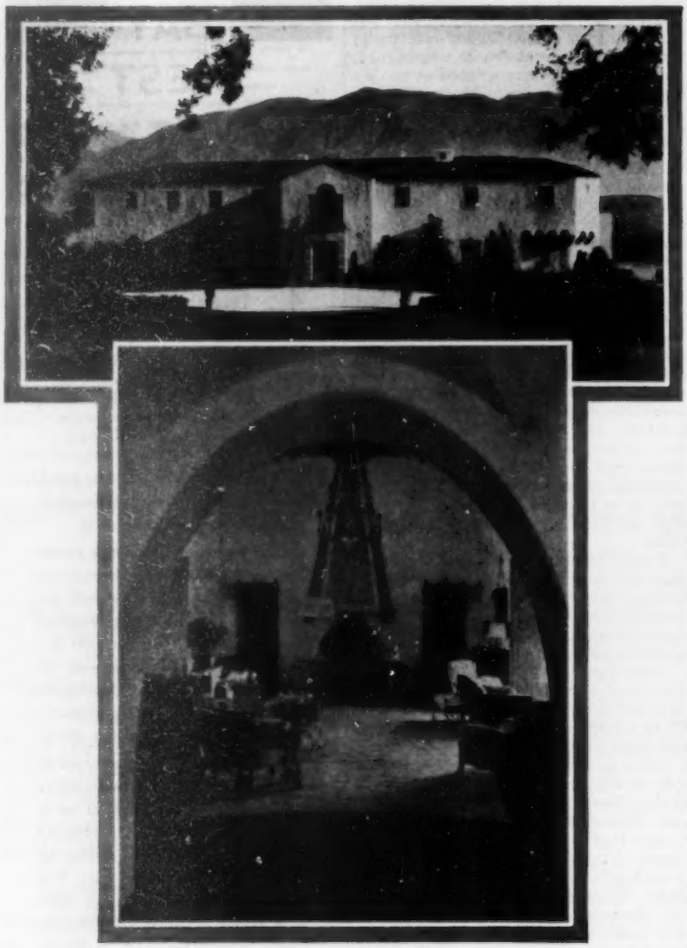
Firm .....

Individual .....

City ..... State .....

© 1930 B. W. P. Co.

HOMES HAMS *or* HARDWARE



"This is an actual photograph." Those five words under an illustration inspire more confidence than five volumes of adjectives. Use this phrase in all your advertising—it pays!

THE record of the camera carries conviction. And no matter how far away the actual property or product may be—photographs will span the distance and speed the sale. Memory may falter—words only confuse, but photographs always inspire faith. Whether your specialty is homes or hams or hardware, your local commercial photographer can add the power of pictorial persuasion to your personal and printed selling.

• • •

Order photographs by wire—through your local photographer who is a member of this Association! This valuable service is explained in "THE 4000-MILE LENS." For your copy, address Photographers' Association of America, 2258 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio—and also ask for the instructive booklet, "How to Use Photographs in Your Business." Both are free!

PHOTOGRAPHS tell the Truth

PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA INTERNATIONAL

UP THE LADDER OF GOLD

(Continued from Page 27)

"Well, that isn't altogether unusual," the Chief Commissioner confided. "I could tell you of half a dozen of our great financiers and two or three of our newspaper magnates who go in for the same thing, only not on such a large scale. Warren Rand's establishment is the world's wonder. He has several branches—for his American press, his Continental press, and his English press—a financial section, where they say gigantic enterprises are carried out, a bank of his own, as you know, on the premises, constant cable communication all over the world, the most powerful wireless in the country and long-distance telephones wherever they have extended. He talks to America, for instance, all day long, and he has a private wire to Geneva. Not only that, but I believe that he has similar establishments on smaller scale in Paris, Berlin, Brussels, New York, Boston and Chicago."

"What's the fellow after?" Trowse asked bluntly.

"News and finance, he would tell you," was the cautious reply.

"He can't use all that enormous staff for press work and stock dealing."

"He can't, and doesn't. He's trying to pull longer strings in the world. I can tell you that, sir. The head of your own secret-service system, which you have tried so hard to abolish altogether, could probably tell you more than I can, but, incidentally, a great deal of information has come our way. Warren Rand is deeply interested in Geneva. He has men who are practically spies posted in all the navy yards of the world. I believe he knows as much as your own intelligence department about the military and naval conditions of all the powers, and where details are to be obtained."

"This is all very well," Trowse expostulated irritably, "but I ask you, Sir William, can a foreigner come and set up an organization of this sort in our very midst, and get away with it? He is assuming the province of a government. He is taking his place—a single individual, representing apparently only himself—among the powers of the world."

"We can't interfere," the Chief Commissioner pointed out, "unless he breaks the law. We have several cases of suspicion against his emissaries at the present moment, but they're so damned clever and so infernally dumb that we haven't been able to get anywhere so far."

The Prime Minister looked toward the door.

"This is in the most complete confidence, Sir William," he said.

"Naturally, sir."

"He is daring, this man Warren Rand, to put pressure upon my government. He is trying to influence us in our foreign policy. You don't understand anything about finance, I suppose?"

"Not a thing, sir," Sir William acknowledged, "except that I should like my screw raised."

"Well, I won't go into particulars, but I'll tell you this," Trowse went on, ignoring the other's flippancy. "Warren Rand has the impertinence to disapprove of the attitude we and our allies, the French, are adopting toward the Disarmament Treaty and the Peace Pact. He is actually working the money markets of the world against us, trying to keep us from replenishing our gold reserve—he, a private individual, and an American too. It's damnable!"

"All Greek to me," Sir William regretted.

"Very well, I won't say anything more about that," Trowse promised. "The details don't matter anyhow, but look here, Sir William; this you can take over yourself. Put your best men on to Warren Rand and his establishment. If anything illegal happens in connection with this staff of his, try to connect him up with it. Give us a hold over him if you can. We shan't forget it if you do. I needn't say more. We're not ungrateful. Get a line on Warren Rand, and it will be a good day's work for you."

"I'll do my best," the Chief Commissioner promised. "We don't like the man, I can tell you that, and we don't like his organization. I've had some of my people in it on my own account, but there's nothing on the surface. The place is full of journalists apparently, all collecting matter for his papers. We've tried to get some of them to talk, but it isn't a bit of use."

"Any women?"

Sir William made a little grimace.

"There's only one in any position of authority, and she's tighter lipped than the rest of them."

The buzzer sounded and Trowse sprang up.

"I'm wanted in the House," he explained hurriedly. "See what you can do, Sir William. That establishment is there for mischief. I'm seeing the Home Secretary about it tomorrow. The three of us ought to be able to do something."

"I'll start my end going this very night, sir," the Chief Commissioner assured him.

Sir William, who had come down from the Reform Club in a taxicab, crossed the road from the House of Commons on to the Embankment, and strolled slowly along eastward. He paused for some time to look at his own headquarters and nodded to himself approvingly as he saw the lights flaming from the windows which should be occupied, and, moving a little nearer, noticed the alert air of the police in charge. A great organization, his, even if at times they were faced with problems which were almost insoluble. In this matter of Warren Rand, he reflected, as he strolled even farther onward, however anxious his department might be to assist the Prime Minister, they were confronted from the first with grave difficulties. Neither the man himself nor his employes, whom Sir William shrewdly suspected of being, for the most part, ex-Scotland Yard men, had ever committed any definite infraction of the law. So long as the staff were maintained for purposes of defense and information only, their existence was perfectly and entirely legal. Looking at the matter from the broad point of view, privately employed detectives had other functions, or might have, he decided, besides interfering with the law and the business of crime. There was nothing to prevent a man from keeping half a dozen spies and employing them in any manner he wished, if he was of a curious disposition or if there was information worth the expense of getting. Therefore, there was nothing necessarily culpable about Warren Rand, he concluded, unless by any chance he should change his methods.

He mounted one of the short streets toward the Strand, crossed the road, and gazed up at the windows of the Rand offices. Behind the closely drawn blinds, it was easy to see that lights were burning in more than a hundred rooms. On the roof was a perfect maze of telephone wires, and a great wireless receiver forking its way up to the skies. Sir William paused to light his pipe, and even as he loitered there, a young man, leaving one of the side doors of the place, came abruptly across the flagged walk and bumped into him as he swung around. The Chief Commissioner recovered his balance and checked the expletive upon his lips.

"By Jove, it's Roddy!" he exclaimed. "What the mischief—what on earth are you doing here?"

The young man—he was not so very young, after all—regained his breath and composure. He was neatly dressed in blue serge of rather nautical cut, and his sunburnt cheeks and clear eyes gave his profession away.

"Fancy bumping into you, Sir William!" he said. "What's the penalty for jostling a Chief Commissioner, I wonder? Will I be handed over to the police?"

"I'm not sure that you don't deserve to be," was the dry rejoinder. "What were

(Continued on Page 128)

Better—richer—more satisfying than "mere oatmeal"

Off for the 4 hardest hours of the day! Quaker Oats breakfasts equip workers with the energy they need for busy mornings.

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Food energy—not nervous energy—should carry you through the morning. Nutritionists urge this kind of a breakfast to supply sustained energy.

YOUR breakfast is an important factor in your success, nutritionists warn. For, according to recent surveys, 70% of the entire day's work, in homes, schools, factories and offices, must be done in the 4 short morning hours.

For energy to conquer the morning, millions eat Quaker Oats. Because this oat is known to have a rich savoriness, a zestful, tangy, real oat flavor no other oatmeal has ever been able to imitate.

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Quaker Oats are different . . . better . . . because the Quaker milling process is different. First, Quaker selects only the plump, firm, full-flavored oats. Next, Quaker roasts these choice whole oats in open pans to a succulent, flaky tenderness. For Quaker has found that of all pre-cooking processes at the mill, roasting alone gives that fresh, zestful, nut-sweet flavor. Roasting alone so perfectly pre-cooks oats that they will cook deliciously done, in the home, in 2½ minutes.

Most important of all, the famous Quaker milling process retains every bit of the vital part of the oat, where nature stores her richest vitamins, her health-building minerals . . . every particle of rich protein. Quaker Oats contains 16% protein. Every living cell in the body is continually demanding protein for the repair of wornout nerve and muscle tissue. Quaker Oats contains 50% more of this protective food than white flour, twice as much as cornmeal!

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Thus Quaker Oats is urged above all other breakfasts to fortify against morning fatigue . . . to provide energy for the 4 morning hours when 70% of the entire day's work must be done.

Order Quaker Oats today. Your grocer has both the Regular and the Quick Quaker that cooks done 2½ minutes from the time the water boils. Please do not confuse Quick Quaker with ordinary quick oats. Only "Quaker" can give you that incomparable Quaker flavor and rich nutrition.

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1 ***Richer flavor.*** Quaker's exclusive oven-roasting process gives a savory, zestful flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

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3 ***"Most nutritious*** of all hot cereals," according to doctors, dieticians and practically every leading book on nutrition.

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Blow hot blow cold

NEW HAVEN Tip-Top Watches in winter cold or summer heat give the right time. Now—low-priced watches compensated for temperature

Beautiful new junior model—Tip-Top Jr. Wrist-Watch. Compensated for temperature. Greatly reduced price. Chromium-plated case of small, smart size; raised numerals $4.50

Tip-Top Octagon pocket watch Compensated for temperature $1.50

Tip-Top Quintet. Compensated for temperature. . . . $2.00
Chromium-plated case, raised numerals

UP to now only high-priced watches have been compensated for temperature. Millions of popular-priced watches have been made and sold without this compensation and have given good service, but when subject to extremes of heat and cold, these watches vary in their timekeeping accuracy. Horologists have determined that this error for every degree Fahrenheit amounts to 10 seconds in 24 hours for the ordinary watch; this means that if the temperature is 20 degrees cooler for 24 hours, the ordinary watch will gain a little more than three minutes over its normal timekeeping rate. In the new TIP-TOP JR. wrist-watch, the New Haven research laboratories *have eliminated this error* due to temperature changes. And now other New Haven Tip-Top watches are being made with this wonderful feature of temperature-compensation. Consider, too, that Tip-Top watches possess *all* these other refinements: Krack-proof Krystal, silver dial, artistic hands and numerals and dust-proof cases of smartly fashioned designs.

Tip-Top Jr. Wrist-Watch. Fashionably small, with full chromium-plated case, silver dial, raised numerals, Krack-proof Krystal, dust-proof case, detachable pigskin strap; and compensated for temperature. Only $4.50. With radium dial, $5. With chromium-plated metal bracelet, only 50c extra.

$1.50 Tip-Top Pocket Watch

Radium dial $2.25

Tip-Top Pocket Watch, octagon design, compensated for temperature, with silver dial, Krack-proof Krystal and all its other refinements, costs only fifty cents more than the ordinary dollar watch; $1.50. Radium dial $2.25.

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Tip-Top Wrist-Watch. Slightly larger than Tip-Top Jr. With Krack-proof Krystal, silver dial, detachable pigskin strap, dust-proof case. While this regular Tip-Top wrist-watch is not compensated for temperature, it is such a fine watch that millions have been sold. A great value at $3.50. Radium dial, $4.

$2.00 Tip-Top Quintet

Radium dial $2.50

Tip-Top Quintet, compensated for temperature, with silver face, full *chromium-plated* case, raised numerals and Krack-proof Krystal is the handsomest pocket watch at anywhere near its price; $2.00. Radium dial $2.50.

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New Haven TIP-TOP WATCHES
Low-priced watches compensated for temperature

(Continued from Page 126)

you doing coming out of that door in such a hurry?"

"You know whose show this is?"

"Of course I do," his uncle assented. "To tell you the truth, I'm rather curious about it."

The young man seemed suddenly to have become vague.

"Well, I'm only a discharged employe, so I've nothing to tell you," he remarked. "Are you coming back west, sir? If not, I think I'll get a taxi."

Sir William summoned a vehicle.

"Yes, I am going back," he admitted. "I'll drive you anywhere you like near the Reform. . . . What do you mean by saying you're a discharged employe of Warren Rand's?"

"Because it's the honest truth. I've had a job for six months, and jolly interesting it's been. That's neither here nor there, though. I'm through now."

"What's wrong?" Sir William inquired.

His nephew grinned.

"No good trying to pump me, sir," he warned him. "Besides, there's no secret about my leaving particularly. I was asked to take on a job that went against the grain. That was all there was about it."

"Who asked you?"

"We'll cut that out if you don't mind, sir. If you're going to the Reform Club, drop me there. It will be near enough for me."

"Listen, Roddy," his uncle expostulated. "You're still in His Majesty's service, remember, even if you're not on the active list. Is there anything about that place I ought to know?"

"Not from me, at any rate. I've nothing to tell you, sir. It's no use coming the service over me. What espionage work I've done hasn't been concerned with this country at all. I've got a clean slate all right. What was required of me tonight would have made things different maybe, but I wasn't taking it on. Five minutes' notice and a month's salary! That's how they deal with you there."

Sir William laid his hand upon his young relative's arm persuasively.

"You couldn't just give me a hint?" he began.

"No, I couldn't, and that's a fact," the other interrupted. "I've had a good job, and I've lost it—worse luck! I can't tell you a thing about Warren Rand. I don't know him, but I should think he's mad. And if you'll put me down at this corner, the sooner I'm outside a whisky-and-soda the better pleased I shall be."

"Get out, you ungrateful young devil, then," Sir William enjoined, signaling to the man to stop. "Don't expect me to stand bail for you next time you get into trouble."

His nephew grinned.

"Wish you'd take me on as a detective. I love the work."

"I'll think about it if you'll tell me why you got the chuck from Warren Rand."

The young man, who was already on the pavement, thrust his head through the window.

"Scruples, sir," he confided mysteriously.

xx

SOME change seemed to have come to Warren Rand. John Glynde was all the time either blinking behind his spectacles or taking them off and glancing surreptitiously at his revered chief. Miss Stanley Erdish, with the tact of her sex, after her first swift glance of apprehension, had kept her eyes fixed upon her notebook, but both she and Glynde had seen what probably no other person in the world had ever seen—the hard light in Warren Rand's eyes thaw, a look of compassion, almost of sympathy, soften his face for a moment as he realized his visitor's condition. The mood, if it was a mood, or visitation passed. He was himself again before long. Neither of them, however, forgot. The gaunt figure in the chair, bearded and unshaven, with flat, tangled masses of hair reaching over his collar, in worn clothes and abominable linen, stirred restlessly in his place. He had the deep-set eyes and prominent cheek bones of a consumptive. His complexion, however, lacked any sort of hectic flush. He might well have been simply the victim of terrible exhaustion.

"A five years' assignment, Mr. Rand," he groaned, "seems like a lifetime. Forgive if I miss words and talk strange. I don't suppose I've spoken a word of English to anyone since the first twelve months. It's the one forbidden language. Sometimes, when I was under suspicion, they listened to me at night, hoping I'd talk. They tried hard to break me, but they couldn't. To pretty well the lot of them I'm still Nicholas Gostein, the Jugo-Slavian, from Belgrad."

"You've sent me wonderful information," Warren Rand acknowledged. "You've been the most useful of the men who've ever worked for me. The time for your reward has come. You need never do another stroke unless you like. . . . Glynde, has Phillipson an account here?"

"Certainly. We've paid in his salary every quarter."

"Tomorrow," Warren Rand directed, "you will pay in to his account a hundred thousand pounds."

There was barely a flicker of interest in the man's face. He found it hard work to get the gratitude into his tone.

"It's princely, Mr. Rand," he admitted, "but you were always that way. If I'm ever a man again, I shall know how to spend it, and it won't be visiting foreign cities."

His hands were trembling. For the first time in his life, in that room of reception, Warren Rand, touching a bell, ordered wine. It was served with incredible swiftness. The man drank slowly, but none of the life stole back into his cheeks.

"Some of my dispatches went wrong, I know," he continued. "When I got out of the plane the steward wanted to take me to a hospital, but I came to you first. I'm nearly done unless they can patch me up. There are some things you must know."

There were a great many things which Warren Rand wanted very much to know, but he touched another bell and whispered a message to the servant who answered it.

"Drink your wine slowly and compose yourself, Phillipson," he enjoined. "If you feel too ill to talk, leave it. I have sent for a doctor. He shall tell us whether you may speak or not. Lie back till he comes. Drink slowly. . . . Glynde, I will take a glass of wine myself."

The man in the easy-chair gave in. He leaned back among the cushions, but his fingers still gripped the glass. Every now and then he raised it to his lips. Once or twice he muttered a word. They left him alone. Warren Rand pointed toward the girl, and his eyes were as cold as ever.

"What is Miss Erdish doing here, Glynde?" he inquired.

"I thought her presence most necessary," was the earnest reply. "This is not her usual work, of course, but she is the most wonderful stenographer I have ever known in my life. She took Madame de Riga's telephone message from Paris—a woman who speaks like hurricane—without a mistake. She also listened in to the Prime Minister's conversation the last time you were with him, and transcribed it faultlessly. We must be served, Warren Rand. Our work demands the finest service in the world. Miss Erdish gives it to us."

"You are aware of my prejudice, John," Warren Rand said coldly.

"Perfectly, and I have seldom failed to humor it. In this case you must give me a little latitude. There is no one else in this building at the present moment in whom I can place such absolute trust. For you, she is doing marvelous work. Nearly everyone in the city believes that you are now in New York."

"Her work is good," Warren Rand acknowledged. "Have your own way, Glynde. See that she doesn't miss a word of what Phillipson says if the doctor allows him to talk. Some of his last dispatches, as you know, were indecipherable, and one or two I am sure have been lost. Even if he is dying, there are things I must know."

The man in the chair opened his eyes and stared around him for a moment, as though in surprise. Then he drained the contents of his glass.

"Soon," he promised, "I shall talk."

A buzzer sounded. John Glynde spoke a brief word down the telephone. The servant reappeared, ushering in a doctor. Warren Rand wasted no time. He pointed to the figure on the chair.

"This gentleman," he explained, "has just returned from a long journey and has had a very hard time. He brings me important news, which I am most anxious to receive. Please examine him, and tell me if he is in a fit state to talk for half an hour."

The doctor seemed to understand the type of man with whom he had to deal, and set to work at once. He unfastened Phillipson's coat, bent over him with his stethoscope and felt his pulse. Then he opened the black bag he had been carrying, brought out a tiny glass vial, and, baring the man's arm, gave him an injection. Afterward he rearranged his clothing and came over to the front of Warren Rand's desk.

"What has he been drinking?" he asked.

"Champagne."

"Give him some more—as much as he can drink," the doctor directed. "If it makes him sleepy, so much the better. Is money any object?"

"It is of no consequence whatever," was the emphatic reply.

"Ask him your questions then. Let him tell his story. He will be perfectly all right for half an hour. At the end of that time he will be exhausted, and if you want to give him a good chance of complete recovery, you will let me take him away with me in my car direct to a nursing home."

Warren Rand laid his watch upon the table.

"Show the doctor into a waiting room, Glynde," he enjoined. "Pay him his fee. Let him understand that the man's life is to be saved at any cost."

Phillipson smiled at them from his chair.

"I can hear," he said. "Thank you, sir. I am just resting so as to be able to talk."

Stanley Erdish filled his glass. He looked up at her gratefully. Glynde and the doctor left the room. The man raised himself a little in his chair. The girl moved into the background, her pencil resting upon her notebook.

"Urgency first," he said. "On every one of their frontiers they are seeking to make trouble, to draw in food and gold to themselves. Afghanistan—is their present effort. There is only one man whom the tribes people will accept for king. They know that. They've got him over here in Europe. He's to sign a treaty. As soon as he has signed it they'll send him soldiers enough to swamp the country. He's waiting at Monaco now for the Russian emissaries. Zachary, a tennis professional, is the Russian agent there. He's got Omdurfa in charge. Keep the Russians away. Don't let him sign the treaty. It might mean great trouble."

Phillipson paused for a rest. John Glynde looked at his chief with one of those rare glances of almost doglike admiration.

"You had an idea," he whispered. "That's why you've kept Tellesom down there."

Warren Rand nodded.

"It isn't quite Tellesom's job, though," he admitted. "Someone will have to take it over after this week."

"I'll go on anyhow," Phillipson declared. "No use trying to remember dates. You were right about the mines at Orbursk—the gold mines, that is. They've been two years installing machinery. It's all American, but how it got into the country I don't know. I had to live there and work in the mines, but I did it. I was a year waiting for the completion of the machinery. I was another year waiting for the explosives, although they were using them for blasting within a dozen miles. I got them at last. There isn't a wheel of the machinery left. It was blown up, not two months ago."

"Any trouble?" Warren Rand asked.

"None. Less than with anything I did. They thought it was the peasants. They are in a state of partial revolt all round. They grudged the money going into machinery when they were starving. I saw the official report. The peasants ——"

Phillipson took a long gulp of his wine.

"I'll tell you this, sir," he recommenced: "some people think Russia's muddling along. She isn't. In the cities they keep up some sort of a show. Things are bad enough there, but the country! They know the truth, those so-called leaders of the people in Moscow. They know now. The peasants can't be made to work on the Soviet plan."

Miss Stanley Erdish filled his glass. He sipped it this time slowly and gratefully. He held it before him half empty, touching the froth lovingly with his tongue, but his voice was stronger.

"I have summed it all up," he declared. "I've had the chance, and I've done it. They're broken to the world, and they know it. They'll have another revolution to face, and the bloodiest thing that was ever known on God's earth, within a year or two, if something isn't done. You know what the men at the top want. It's war. They're planning for a war."

"Tell me," Warren Rand asked, "who is really in control of the country? We know the names of some. We try to trace their actions. They seem like puppets."

"The men who are chiefly responsible, who are really omnipotent," Phillipson pronounced, "are the two men who, to save their skins, have scuttled out of the country at the moment to Geneva—Postinoff and Vitznow. Don't forget those two names, Warren Rand. If your arms stretch across the globe as they used to in the old days, if you know how to deal with these men as you used to, they are your game."

"That will do," Warren Rand interrupted quietly. "Thank you, Phillipson."

"There are a hundred more things to tell you," the man murmured wearily. "I could prove what I have said. I could go on and on. It all comes to the same. It's all there—in what I've told you. They are out for war, and the scheme was bred in the brains of those two men."

Warren Rand rose deliberately from his chair, crossed the room and laid his hand on Phillipson's shoulder. He made a sign to Glynde, who hurried from the room.

"Phillipson," his chief said, "you have carried out a greater assignment than any newspaperman has ever attempted in this world. Now you are going to be taken care of and brought back to life, and in whatever way you choose to spend the rest of your days, you shall spend them. You are just as wealthy as you wish to be. You could have, if you wanted it, a blank check book. You have, too, my thanks."

There was a hard, strained smile upon Phillipson's face, underneath which, however, one could see the effort at gratitude. Warren Rand deliberately shook his hand—another very unusual action. The doctor came in, glanced at his patient and helped him to his feet.

"Let us know his address," Warren Rand enjoined, "and keep us informed, day by day, of his progress. He has done his work. Keep him alive, doctor, and your extra fee will be a thousand guineas."

The doctor bowed his acknowledgments.

"I know little of my patient yet, sir," he said, "but I rather fancy he's got the grit to keep himself alive."

John Glynde and Miss Stanley Erdish left their chief's room together. They descended in the lift to the offices of the general staff. When she reached her room Stanley Erdish invited her companion to follow her in. She closed the door.

"I—er—wanted to ask you something," John Glynde observed.

Miss Stanley Erdish first of all disposed of her notebook in the safe, locked it up and attached the key to the chain around her wrist.

"And I wanted to ask you something, Mr. Glynde," she said. "You can start if you like."

(Continued on Page 133)

Blow hot blow cold

NEW HAVEN Artlarms in warm rooms by day or cold rooms by night give the right time. Now—alarm clocks compensated for temperature

Beautiful Abbey Artlarm. Compensated for temperature. Krack-proof Krystal $3.50

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All with Krack-proof Krystals; cases mahog any or walnut finish or pastel colors.

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Krack-proof Krystal, nickel-plated octagon case

THESE new Artlarms are so beautiful you'd never guess they were low-priced alarm clocks. But they are *especially* fine in the hidden beauty of their remarkable timekeeping qualities. Here, for the first time, are alarm clocks that have been compensated for temperature. Being placed in rooms warm by day and cold by night, ordinary clocks often lose or gain as much as three to five minutes a day. But these *Artlarms* have watch-like accuracy, because the research laboratories of the New Haven Clock Company have eliminated the time errors that result from warmer or cooler weather. Now you will not be content with any alarm clock that does not have these exclusive qualities of Artlarms: Krack-proof Krystal, artistic dials, smartly colored or mahogany-finished cases. As gifts for any room, Artlarms, in a variety of colors and dials at $2 up, are clocks you can proudly give.

Abbey Artlarm. Mahogany finished moulded case, gothic design. Krack-proof Krystal. 40-hour dependable movement, shaped bell on back, long, steady alarm with shut-off. Height 5¼ inches, $3.50. Radium dial, $5. Abbey, Jr. 3½ in. high, $3.50; radium dial, $4.50.

Easel Artlarm $5.00
Radium dial $6.00

Easel Artlarm. Gothic cathedral designs. Walnut finished, Moulded Easel Case, Enameled Dial. Krack-proof Krystal. 40-hour dependable movement, shaped bell on back, long, steady alarm with shut-off. Height 4½ inches.

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Radium dial only

Doris Artlarm. Gothic design metal case, white dial, radium numerals, artistic hands, Krack-proof Krystal. 40-hour dependable movement, long, steady alarm with shut-off. Pastel colors, rose, green or blue with black trim. Height 3½ inches. Radium dial only, $5.00.

To-Tem Artlarm $3.25
Radium dial $4.25

To-Tem Artlarm. Krack-proof Krystal, nickel-plated octagon case. 40-hour movement, back bell intermittent alarm with shut-off. Height 5⅛ inches. A good-looking, dependable clock.

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YEARAGE

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. . . and he said to himself

"Lady,

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Yearage! That's the only sound basis on which to buy paint. Yearage! That's the thing that will keep your house looking freshly painted for the greatest number of years. Yearage! That's the thing that makes Devoe Lead and Zinc the most economical paint to put on your house.

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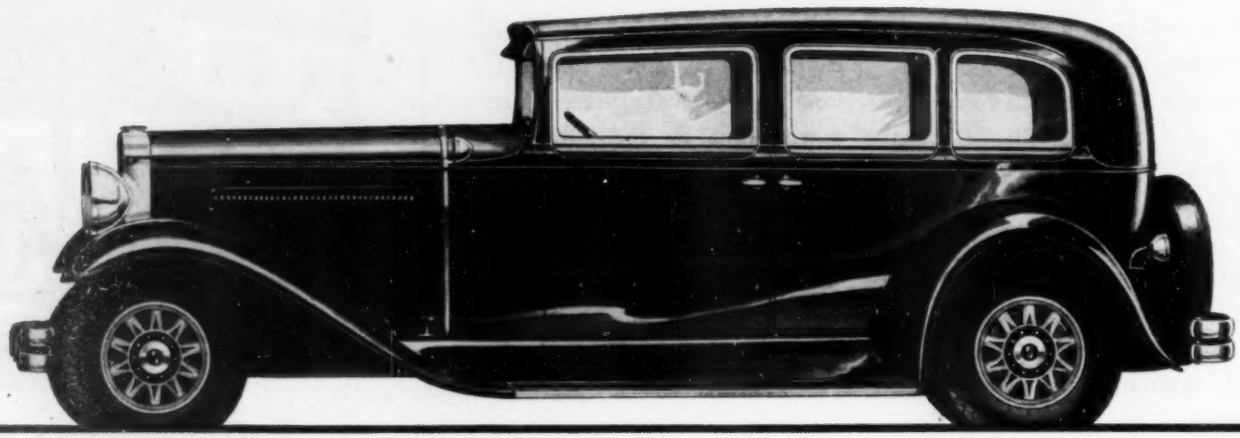

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1930 NASH "400"

TWIN-IGNITION EIGHT...TWIN-IGNITION SIX...SINGLE SIX

(1604)

(Continued from Page 129)

"It's eight o'clock," he pointed out. "I thought you might come and have a little dinner with me."

She hesitated.

"I rather thought of having a cocktail and a sandwich, and coming back," she confided.

"You needn't," he assured her. "Everything in that book is in our brains, for the time being at any rate. In any case, it is safer in shorthand than it would be transcribed."

"You seem rather fond of asking me out to dinner, Mr. Glynde," she remarked thoughtfully.

"I should like you to dine with me every night," he answered vigorously.

"Very well," she conceded, "that might become possible. Now I will make my request."

He smiled confidently. It seemed to him the most improbable thing that he should refuse Stanley Erdish any request she might choose to ask.

"This Afghan at Monte Carlo," she began, "waiting there with the treaty. You heard what Mr. Rand said. He didn't think it Tellesom's job. I quite agree with him. A man couldn't deal with anyone like I suspect this Afghan to be. Someone has to go down and get hold of that treaty so that the English Government can prevent it being signed."

John Glynde nodded.

"That's about how the matter stands," he admitted.

"Very well," she said. "I want to be that person."

He stared at her for a moment, dumfounded.

"You?" he exclaimed. "Why, it's ridiculous."

"Why ridiculous?" she demanded coolly. "I am attached to this organization now, thanks to you. I have had the hardest work getting in, but I am in, and I want to do my share of the serious work. I'll be honest. I want to get my share of the excitement. I'm sick of pen and paper and beguiling editors in restaurants, and making half promises I never mean to fulfill to keep them amiable, telling fibs and being diplomatic, and all that sort of thing. It's my job, I know, and I do it very well—so well that I deserve a reward. I want to come into the fun. Now will you, please, Mr. John Glynde, talk to the chief and let me go out to Monte Carlo. I can do it. I'm not afraid of anything, and I have dozens of schemes."

He shook his head.

"My dear," he protested, "you don't know what a crude person like this Afghan ——"

"Oh, don't be silly!" she interrupted. "I can assure you that the editor of a fashionable London journal can be crude at times as well as subtle. I am used to taking care of myself. Those wild men from the mountains will be far less difficult than the journalist who took me out to lunch today. Please, Mr. John Glynde—John, if you like ——"

"But, my dear ——"

"John dear, if that sounds nicer."

"But let me tell you ——"

"John darling—and I'd love to dine with you. Couldn't we go and dance afterward and make a real night of it?"

John Glynde was vanquished. Most men would have been, with Stanley Erdish's lips so close to his and her eyes promising all sorts of wonderful things.

"It isn't your department," he ventured feebly.

"No more is this yours," she replied, disengaging herself from his arms. "I'll go home and put a frock on, and meet you at Ciro's at nine. I'm going to Monte Carlo, aren't I?"

"I suppose so," he yielded.

XXI

TELLESOM and Sarah were dining together, a week or so later, at the end of the rude terrace of the restaurant of the Colombe d'Or. Below them stretched the moonlit valley of rose gardens and vineyards which wound round the slopes of St. Paul, spreading away toward the great battlements of Cagnes. There was moonlight, as there must always be at St. Paul, for the garden knows no other form of illumination nor any other manner of gastronomic entertainment save trout from the bustling stream below, chicken which is the pride of the house, and wine which is grown upon the family vineyard. It was an epic in simplicity, and yet for Tellesom through it all ran a thread of terribly complicated emotions. He was never able altogether to forget that this was Warren Rand's daughter whom he had taken to his heart, Warren Rand, the multimillionaire, the international schemer, the mystery man of two continents.

"I heard from mother yesterday," Sarah told him. "She says that she sat next the Prime Minister of England one night—I think it was last week—and that he asked her questions about father. Apparently he's making himself troublesome."

Tellesom said nothing. He very seldom did say anything when his chief's name was mentioned in connection with serious affairs.

"Father seems to be making a great fuss," she went on, "because France and England aren't behaving as they ought to at Geneva, or rather, as he thinks they ought to. I wonder why he is such a crazy person. He seemed to me to be quite like other men when I first remember him."

Tellesom embarked upon the safe path of generalities.

"Many people have a theory," he observed, "that too much success upsets a man's balance without his being conscious of it himself, and without other people suspecting it. In the memoirs of a great artist I was reading the other day, he writes to a friend that he feared to penetrate any further into the world of beauty, that his senses and soul were already dizzy with the things which had been shown to him, and that he lived in growing fear of madness."

"Sounds a trifle neurotic," she remarked.

"I don't know," he reflected. "History is full of the stories of men, from Cæsar to Napoleon, who have achieved so much that their mental stability wavered. I can conceive a man having his brain turned with continual and increasing success—a success which gave him new powers and destroyed his sense of proportion with his fellow men. I sometimes wonder whether that might not be so with your father. Year by year his influence and authority have increased. Now he is trying to sway nations."

"But why should he be so crazy?" she expostulated. "Don't you think, with regard to his pacifist ideas, for instance, it is true that war is a natural law of life? A certain number of men and women must be cleared out of the way to make room for their successors. Isn't it like that with insects and animals?"

"I don't think that proves that it should be the same with us," he ventured. "War is, after all, one of the crudest manners of settling a dispute. A theorist would probably argue that when the human race has reached a certain phase of intelligence it should be able to triumph over the mere brutalities of life."

"Sometimes," she mused, "I'm not at all sure that it's peace he does want."

"No one," Tellesom declared, "can tell what things lie behind your father's brain. He lives in a world of his own, and it is a world of silence. He gives no confidences that are not absolutely necessary. He gives orders and other people obey."

A coatless and collarless artist from the studios below produced an ancient Provençal musical instrument and succeeded in drawing from it a few queer strains of harmony. The atmosphere was too languorous and enveloping, however, for any continuous effort at energy. Not a leaf stirred in the gardens, and the groves of small cypresses below were like black outposts. The single waiter had kicked off his shoes and was running about barefooted. The silence was almost universal, save for the honk of motor horns along the winding mountain roads, which scarcely offended, because the sound seemed to come from another world. Her fingers suddenly crept across the tablecloth and fell upon his brown hand.

"I wish you'd marry me, dear lover of reserves," she said. "I've told you all the nice things a girl can think of. I follow your lordly finger wherever it beckons. I have written and told my mother that I am going to marry an Englishman, and she said: 'Thank God, and some day when you're writing again, you might tell me his name.' Couldn't we really do something about it?"

He smiled at her through the golden dusk, and when he smiled the lines of his face seemed to disappear and his whole expression was transformed. There was a light in his eyes, too, which made her happy.

"I can't, dear child," he reminded her, "while I am in your father's employ."

"But what has father to do with it?" she argued. "He has placed us utterly and completely outside his life forever. You saw him pass me without a word at the Eden Roc. He knew who I was. He knows everything. I don't belong in his life any more than mother does. In a way, I suppose," she went on, a faint note of bitterness in her tone, "he thinks he's bought his liberty. He has made us both very rich indeed. He escaped his responsibilities that way. Well, as I have been robbed of a father, I rather want a lover, Col. Charles Tellesom. What are you going to do about it?"

"You have one in spirit all right," he assured her.

"I am not in the least a spiritual person," she sighed—"not even on a night like this. I'm afraid I'm terribly human. If you're thinking about the money I shall be furious with you."

"I won't let it stand in the way," he promised her, "and that's something, you know, from a pig-headed Anglo-Saxon. I must be free of all my obligations, though. Some of the work I carry out for your father might lead me into trouble if it were discovered. I must finish with all that sort of thing first. I am pledged to him for another few months. At the end of that time I'll find another sort of job, and if you really mean ——"

He hesitated. She laughed across at him.

"If you haven't found out by this time what I really mean," she whispered, "then you're as stupid as I thought all Englishmen were before I knew you."

For a while they talked nonsense. Then he paid the bill, and they left the quaint little scene, which, with its one hanging lantern, its strange, shock-headed waiter, its tangle of clinking glass and laughter and muffled voices, and its curious, entrancing vistas of distant landscapes seen through openings in the hewn stone, was more like the setting of a Near Eastern opera. In Tellesom's two-seater they left the mountain road which led homeward and climbed higher until even St. Paul lay below them, and the sea gleamed like a great silvery pool beneath. She gave a little gasp.

"The ships!" she exclaimed. "Could anyone believe that those gray, hideous-looking monsters could appear so beautiful?"

He brought the car to a standstill, and they looked downward. In the bay of Golfe Juan was a long formation of battleships, there for a fortnight's maneuvers, lying on the placid waters like painted images, their outline only faintly visible but glittering with double and treble rows of lights. Signals were flashing from the land on all sides, and answers twinkled back from the turreted cruisers. The lamps of Juan itself were like pin pricks, and of those sounds which destroy beauty there were none. The merciful distance seemed to have laid a stifling hand upon them. Sea and wind—and, it seemed, all humanity—were dumb. The thumping pianos in the open-air cafés of Golfe Juan, the jazz from Juan-les-Pins, the tumult of voices, the honking of motor horns—not one of these pagan discordances could reach across the velvet-shrouded landscape to the orange-blossom-scented lane on the crest of the mountains.

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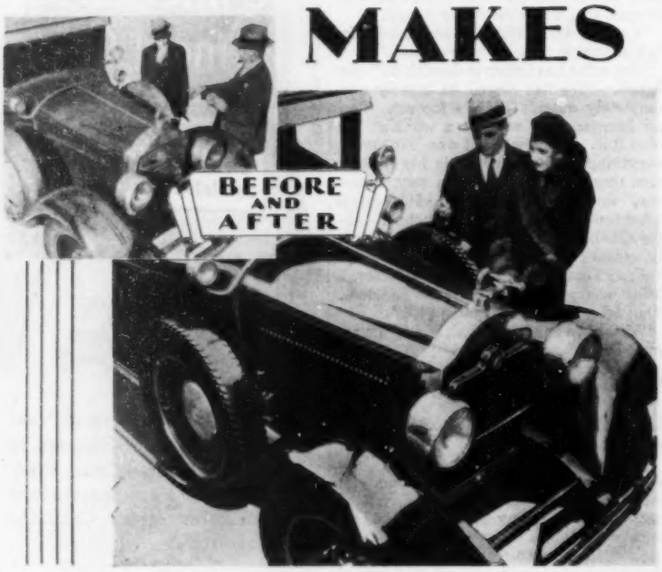

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"Don't let's go on," she begged. "It's the most intoxicating silence I ever knew."

He held her hand and smiled. He was looking thoughtfully downward.

"You'd soon forget that there was such a thing in the world as silence if we were there," he told her. "The mayors of Cannes and of Antibes, and some of the local authorities of Golfe Juan and Juan-les-Pins, have banded together tonight to give a great entertainment to the crews of those two marvelous new battleships. The English sailor's pretty good when he's on a beano, but I think the Frenchman can make more noise."

They sat side by side on the low gray wall, looking over the tops of the orange trees in the orchard below, and they talked together in occasional whispers—ordinary enough words, without a doubt, but to them touched with something of the fairylike beauty by which they were enveloped. Then, without warning, a thing of wonder and horror, came that cataclysm of diabolical sound which no one who heard it ever forgot. Its prelude was a great flame of fire—red fire, as it seemed—leaping from the middle of one of the largest battleships. A twin flame blazed up from another of those dark silent shapes, and it was as though the fires of hell were shooting upward into the sky, shedding all the time a hideous, terrifying illumination. The figures of men upon the ships were suddenly visible, running about apparently in purposeless terror. The terraces of the houses along the beach, the little skiffs lying at anchor, the Casino, with its dining tables and groups of men and women, the promenades with their loungers, the long line of cafés with their diners and dancers—all these flashed out from nowhere into momentary prominence. Even the villas upon the hills toward Cannes were disclosed in that fearful glare like toy houses, grotesquely, unnaturally distinct; and Palm Beach Casino, like a plaything from a child's dolls' house, leaped into being for those few amazing seconds, with the huge round dining room, the tables outside, the very bodies in the piscina, the whole outline as no one before had ever seen it, or ever would again, clearly and faultlessly visible. All this was a matter of seconds. Then the great silence was broken. There came a roar traveling up from the sea to the mountains, and passing on like the thunder of a mighty earthquake, a deafening, devastating sound, as though something in the bosom of the earth had snapped and continents had parted from their enveloping seas. In those last fractional seconds of lurid glow there was a sudden swift vista of destruction, a ghastly forerunner of that which the ensuing blackness was to leave to the imagination. Huge fragments of what a few minutes before had been solid and proud structures were flung in disjointed masses into the air. There was a crashing of windows for miles. A long, narrow edifice of seven stories, between Golfe Juan and the main road, split in two and crashed to the ground. Then the sea rose up as though to take its share in the great upheaval. A mighty trough parted what a minute or two before had seemed like a glassy lake, and from the far side of it came waves mountains high. The small boats in the harbor rocked like frenzied things. The weaker houses collapsed, the walls of the cafés round the harbor were split and masonry fell in all directions. Then, with a hideous suddenness, darkness—a pool of black, angry darkness, with tongues of fire here and there breaking through its somber mantle.

All that remained of that brief period of terrible pandemonium was the faint echo of that tangled, hysterical tumult of human voices pealing out with unnatural strength, a human diapason of terrified agony. When that, too, was over, the silence was appalling. Closer and closer, after that first torrent of hysterical words and questions, Sarah had crept into her companion's arms. He found her clinging in silent passion to his body, her panic-stricken eyes still bent downward. His first words seemed to be the most ridiculously inadequate that had ever left his lips.

"An explosion, Sarah! Terrible! Thank God you were out of it!"

Her own powers of speech were gone. She could do nothing but clutch at him and moan. The next change was more light, and with it, alarming though were its disclosures, came somehow a vague, disturbing relief. One of the smaller cruisers was on fire. Flames were springing from the windows of a row of villas, and, from some concealed place in the hills, where they had been installed for the maneuvers, a long array of searchlights were flashing down into the bay. The whole sea appeared to be raging, as though lashed by a storm. Two or three of the other craft were in collision, and the sirens of some of the others were blowing frantically. The two watchers in the mountains sat there now, no longer in silence. Their tongues were freed, though all speech seemed inadequate.

"Terrible!" he muttered. "But it seems worse than it is. Remember that three-quarters of the men on the big ships were on land."

She drew a deep sigh.

"Thank God you were with me," she murmured.

He rose and shook himself.

"Perhaps we'd better go down," he suggested. "One might be able to do something."

She clung to him desperately.

"Please don't—don't move," she begged. "I couldn't bear it. Wait for a time."

He took her once more into his arms, and they sat there until the cold dawn.

XXII

TELLESOM pushed his way the following morning through the crowds which thronged the promenade stretching from Juan to Golfe Juan, all bent on viewing at close quarters the ghastly scene of destruction. There were miles of windowless and shattered villas. One of the largest cafés was flat upon the ground. A long line of bathing huts lay about in grotesque positions. Half the smaller craft in Golfe Juan harbor were either submerged or smashed to pieces against the stone wall of the quay, and, grimmest sight of all, two of the great new battleships, which had been the pride of the fleet, had disappeared, one showing the tops of her giant funnels, and the other her distorted conning tower.

Tellesom felt a light touch on his shoulder. Felix Behrling, spick-and-span, in white linen clothes and sun hat, grinned at him in benign fashion.

"Well, my friend," he exclaimed, "things happen in the far corners of the earth when giants pull the strings! Let us drink a mixed vermuth together."

"I am not sure that I understand you," Tellesom replied. "This invitation sounds oddly to me."

He would have passed on, the frigid Englishman, coldly angry, but Behrling's grip upon his shoulder tightened.

"My confrere, the old methods have passed," he declared. "Friends and enemies consort freely together nowadays. It is to the advantage of both. I am a thirsty man, and I hate drinking alone. The smell of burnt and charred metal offends my nostrils. Today, let us be like schoolboys and cry '*Pax*.' You can be on your guard against me. I shall be on my guard against you. I shall tell you what I choose to tell you, and you—you tight-lipped Britisher—you will tell me nothing. What does it matter? I, Felix Behrling, have no hatred for you, Charles Tellesom, in whom I recognize indeed a kindred spirit. We are enemies in cause only. Let us remember that. Let us sit down together."

Tellesom shrugged his shoulders, and his companion led the way to a small café which had been left standing. People were too engrossed with the various sights to drink, and the place was empty. The waiter whom they summoned shook his head dolefully.

(Continued on Page 137)

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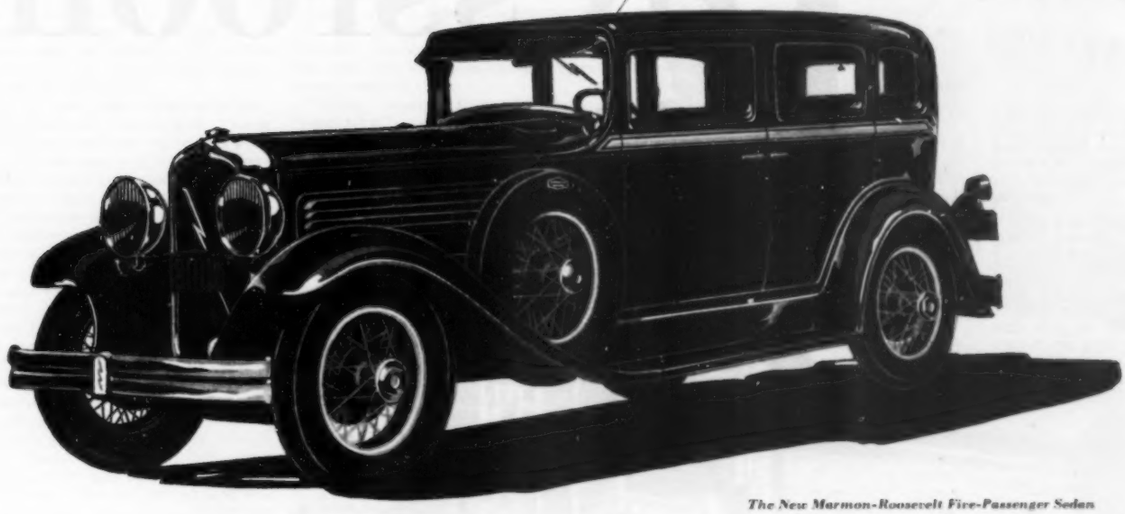

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→→ the Crisis in a daily battle against Time →→

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This is the crisis! Should the web of paper tear as the ponderous press accelerates, it must be rethreaded. And nervous fingers under the tension of fleeting minutes work slowly.

Cutler-Hammer Motor Control has solved this problem. It does its work so well that the old-time "zero-hour tension" does not exist in the modern newspaper plant. A button is touched . . . a gong rings, warning every pressman to get in the clear . . . a small motor eases the press into motion. When a certain speed is reached, a large motor automatically takes the load. Smoothly, through gradual steps the press attains dazzling speed. Papers are on the street on time . . . and men, motors and presses work in safety.

In most industries Cutler-Hammer Engineers have been leaders for over thirty years. They have had first call when ingenuity was required. And the skill they have developed . . . the tremendous fund of knowledge they have acquired while solving the special problems of Motor Control have borne fruit in the design of Cutler-Hammer *standardized* Motor Control for the simpler uses of electric motors.

Hence, the Cutler-Hammer Motor Control supplied you as standard equipment on production machines . . . offered you by progressive electrical wholesalers . . . and recommended to you by motor builders . . . is *not* the result of knowledge of *one* field . . . of *one* size motor . . . of *one* class of problems . . . but of the knowledge gained by solving practically *every* problem of Motor Control to be met in Industry. Only with that knowledge can *standardized* Motor Control be produced which will protect a motor under all conditions . . . utilize all the power a motor can safely produce . . . save all the steps and time you expect from modern Motor Control. The name Cutler-Hammer identifies such—and is *your* protection.

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Cutler-Hammer standardized Motor Control has features which only pioneer engineering could produce—features which only experience covering all problems of electric motor application could perfect. Thus, Cutler-Hammer "ready-to-use" equipment meets every common requirement with reserve to spare—provides for all usual motor applications the same superior performance, safety and economy for which Cutler-Hammer specially engineered Motor Control has been outstanding throughout three decades of Industry's electrification.

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Pioneer Manufacturers of Electric Control Apparatus

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CUTLER HAMMER

The Control Equipment Good Electric Motors Deserve

A-201

(Continued from Page 134)

"Every bottle of vermuth is smashed," he declared. "The patron has gone to Nice for more. We are ruined; everybody along the front is ruined."

"In that case, we will drink a bottle of champagne for the benefit of the house," Behrling announced. "I see a case of Cliquot there."

Tellesom made a wry face, but he accepted the tumbler which the waiter presently filled with wine.

"It is against my principles," he remarked, "to drink with murderers—especially murderers of women."

"Pshaw!" Behrling scoffed. "One cannot be squeamish these days. One woman—and a false jade at that! How many people, I wonder, perished last night?"

Tellesom made no sign, but he raised his tumbler to his lips to drink.

"I see no connection," he maintained.

Behrling laughed heartily. He unfastened a button or two of his waistcoat and leaned back in his chair.

"Play your own game in your own way, my friend Tellesom," he advised. "Keep the blinkers and mufflers on, and let your tongue wag to its own tune, but the cleverest are those who realize that their adversaries are not fools. Have you had your morning collection of news?"

"The papers are all full of this affair," Tellesom replied evasively.

"Your news comes to you through no newspapers; neither does mine," Behrling continued. "I shall tell you something which may be news or not. There has been another large withdrawal of gold from England. The pound has dropped to a new low level, and yesterday afternoon there was something like a panic on the stock exchange. I wonder how much the poor British are losing? A very terrible reflection, that. Financially I am afraid that your unfortunate nation is in a bad way, Tellesom. She has parted with too much of her gold. She cannot stand this lowering of the exchange. Her trade and industries will—how should you say that?—go to pot."

"Well, England has weathered a good many storms in her time," Tellesom observed.

"Smug, but illogical," Behrling declared, refilling his glass to the brim with champagne. "Now you sit there, my young friend, thinking to yourself, 'I will drink with this enemy, but he shall learn nothing from me, and perhaps I shall learn something from him, because he has an open mouth.' You shall not be disappointed. I will treat you as I love to treat people. But first, permit me."

He filled Tellesom's glass, and somehow or other, Tellesom, although champagne in the morning was his special abomination, suffered him to do so without protest. Behrling leaned back in his chair. No one else was at their end of the café. From outside came the tread of ceaselessly moving feet from the wayfarers, walking up and down gazing at the wonders of that night of disaster.

"Once more, let me tell you," Behrling recommenced, "I will treat you as I love to treat people. There is a great man moving in the world just now. I take off my hat to him. He is greater than either of us, and he has courage. Lean toward me, Tellesom. Here come secrets. We Germans did not wish to sign the Disarmament Treaty. The great man knew this, and he took a hand in the game. He has forced our consent from us, and when the congress at Geneva sits again, Germany will sign. There is news for you, my friend—news before it appears in the journals. Germany will sign the Treaty of Disarmament. He sent for Anselm Loeb, and he turned him inside out. He has forced our consent from us."

"It is great news if it be true," Tellesom admitted.

"Oh, it is true," Behrling assured him. "Your great man would have told you himself, but he loves silence. We shall sign. Very well. We are dealt with. Two others of the great powers refused for their own reasons to sign. You know who they are," he continued, lowering his voice as he glanced toward a crowd of loiterers who had just entered. "France was unwilling to part with the pride of her navy—those two magnificent cruisers—cruiser battleships—with their new equipment and their wonderful secret. Your great man went to Paris, and he failed. France would not sign. It must have been," he went on, with something like a sneer disfiguring for a moment his big face, "the hand of the Almighty which has launched a thunderbolt upon those two ships, for there they are at the bottom of the bay, no longer to be reckoned with. France, too, will sign."

Behrling took a long drink from his glass of wine, wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and looked round the room, a great man, genial and full of good fellowship, taking his ease in pleasurable surroundings. Yet, while he looked, he reckoned up those loiterers. He convinced himself that they were what they seemed to be. Once more he leaned forward.

"There remains England," he said. "England is being dealt with. Did you see what the sterling touched yesterday? Ask yourself what proud nation could face a continuance of this. Day by day your credit will drop. Your statesmen, a week or two ago, were scoffing at this man. They know better now. From seven different countries, behind the banks in which he stands supreme, comes this insistent call for gold. Never for themselves, mind. Always for the man whose agents haunt the offices of the bullion brokers in London. Great Britain is hesitating today; tomorrow she will consent. No country can live or trade without its gold. You know that well enough. England also will sign, and there is your Disarmament Treaty—a complete and operative document—and your great man triumphant."

Tellesom waved to the barman.

"At least," he suggested, "we will behave like civilized beings. You have nothing left in your glass? You shall have another bottle with me. At any rate, you have provided me with something to smile about. You have shown me what I always suspected—that you have the imagination of a Jules Verne. . . . Another bottle at once, barman. . . . If I can, I will make you drunk, and you will talk a little too much. Have you any information to give me, Behrling, beyond those portentous surmises of yours which really amount to nothing? I don't want to waste my morning."

The German grinned.

"You are beginning to open your mouth and speak in the language which I understand better," he said. "I will drink another bottle with you, but we must be brief, for along the promenade I can see the little joy of my life twirling her skirts. If she sees this café standing, she will know where to look for me. Your great overlord, your mighty chief, has bent two proud nations to his will. The Disarmament Treaty will be signed. The Peace Pact he looks upon as a thing already ordained. Yet, to us who know the game, sometimes on his side, sometimes against him, there recurs always this one question: How is it that he takes no account of the greatest enemy of peace in the world today—the last bidden to the table—Russia?"

Tellesom fixed a cigarette into his holder. He was puzzled. Behrling wagged a fat forefinger at him.

"Now you are asking yourself, more than ever, why this conversation, why this confidence, unless, indeed, it is wine-inspired? If I were to tell you, you would not believe. I shall spare my breath. Vitznow spoke his last word at Moscow a week ago. Russia does not intend to sign the Peace Pact. You have been in Russia, Tellesom, secretly. I know that. Your chief's spies have brought in faithful word of what is going on there. The Soviet Government is a failure. A few cities can be dressed to look respectable. The whole of the peasant class is in sullen revolt. The country is becoming unproductive. There is one thing that can save her, and that is war, and war Russia—or rather Vitznow and Postinoff—means to have."

"You should know all about it," Tellesom observed, lighting his cigarette. "It is no secret, even to the man in the street, that you and Russia have private understandings."

"We have half a dozen," Behrling agreed, "but for the most part they are not worth the paper they are written upon. Russia is not in a position to carry out her promises, or Germany to pay her for them if she did. The imperialists of my country are still ineffectually seeking to make a cat's-paw of Russia. They said to themselves, 'We can overrun Europe.' Russia at the time resisted. At present she is brooding. There I stop. Let your great man throw out his feelers, let him send out his spies to crawl over the country like mice, and study the reports of those who get back alive. He will know then that if Moscow has its way there will be no peace in Europe while Postinoff and Vitznow live."

Behrling stumbled to his feet, gulped down his wine, tightened his belt and buttoned up his waistcoat.

"The little one is too precious to risk in your company," he declared. "She approaches. I may spare you a dance with her one night in Maxim's, where the place is too full for whisperings, but here, no. Good morning, my cryptic friend. Buzz off one of your urgent messages to wherever the great man may be, and tell him all I have told you, and bid him think about it. I am, in the main, your enemy and his, but I have spoken the truth this morning."

Behrling made benevolent departure. The bartender paused in his task of polishing a glass and looked after him. He leaned forward toward Tellesom.

"A friend of monsieur?" he inquired.

Tellesom shook his head.

"Scarcely that," he admitted.

The barman was still looking through the open door. There was a cloud upon his face.

"Monsieur had better be careful," he said. "He seems to have the good temper, but he is a man not to be trusted. I have friends who know him. He is dangerous."

Tellesom finished his drink, lit a cigarette and nodded his farewell.

"I am inclined to think that you may be right," he agreed.

XXIII

TELLESOM drove his two-seater car slowly back along the winding coast road to the Eden Roc, left it in the shade of some trees and strolled into the long bar. Sarah was seated in a corner there, in one of her Parisian bathing costumes, with a marvelous peignoir round her shoulders, but with no indications of having bathed. Two or three young men were standing talking to her, but she waved her hand so eagerly that Tellesom, who, in these days, had abandoned to some extent his first attitude of complete isolation, crossed the floor and joined them.

"Been down to see the mess?" one of them asked.

Tellesom nodded. "Amazing sight!"

"Say, what seems to me so queer," another of the American youths declared, "is that they're saying down there that, sailors and all, there were barely eighty casualties."

"It happened to be the night of the great fête," Tellesom pointed out. "Any other night there must have been at least five or six hundred killed."

"If you come to think of it, it's more than queer," Sarah reflected. "Doesn't it almost seem as though some person had decided to blow up those two battleships, and yet wanted to spare as many human lives as possible?"

Her immediate cavalier shook his head.

"I guess it was an accident all right," he said. "These French chaps don't give away their secrets, but we all know that they had some very high explosives on board—just as the Germans had that new lining for their small guns at Jutland. Keep their secrets pretty tight, these fellows, and I don't blame them."

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"Explosives at sea are terribly dangerous things," an older man, who had been in the navy, explained. "You can isolate them on land all right, but a little extra heat—sometimes they say even a hot draft—will do a lot of damage."

"One certainly can't conceive the idea of anyone going about with a hobby for blowing up battleships," Tellesom remarked. "Anyhow, I've seen all I want to see of that end of the coast. Are you coming in, Miss Hincks?"

She sprang at once to her feet.

"But you haven't changed yet. Why not come and sit down on the rocks with me instead? I'm not keen about bathing."

"I'll change into bathing kit if you don't mind," Tellesom decided. "I have everything in my locker here, and it won't take me a minute."

She nodded and he turned away. One of her many admirers watched him disappear.

"Say, that's a fine chap, that Tellesom," he declared. "Seemed very quiet and stand-offish when he first came, but he's no fool at any job he takes on. I saw him whack our pro at tennis the other evening, and they tell me that Zachary, the Monte Carlo man, is coming over this afternoon, and bringing an amateur for a game with him and the pro here. My money's on Tellesom. He's got a terrible swerve in his serves, and, though he hasn't got much of a backhand drive, he can place them all right."

"Good-looking chap," another youth conceded. "I'd like him fine if he didn't monopolize Miss Hincks."

She shook her head pathetically.

"I can't help it," she confessed. "I've fallen for him. You boys are such boys. Why don't you grow up?"

"Sorrow," one of them confided, "is aging me fast."

"I'll bribe the registrar at home if that would do me any good," another suggested.

"It's dignity you lack, and restraint," Sarah told them. "You are much too ardent, or try to be. You don't lead up to things in the proper manner. You're either crudely amorous or noisy."

"Well, we never get anywhere anyway," her chief admirer complained.

"Take a few lessons from Colonel Tellesom," she advised him. "He asks for nothing, receives nothing, and hopes for everything. I expect he'll get it some day," she concluded, with a little sigh.

"Curse the fellow!" one of the others muttered. "You're depressing me, Miss Sarah."

"I have good news for you all," she announced. "Positively in a few days my mother arrives. She is younger than I am, far better-looking, and she loves boys."

"There is only one Sarah," the youth groaned.

"Well, don't drown your sorrows in drink," she enjoined, rising to her feet and strolling off to meet Tellesom. "See you all here before lunch. . . . Instead of bathing," she whispered, taking Tellesom's arm as they reached the steps, "just a word or two, please."

She led the way down on to the rocks. No place, however, seemed to suit her. There were little groups of people or solitary sun bathers in every corner. She walked to the springboard.

"We'll swim to the raft," she suggested. "There's no one there, and no possibility of being overheard. What I want to say sounds so silly. I must say it to you when we are entirely alone."

He threw off his dressing gown and they plunged in. They were both excellent swimmers, and with a few, long graceful strokes they reached their destination. They were fifty yards from the shore, and the raft itself was deserted. She scrambled up with a little sigh of relief.

"Now, my dear Charles," she began, "prepare to answer my questions, and to answer them truthfully."

"You know my limitations."

"I know," she assented, "but perhaps you can tell me this: Have you any enemies down here?"

"Half a dozen at least," he assured her. "I have just had to drink champagne with one down at Juan. Why do you ask?"

"Listen, and you will know," she told him. "This morning, at ten o'clock, I came up from my first bath. Two men were seated on the bench just outside the hotel. One of them was Gaudois, the tennis pro; the other was a young man whom I have not seen before. They were a perfectly harmless-looking couple. Gaudois is always about the hotel, as you know, when he isn't playing, and he seemed to be talking to his companion about a certain sort of backhand stroke. I said good morning to Gaudois as I passed. The other man rose quite politely, and I should probably have thought no more about it, but when I got into my room I stepped out on to the balcony for a moment. They were just below me, the air was very still, and I happen to have wonderful hearing. The young man who was with Gaudois was speaking, and there was just something in his tone which struck me—the kind of way a man talks when he is trying not to be overheard.

"'You are sure he can't leave by the other entrance?' he asked.

"'Quite sure,' Gaudois replied. 'One of the lift boys here is a protégé of mine, and he has fifty francs to do nothing but watch and report to me when he comes down.'

"Then they were silent for a few moments. The young man with Gaudois unrolled what seemed to be a bundle of bathing clothes, and tied them up again. It appeared to be a very curious collection of articles, but I was too far off to see exactly what they were."

"This sounds very mysterious," Tellesom remarked, with a smile.

Sarah dabbled her feet in the water.

"Please don't make fun of me," she begged. "I am beginning to believe that I have the makings of a first-class detective, and I won't be laughed at. I went on listening, for—I can't tell you why—from the first I had an idea that it was you they were speaking of. I have never liked that tennis pro, and the other man, although he was dressed just like everyone else—negligee shirt, linen trousers and sun helmet—had an unfamiliar look about him, and I feel sure that I've seen him about with that man Behrling. I waited for a minute or two, but they said not another word, so I turned back into my room, changed into pajamas and sent my maid down to see if you'd gone out. She came back to tell me that she had missed you by less than a minute. You had just left for Juan in your car. I can't tell you what possessed me then, but instead of coming downstairs, I mounted a flight, pretending to myself I was going to see if Molly was awake yet. As I reached the third floor I saw a man standing outside your room—the man who had been with Gaudois, the bundle still under his arm. He looked cautiously at the lift and up and down the corridor, but I guess he forgot the staircase. Into your room he went, and disappeared."

"This sounds thrilling," Tellesom commented, now genuinely interested. "Tell me, what did you do next?"

"Well, there's a service room just opposite, as you know, by the side of the back stairs, and I came quietly up and stood just behind the door. I know the maid very well, and the valet, and I had a hundred-franc note in my hand ready for them if they came along. Fortunately they were busy with their rooms, and I didn't see either of them."

"What about the man who went into my suite?" Tellesom asked.

"Well, he came out again in about five minutes, I should think," Sarah continued, "opened the door carefully, glanced along the corridor and slipped away down the staircase. The bundle he had been carrying was gone. He went out by the back entrance, jumped into a small car and drove off."

"More and more mysterious!" Tellesom admitted, a puzzled frown upon his forehead. "Did you see Gaudois again?"

She shook her head.

"When I came down," she confided, "he was playing tennis. Now, what could that man have wanted in your room, Charles? Was he a thief, or what? And why on earth did he want to leave that bundle there?"

Tellesom reflected for several moments.

"Do you mind," he asked, "if I go straight back to my room? There's something queer about the affair."

She slid off the raft into the water and swam by his side.

"I'm going to come with you," she insisted.

They made their way to the steps, changed hastily in the dressing room into the fashionable dishabille of the place and drove in Tellesom's two-seater up to the hotel.

They entered the lift together, and she touched the indicator. The landing of the third floor was deserted. She led the way to his room.

They stepped inside the bedroom and he closed the door. Everything appeared neat and orderly. Some tennis flannels were laid out upon the bed, and upon an easy-chair an evening suit.

"My man has the day off," Tellesom explained briefly. "They might have known that."

She looked around at the various articles of furniture.

"We've got to find out," she decided, "what they've planted upon you. I'll look in here; you look in the wardrobe. Hurry up! I have a feeling, somehow or other, that something is going to happen quickly. The young man who started off in his car went as though he wanted to break his neck. Nothing in these drawers that I can see. Have you found anything in the wardrobe?"

"Nothing doing."

"What about that small chest of drawers?" she asked, pointing toward it.

"That's full of papers and books," Tellesom assured her. "Nothing of any particular consequence, of course, but it happens to be locked. No one could get into that."

"Have you the key?"

He produced it. She leaned down to examine the lock of the second drawer.

"Someone's scratched this badly," she pointed out. "Open it, please."

He thrust in the key. The drawer swung open easily. In one corner was a neat little packet of notebooks, some maps, a few dictionaries and a Polish directory; in another, concealed under a towel, was a strange little bundle. He looked at it in amazement. Then he drew it out and laid it upon the bed. There were two towels rolled up together, clearly marked in the corner, "Hotel Provençal." In the middle was a handkerchief of fine linen, crumpled and torn, embroidered with some initials and a coronet, a string of pearls and a thick pile of mille notes. Tellesom stared at them for a moment with the ingenuous expression of a startled youth. Suddenly the truth flashed in upon him.

"That is Clara von Trugner's coronet!" he exclaimed. "She was staying at the Provençal. That is where she was murdered. I was out that night. What a hellish idea!"

"Listen!" she whispered.

They heard heavy footsteps in the corridor. She locked the door while he hastily rolled up the bundle. The footsteps passed on. She opened the door and peered out.

"It's all right," she told him. "It was old General Mayne. Come along!"

He hurried on to the landing. She almost snatched the bundle from him.

"No, you don't," she insisted. "You don't move one single step with these. They're going into a spare trunk in my room, locked up. They can't hurt anyone there. We'll decide what to do with them later. Listen! Leave the hotel by the front way, and meet me in the bar. I'll drive your car down, say I borrowed it—only go! They'll rush this thing for fear of your coming back. There was no one in the office when we came up, or behind the concierge's desk. Try to get away without anyone seeing you."

"I'm not going to leave you with those things," he protested.

There was a touch of her father in her face as she swung round to him.

"Don't be a fool!" she cried. "They won't do me any harm. I'm going down by the back stairs. I know the way. I shall just call in my room for a moment, and I shall be in the bar before you are."

Tellesom had luck. He descended to the ground floor without seeing a soul. In the hall, the concierge was speaking on the telephone, with his back to the corridor. The clerk who was generally standing there had bustled out in answer to the bell announcing newcomers. Tellesom strolled to the front door, through an empty hall, down the steps, and made his way along the broad walk just in time to arrive at the bar as Sarah herself entered from the other door.

She greeted him with a little wave of the hand.

"What you two find to talk about all the time I can't imagine," her archadmirer grumbled. "I think I shall come and join the conspiracy, whatever it is. Your heads were almost touching out there on the raft. Water good? I haven't been in this morning."

"Never mind about us, Ben," Sarah answered as she led Tellesom away. "We've got a great scheme. We're going to write a novel together."

They sat down before an open window. Sarah stretched out her hand for some potato chips, drained her cocktail, and pleaded for another.

"I'm in it!" she exclaimed. "I'm off! I'm a conspirator! Charles, I feel the whole thrill of it. As I got into the car to drive down, who do you think turned in at the gate? Well, that young man who was with Gaudois, the pro, and the most official-looking person you ever saw. I believe he was the stumpy little man who was lunching here when they came and told him about the murder."

Tellesom frowned.

"What a fool I was to let you have those things!" he muttered.

She laughed scornfully.

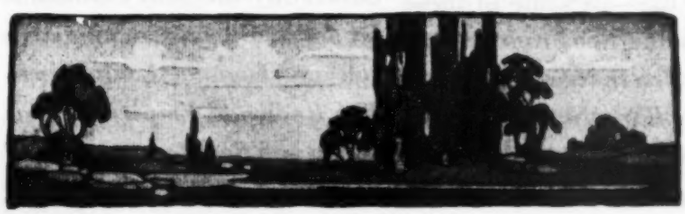
"They're in the safest place on earth," she declared. "Look who's here! They haven't seen me! Sit tight! I'm going to desert."

She swung through the window on to the little terrace below, into the midst of a group of her friends. Her arm went around the shoulder of young Ben Tyson, the most ardent of her admirers.

"Thought you were being neglected, did you, Ben?" she asked soothingly. "Well, let's all have a cocktail in the corner outside here. I'll buy them for you, just to show there's no ill feeling. Come along! The whole crowd!"

Sarah was back among them. Her laugh was the loudest, her gayety the most infectious. Apparently no such person as Tellesom existed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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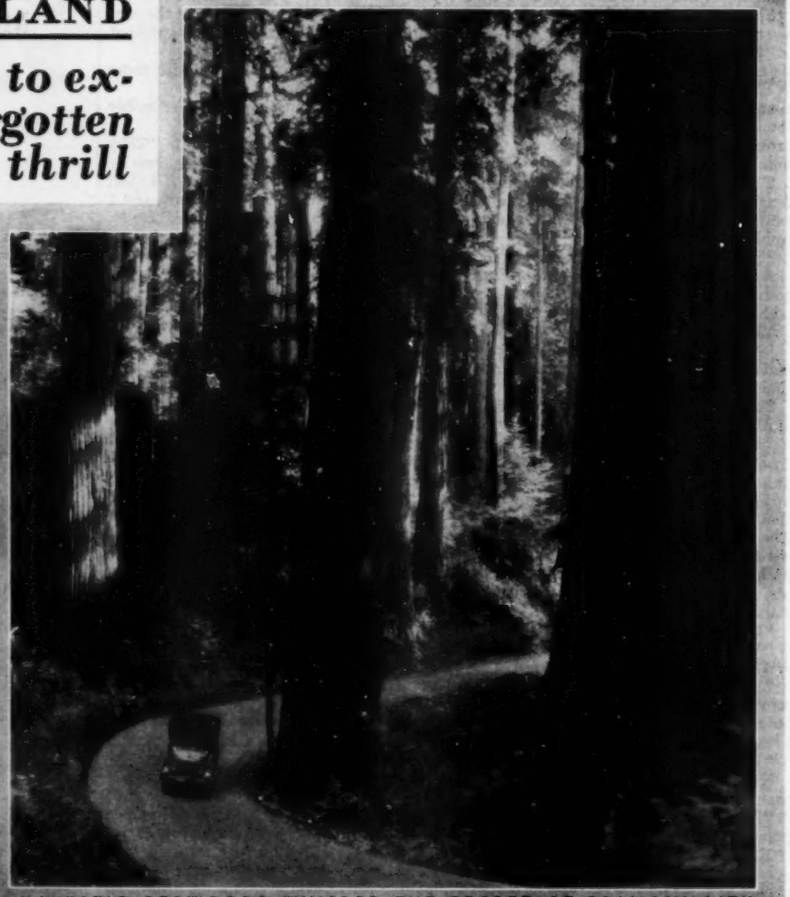

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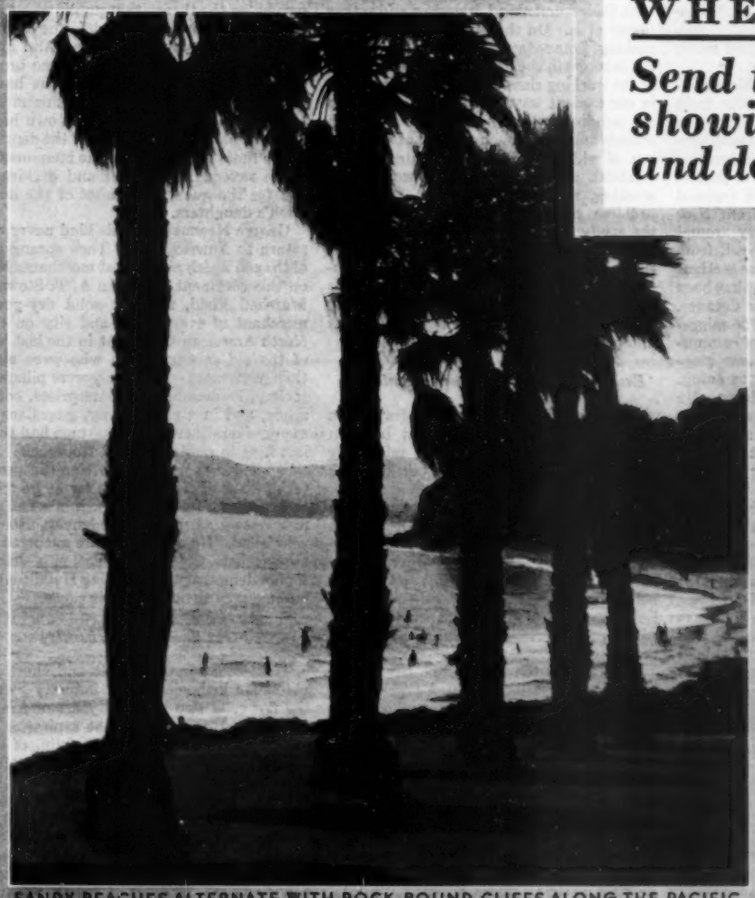

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This summer, thousands will come to this great vacationland. When the hot months come in other parts California is in her glory, a land of mild, invigorating sunshine and flowers—and cool ocean breezes. Mile upon mile of broad safe highway and a vast network of rails bring all of California into pageant-like review. (A review that you can stop and look at as you please.)

Come this summer through the

MOVING PICTURE MAKING IN HOLLYWOOD

THE ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
Sec. W-3, 1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif., or
CALIFORNIANS INC., Dept. 203, 703 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.
Please send me the two free Vacation books:

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Dresses Up the DRINKS

EVERY hostess is faced with the problem of finding attractive ways to lift her refreshments out of the commonplace. That is one reason why drinks served with Stone's Straws have become so popular. These dainty, golden-tinted straws make the best drink look better and taste better, too.

Get a 10-cent Home Package of Stone's Straws at your druggist's or delicatessen store today. You'll find them mighty handy for serving with drinks on numerous occasions. Wonderful for inducing the kiddies to drink their milk!

To be sure of the genuine, always ask for *Stone's* Straws by name. They're used throughout the world. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and 10c and we will send you a package postpaid. Stone Straw Corp., Washington, D.C.

STONE'S Sanitary STRAWS

THE MIGRATORY EXECUTIVE

(Continued from Page 11)

our semitropic states along the Gulf Coast. The standardization which national advertising gives to our collars, tooth pastes, stockings, clothes, automobiles, colleges and cement mixers, these homeless wanderers may impart to our social habits, our cooking perhaps, our dancing and bridge certainly, our social forms, our country-club deportment, our taste in books and music and pictures.

But standardization is not the chief evil—if it is an evil—that follows in the train of the migratory executive. Though, of course, standardization will take much provincial charm from our regional cultures—something deeper than the sound of the letter *r*, something rising from each regional background, from the South, from New England, from the desert country around the Rockies, from the Middle West, from the Pacific Coast. In each of these sections of America, a pleasant local flavor has been coming into life for three or four decades.

But here is the serious loss: The migratory executive is bringing a loss of community leadership which the old town magnate, the village chieftain, used to enjoy. His people profited by his experience. He was the wiseacre, the oracle in many ways. Somewhat his neighbors deferred to him because of his money, though not entirely. Probably the community leader of other days had money because he was wise, and was not generally accounted wise merely because he had money. But these new executives too often have neither money nor community wisdom based on long service in the town. The gypsy administrator who flits into the average American town and out again, brings his salary, a little savings account—not much—a few stocks in a thin safety-deposit box, hardly a truckload of furniture, and that is all. He can't accept leadership in the town. He could not get it if he would try.

Merchant Princes of Yesterday

For one reason, a dozen men in his own country club are richer than he. His money does not talk automatically, as the old leader's money spoke automatically to the fools for him. The new head of the chain store or the chain factory or the chain bank has no lifelong interest in the local problems. His contributions to the town needs, the community chest, the chamber of commerce, the college stadium, are often made for him in the Chicago or New York office of his firm, if they are made at all. He serves peppily on a committee perhaps, but knows little about the meaning of his service. The counsel and direction of the old man, the universal George Newman, is passing. The passing is a loss.

The change may be ominous. At any rate the leadership of the self-made merchant prince, the head of the old factory, gave tough fiber to American urban life. It was an endowment of horse sense.

And incident to this we may ask: What will these newcomers in commerce and industry do to the American home? How will they affect the school, the church, our politics—our democracy, in short? Here is a ripe field for our novelists. Booth Tarkington seems to have sensed it in Young Mrs. Greeley. Outside of New York, outside of the resorts and suburbs of our greater cities, a revolutionary change seems to be impending. Certainly a division in fundamental aims and objects in life is rising in our social organization. On one side, the highly paid, highly specialized executives are rushing hither and yon across the land with their womenkind, homeless and rather proud of it. On the other side are homemaking, home-staying professional people, the laborers in the upper white-collar castes of the working class. Then, into this breach in our ancient ways come the millions who are surging up every year from our high schools and colleges, bewildered at the passing of old traditions, not quite able to establish an order that will work, and, working, make them happy. Here is a problem, a social order in flux, worthy of the study of the shrewdest philosopher, a theme for poets, a background for dramatists; this new America in which the executive and the unskilled are wandering over the face of the earth while the rooted people are undergoing a change such as plants know when the climate modifies.

Burden of Supersuperintendence

Of course, it is too early to draw off a balance in the running account between American civilization and the migratory executive. It is, however, certain that the itinerant administrator is standardizing life, reorganizing the home and shifting the basis of community leadership. And all to what end? Broadly we may answer: Commercial profits. Moreover, we may assume, America being what it is and the age being a commercial age, that if the pilgrim boss pays a profit, he will stay while the passion for profits is the ruling passion of our times.

But there is the "if"—if he pays. Our nation-wide retailers in dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes, cigars, candies, hats and caps, hardware, drugs, paints and oils, require in every town a local manager with his staff, his local fixed charges, interest and dividends. In many states, state superintending organizations are set up with expensive staffs, and often with state charters and fixed charges in dividends and interest on corporate obligations. Regional holding and superintending companies generally are established with still better paid oligarchs and with stocks and bonds sapping the ultimate salesman's profits. And over all, generally in downtown New York, sits the old bull dynast. In his court are heralds and outriders, courtiers and horn blowers. Amid his Byzantine splendor millions of fractional pennies gathered from the four corners of the land fall silently like the dew of heaven. This dewlike precipitation is the quintessence of the efforts of ten thousand go-getters—salesmen, managers, lawyers, superintendents, state proconsuls, regional hierarchs of efficiency, buyers, merchandisers, fiduciary tetrarchs of a score of corporations—all thinking hard and drinking deep drafts of the honeydew of profits.

It is to maintain this commercial empire that we have slaughtered our George Newmans. His body lies a-moldering, but what of his soul? Can he return? Is not the caliphate of his competitor growing top-heavy? Will not buying and selling become so standardized under this new order that the local manager may become, profitably, local owner? Will not the weight of overhead in superintendence and fixed charges overwhelm the advantages of national organization? Already the cheapened cost of power is reviving the menace of municipal ownership of certain utilities nationally owned, on the theory that public waste can survive in competition with the terrific drain of supersuperintendence. And upon that contest ground between home brains and outside commercial genius the battle will be fought between the community's need for its local distinction, its own home ways, its native leadership, and the demand of the times for profits, for the increment of waste savers, for interest and dividends, and for the quenchless thirst of the horse leech's daughters.

George Newman and his kind never can return to American life. They sprang out of the soil which made great merchants here on this continent, men like A. T. Stewart, Marshall Field, and the solid dry-goods merchant of every town and city on this North American Continent in the last half of the old century—men who were more than merchants—when they were pillars of society, leaders in civic enterprises, counselors, and in a certain way, guardians of many of our liberties. These men had their last fling in politics behind Roosevelt. He was speaking for them, not for the proletariat back of them. In so far as he tried to save them from the onrush of what are now known as modern tendencies, Roosevelt failed. He and they were gathered to their fathers, the last incarnation of Jeffersonian democracy, demanding Hamiltonian bureaucracy to sustain their cause.

First Fruits of Urbanity

They—that is, Roosevelt and the individualists in business and industry—were the flower of two hundred years of American aspirations. It was the aspiration of the old rural America of Franklin, of the Adamses, of Patrick Henry, of John Marshall and the colonial leaders of the eighteenth century. We have turned the corner in America. We are urban, and the first fruits of our urbanity are these migratory executives, agents of nation-wide commercial and industrial units, who will make a new America; different of course, possibly better, probably more homogeneous than it was. At any rate, we are in the midst of profound change. We are seeing an economic revolution pass before our eyes, swiftly, inexorably, transforming civilization.

This generation may see this particular contest shift—the contest between the old commercial order and the new order—but hardly will the struggle be ended in this century. It is the work of that genie, whether angel or devil man is not quite sure, who rose out of the teapot when Watt watched steam tilt the lid and rattle it nearly two hundred years ago. This genie has played a stupendous trick on man. He has collapsed space and is now tinkering with time. And this juggling with the ruling class, uprooting them and sending them whirling over the land like migratory birds, is the latest phase of the genie's work. What it means no one knows. Only through the perspective of another century can we understand the truth.

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 30)

Are strengthening guesses
That dieting's wrong.
Subtle sphericity
Now adds felicity;
Plumpness is pleasing since dresses are long.

Figures are worn again; waists are reborn again;
Hips are no longer regarded with scorn again.
Lankness is going,
And contours are flowing;
In tea rooms the throng
Seize opportunity,
Eat with impunity.
Roundness is smart, now that dresses are long.

—*Jerome Barry.*

Quatrain With Qualifications

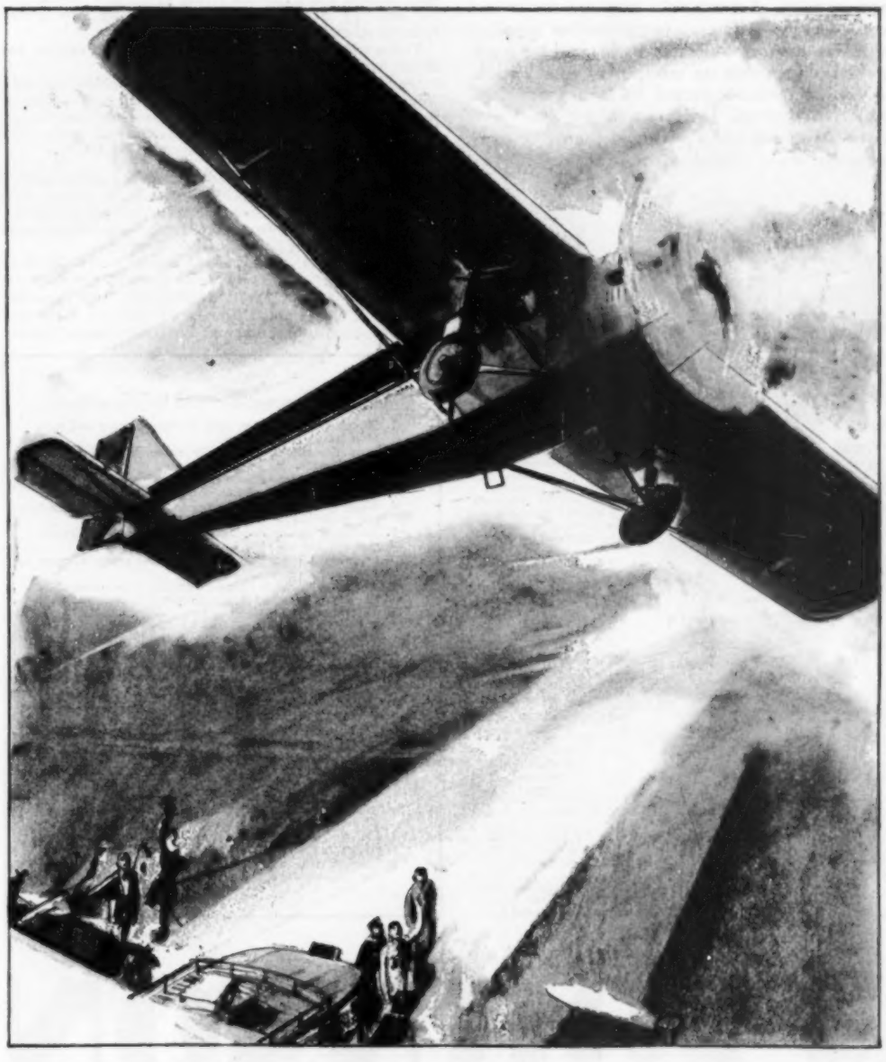
ERSATZ

"MONEY will not buy happiness"—
A proverb old and not too snappy;
But it will buy you more or less
Of things whose lack makes you unhappy.

—*Berton Braley.*

With a zoom they take to the clear, bright air

AS THE EARTH SINKS AWAY



from their eyes

THE FLASH of sunlight on varnished wings . . . the hum of motors . . . and steady hands at the controls . . . with a rush they leave the ground, banking and soaring to the upper air . . . keen nerves, firm courage, and bodily vigor.

Such are the pioneers of the air. Such sun-tanned healthy men and women drink the sportsmen's beverage, "Canada Dry." For here is a fine old ginger ale which makes them keener, more fit to fly, and steadies their minds for the sport in hand.

Vigor—the quality of a game well played—is the quality of "Canada Dry"

In many other sports, for many other sportsmen, this fine old ginger ale is the choice . . . matching in quality the vigorous, healthy activity of countless men and women throughout this country.

Why? The answer lies in basic excellence — the same quality which makes aristocrats the world over. The very foundation of "Canada Dry" is "Liquid Ginger" — which we make from selected ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled by us and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavor and natural essence of the ginger root.

Such is the method and the result — "Canada Dry" — has won the approving nod of connoisseurs the wide world over . . . in New York . . . in the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa . . . in many great hotels and clubs.

And when you serve this fine old ginger ale, you are bringing to your own meal something of the health, the prestige which "Canada Dry" brings to these famous places.

"CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

© 1930

These New-Type Motor Craft Open Even Shallow Waters to Motor

Luxurious and Fast, Yet Low Priced

Golden hours aboard your own boat!

On the wide lake, along the gay seashore, or through the latticed shade on some adventurous river—the only stop light a friendly camp fire.

Here, apart from traffic jams, you are free to plane the waves at motor car speed, bank your own turns with a flourish of spray, or idle in the ripples or near the reeds where you find that fish bite best.

CRUISE — FISH — RACE — EXPLORE regardless of obstructions! There's room for all on the waterways . . . make them your playgrounds

First Electrically Started Outboard Motor Boats

Of all recreations, motor boating is probably the greatest and most beneficial. And now that the Johnson Motor Company presents electrically started Outboard Motors—Johnson Sea-Horses—with Boats to match, a new and greater era begins.

These Matched Units are headed by Johnson Aquaflyer Runabouts, fast and water-tight, luxuriously upholstered and appointed, and finished in smart, new color combinations.

Like a motor car, they are started electrically—by touching a button—and steered by a wheel from the driving seat where all controls are located.

Their Sea-Horse motors—the world's speed champions—are neatly concealed in a hatch-covered recess in the stern. Thus sport clothes are not exposed to the grease and grime of an engine; and the roomy, usable space in a 20-foot Johnson Aquaflyer equals that in a 26-foot inboard motor boat.

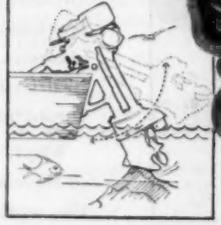
Johnson Aquaflyers, size for size, also are capable of better speeds because their powerful motors are smaller and lighter, require no engine base, and effect a great weight reduction in the boats.

These new craft fulfill every desire for trim, fast, comfortable runabouts at a fraction of the cost of motor boats hitherto. And they're sold on convenient terms.

Tilting Propeller Masters Obstructions

Shoals and shallow waters unnavigable by ordinary motor craft are made easily accessible to Aquaflyers and all other Johnson Outboard Motor Boats by the automatically tilting propeller of the Sea-Horse motor.

This also masters the hazards of logs, rocks and other obstructions so liable to disable a stationary propeller in water of any depth. With no attention from the driver, the Sea-Horse propeller tilts and passes over them, enabling you to explore any waterway, or to travel through snag-infested waters at cruising speeds.



Propeller tilts automatically on striking obstructions and passes over them. Permits navigation in shallow waters, avoids disablement in deep waters.

All Johnson hulls except two are of seamless Sealite construction, guaranteed to outlast ordinary construction. They are non-absorbing and weigh only half as much as ordinary boats in water service. Accordingly they are faster and more portable. And each is matched to specified Sea-Horse motors—electrically started or rope-cranked, depending on model and your option.

Breaking tests conducted by Professor W. M. Sawdon of Cornell University show Sealite to be about 35% stronger than customary wood construction. And Sealite is water-tight, will not warp and requires no attention in storage or in use.

New Sea-Horse "24" with Electric Starter

Once turned on, electric starter runs until turned off; hence motor cannot stall. Starter, mounted on end of crankshaft, serves also as generator to charge battery, and as flywheel. Requires no engaging clutch or gears.

Sea-Horse Prices:

"Single," $125; "3," $150; "4," $160; "10," $185; "12," $195; "16," $250; "24," $285; "32," $325.

Electric-Starting Motors

"16," $315; "24," $350; "32," $395.

All prices f. o. b. factory Partial Payment Terms

Johnson Boat Prices: *(Motors Extra Except Where Specified)*

15-ft. Knockabout . . $135
14-ft. Utility A $165
15-ft. Utility B $275
17½-ft. Service Runabout $485
17½-ft. Aquaflyer De Luxe Runabout, including Electric-starting motors . $925 to $995
20-ft. Aquaflyer Family Runabout, including Electric-starting "32" motor $1065

The New Sea-Horses—World's Most Durable

Johnson Sea-Horses hold 28 out of 42 official records. Recently a Sea-Horse went 49.34 m. p. h.—the fastest time ever made.

The larger Sea-Horses—models "16," "24" and "32"—may now be had with both electric starter and auxiliary rope-starter with Release Charger. In the rope-cranked models, the Release Charger cuts the usual starting effort in half. They start with rich or lean mixture, start cold, start always. The Alternate Firing of the new Sea-Horses "4" and "12" accomplishes the same thing. And it also reduces vibration to the vanishing point.

These smaller models permit Full Pivot Steering, enabling you to back your boat.

Sea-Horses are also the world's most durable outboards. They are built like fine car motors, with case-hardened parts, roller bearings, and exact tolerances. Their Water-cooled Underwater Exhaust discharges noise and gases below the surface.

Write for Color-illustrated Catalog De Luxe containing actual color reproductions, specifications, and prices of all Johnson Matched Unit combinations, and Boats and Motors separately. Choose promptly to be sure of delivery when wanted.

All dealers carry first-aid service parts. Stations for complete service in all parts of the country.

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY, 189 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Illinois. *In Canada:* Canadian Johnson Motor Company, Ltd., Peterboro, Ontario

Valuable Innovations and Improvements

1. Simple electric starter also charges battery and supplies lights with current.
2. Propeller tilts automatically on striking shoals or obstructions.
3. Steered by power-driven propeller (instead of trailing rudder). Combats strong winds, waves and currents.
4. Water-cooled Underwater Exhaust deposits fumes and noise below surface.
5. Aquaflyer motor concealed and silenced—in hatch-covered recess in the stern.
6. Cleaner, quieter, more usable interior space, as none is occupied by motor.
7. Alternate Firing or Release Charger gives automobile starting ease to Sea-Horse motors not equipped with electric starter.
8. Motors easily removed by loosening two wing nuts. Being 2-cycle type instead of 4-cycle, they develop twice the power, size for size, or equal power with half the size and weight. Contain no valves (hence no valve-grinding), no cams, timing gears, etc.—easy to understand and service.
9. No drive shafts to get out of alignment or leaky stuffing boxes to get out of order.
10. Automobile Steering Wheel and other controls operated from driving seat.
11. Rotary Valve distributes full charges at high speeds, resulting in more horse power per cubic inch piston displacement.
12. Vacuri carburetor by superior atomization saves 20% to 30% of fuel and increases maximum motor speed 200 to 300 r. p. m.
13. Hulls of new-day Prestite and Sealite construction. Sealite completely water-tight, in storage and in use.
14. Trim, rakish boat lines in smart color effects, luxurious upholstery, and special streamline fittings.

World's Only Manufacturer of Outboard Matched Units, and Largest Maker of Outboard Motors . . . Originator of Water-cooled Underwater Exhaust and Release Charger.

JOHNSON MATCHED UNITS

Electrically Started Boating!

20-ft. Aquaflyer Family Runabout

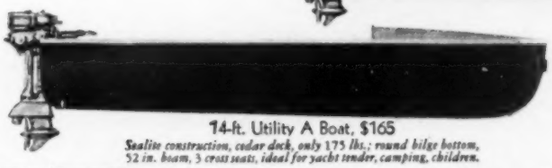
Prestite ⅛ in. Philippine mahogany (Bataan) construction; round bilge bottom, bent ribs; 2 upholstered cross seats; spacious floor for chairs; up to 22 m. p. h. with Sea-Horse "52"; complete, $1065.

15-ft. Knockabout Boat, $135

Strong, lightweight, ½ in. cedar planking, hollow and round construction; strong, bent white oak ribs sheer to sheer, round bilge bottom, 4½ ft. beam.

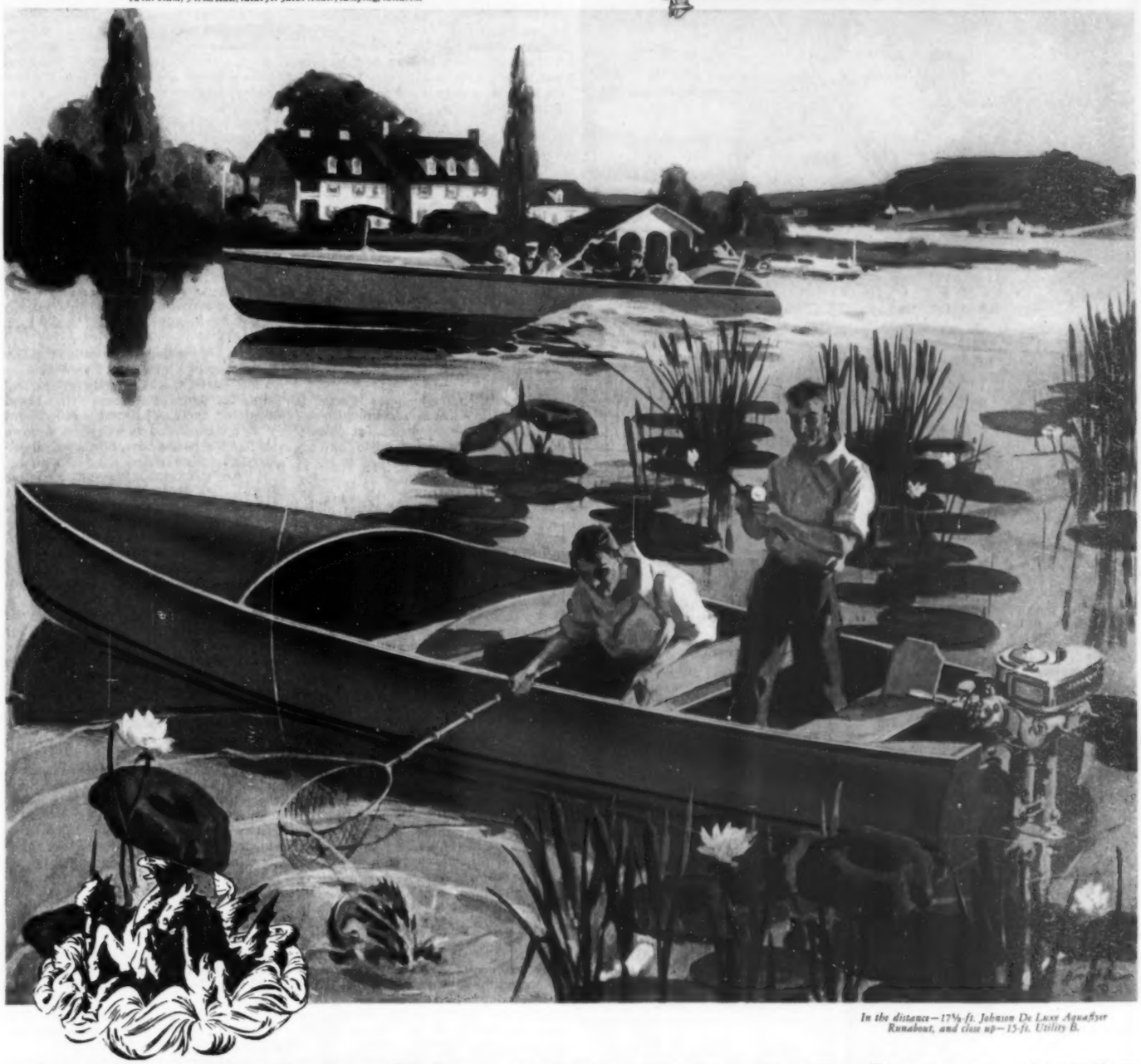
17½-ft. Service Runabout, $485

Sealite construction, V-bottom, 5 ft. beam; 3 cross seats with lazybacks; weighs 395 lbs.; true speed up to 27 m. p. h. with Sea-Horse "52." Aquaflyer-type recess for motor.



14-ft. Utility A Boat, $165

Sealite construction, cedar deck, only 175 lbs.; round bilge bottom, 52 in. beam, 3 cross seats, ideal for yacht tender, camping, children.



In the distance—17½-ft. Johnson De Luxe Aquaflyer Runabout, and close up—15-ft. Utility B.

SEA-HORSE MOTORS & BOATS

A Much *Softer*... Much *Whiter* Bathroom Paper

... made, like Silky Rayon, *from Pure Cellulose ...*

Ask for "NORTHERN TISSUE" 20 TIMES STERILIZED

TODAY modern science brings you a new-type bathroom paper. A paper exquisitely soft and white, because it is made from pure cellulose, the same material used for soft, silky rayon!

So you need no longer accept harsh "toilet paper"—the yellow or newsprint white papers largely made by grinding raw wood into a mass of tiny splinters. (An infallible test for raw ground-wood in papers is the chemical phloroglucinol.)

Paper From "Cooked" Cellulose —Base of Rayon

To make this softer bathroom paper, only silky cellulose pulp is used—cooked over 8 hours at a temperature of 302°. This cellulose is the same basic material from which soft, luxurious rayon is made. So it makes a paper that is white, absorbent and soft as fine silk! And more easily disposable than less absorbent "toilet papers".

Then 20 Times Sterilized— Every Sheet in Every Roll

Then in the making, "Northern Tissue" is 20 times sterilized—every sheet in every roll. Emerging as sterile as hospital cotton. Tests by the nationally-known Columbus Laboratories show that all contaminating or infectious bacteria are thus destroyed.

What 254 Health Commissioners in 45 States Say

Medical science knows that softness and sterility should be demanded in bathroom paper, for menacing disorders are traced to use of harsh or impure papers. Consequently, Health Commissioners in 254 cities and 45 states recently advised: "Use a soft white cellulose paper like 20 times sterilized 'Northern Tissue'—especially where children must be protected."

Ask for "Northern Tissue"—10c a roll at any Department, grocery or drug store. Or note coupon below for *full-size* roll before you buy.

NORTHERN TISSUE
With the Blue Core

FITS BUILT-IN FIXTURES

JULIA NEIDLE, Nurse, Dept. S-61
Northern Paper Mills,
Green Bay, Wis.

Dear Miss Neidle:
Please send me the full-size test roll of soft, 20 times sterilized "Northern Tissue"—the rayon-like paper free from raw ground-wood. I enclose 4c in stamps to cover postage and handling costs. 246

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

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KING O'MEARA AND QUEEN GUINEVERE

(Continued from Page 7)

"Here's me signet ring," he says to the Sinischal; "take it and govern till I'm back agin. And if I niver come back, give it to wan of the O'Neills and tell him he's king."

And with that he climbed on his horse and set out for the seacoast, and passed over the sea in a boat, and took his way toward Camelot, the seat and capital of King Arty's governmint. Alone he wint, for the joy of the advinture, and Sir Tim the Two-Fisted was the incognito he wint by. High King Timothy O'Meara was wan of thim kings that, if he had tossed his crown into the sea in the month of March and flung his scipter afther it, by Christmas he would have been sitting on a throne agin ruling over a kingdom he had won for himsilf by the simple virtue of his gifts. Me ancestor he was, and your own—but ye are not worthy of him.

'Twas the month of May, and happy he was to be free from the cares of kingship for a space, and he rode singing through Britain, and ——

"What was he singing, dad?" inquired Terence.

"Manny were the songs he sung," replied the senior O'Meara, "for he was the merriest High King that Erin iver knew, and the pride of the world wide for his music. There's but wan of thim songs been handed down in history, and it goes like this:

"Gramachree ma cruiskeen,
Slanta Gael, mavourneen!
Gramachree ma cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn!
Gramachree ma cruiskeen,
Slanta Gael, mavourneen!
Gramachree ma cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn!
Arrah, ma colleen bawn, bawn, bawn,
Arrah, ma colleen bawn!"

"Oh, yes!" said Terence; "I seem to have heard that before somewhere."

The old gentleman looked at Terence doubtfully, as if ready to trample down any latent satire. But he decided to go on quietly with his narrative.

'Twas on the third day of his joyous progress that Sir Tim the Two-Fisted topped a little hill and saw before him, miles away, the lofty town of Camelot that stood glimmering in the wide half circle of a river, its towers and spires reaching thimsilves up amongst the broken clouds of a May afthernoon.

Two peasants was coming along, a man and his wife, driving a contrairy pig to market, and Tim fell into aisy converse with thim. The woman was laminting the necessity of parting with the pig, which had long been wan of the intimate frinds of the family.

"'Tis betther us selling him outright, mavourneen," says her husband, "than thim murthering Saxons be coming to rob him off of us."

"What does be the matther with all ye men in Britain," cries the woman, "that ye are not harrying thim Saxons out of the land this minute? And King Arty M'Carty himsilf—is it slaping that he is?"

"How near would thim Saxons be getting to Camelot now?" asks Tim, very curious.

"'Tis the word iverywhere they do be camping now not a hundred miles from this spot," says she. "They're afther winning another big battle not a month ago. And King Arty and that Lancelot of his mooning around the palace doing nothing! And this is getting to be a scarce counthry to be living in too. And 'tis well known what the cause behind it all is. Quane Guinevere ——"

"Lave off spaking, woman!" says her man; and he drew her apart and whispered in her ear.

"By the saints," says Tim to himsilf; "that scandal's iverywheres. Aven the peasants and the pigs has got it."

He questioned thim further, but they tightened their lips ag'in him with discretion, and so they wint along to the market, him and the pig and the peasants.

'Twas a big place, this market fair, stretching along the bank of the river just outside wan of the principal gates of the city. Ivery variety of people was thronging the precincts, from high to low and in between. There was counthry people and city people, merchants and burghers and housewives, selling and buying and crying up their wares. Ye could purchase annything from a saucepan to a war horse, from a pocketful of hot chestnuts to a new-killed deer with the hide and horns still on him. 'Twas the biggest market fair in the kingdom, and twice a week they held it under the walls of Camelot. There was prastes from the cathedral was chatting each other, and pages was loose and truant from the court, there was mendicants and hawkers and peddlers and fortune tellers iverywheres; there was games of strength and games of skill; there was soldiers that should have been at the front fighting the Saxons, and here and there was walking a man or a woman that looked like wan of the gintry shopping for a bargain. Nayther was there anny lack of the idler illiminta of the population, for manny was devoting as much time to jigging and to dancing, to frolicking and to drinking, as they was to the sober traffic of commerce; and pipers and harpers and fiddlers and jugglers and the lads with ballads to sing and sell was flourishing in great abundance.

"By the powers!" says Tim's peasant frind; "if there isn't Jigging Jenny back agin!"

"'Tis betther than six months since I've seen Jenny at a fair," says his woman.

Tim looked where they were looking, and saw a fine figure of a woman with a shawl about her, and long hair was blowing about white and thick, and she was standing on an ale barrel shouting to a crowd she had collicted about her booth:

"Shoot the Saxon's Nose! Come all ye British lads that's fine marksmen, and shoot the Saxon's Nose! With ivery purchase of a fish cake and a cup of ale, Jenny gives ye a free shot at the Saxon's Nose! And do ye hit the Saxon's Nose, ye get another cup of ale! Come wan, come all, come big and small, come shoot the Saxon's Nose!"

She was selling ale and fish balls and hot oat cakes she was cooking on a griddle, but her shooting gallery was the big attraction. At the far end of her booth was the wooden head of a man painted to riprisint a Saxon, and the delineation of his nose was large and red—for 'twas notorious in the land thim Saxons and Angles was a most intimperate people. There was an ould crossbow they was shooting with, mostly young fellas from the counthry districts, but scarce annywan was hitting the Saxon's Nose, for the groove in the bow gun was crooked. 'Twas more of a game of chance than a game of skill, but afther thim lads had a few cups of Jenny's ale 'twas little they cared for that.

"Jenny," sings out a piper from the throng, "I'll play ye a chune for wan fish ball and wan cup of ale!"

"So ye make it a jig," says Jenny, "'tis done."

And in another minute she was up on her plank counter, her white hair flying and her skirts kilted up, stepping it like a young colleen.

"Arrah, give me thim pipes!" says Tim O'Meara; for that piper had already too much ale under his belt.

'Twas wan of Tim's own compositions he give her, that manny's the time had set all Ireland to lepping and whirling with the immortal gayety of sunlight dancing on the sea. But 'twas new in Britain.

(Continued on Page 149)

With "WOOL" from WOOD

he made possible this thick FLEXIBLE blanket—science's great achievement in true house insulation

LIKE SHEEP'S WOOL! *This actual size photograph shows Balsam-Wool in the recommended one-inch thickness. Its fleecy body contains millions of "still" air cells—next to a vacuum the best insulation known. Note the new patented creped Kraft liners, tough, heavy, flexible. These liners are waterproof, wind-proof and practically puncture-proof. Balsam-Wool itself is fire-resistant, vermin-proof—and permanent*

It tucks in!

Balsam-Wool tucks in *snugly. Not a crack or a crevice to let in cold or wind when your house is insulated with thick, flexible Balsam-Wool. In houses already built, Balsam-Wool is applied in the roof or attic floor (as illustrated). An easy way to make your present house warmer, fuel bills smaller!*

For years experts have stressed the need of flexibility in true house insulation.

Science sought a heat-stopping material that could be fitted snugly into walls and roof—that would *tuck into* cracks and crevices.

Then, during the Great War, Howard F. Weiss, Director of Research for the C. F. Burgess Laboratories, and former Director of the United States Forest Products Laboratory, made his important discovery —"Wool" from Wood. He named it *Balsam-Wool.*

It tucks in!

In Balsam-Wool the ideal of an efficient, *flexible* insulation for both new and old houses has been attained.

It looks amazingly like sheep's wool. It practically equals, by test, the *warmth* of sheep's wool.

Balsam-Wool comes in thick, fleecy, blanket-like strips, held firmly between strong, tough liners. Because it is *flexible*, it fits tight and snug between the framing members of your house—proofs every crack and crevice against cold, wind and drafts.

Thus, with Balsam-Wool, your house is *really* heat-tight. Completely blanketed. Warm in winter, cool in summer. It is a truly *modern* house —its resale value protected.

Balsam-Wool alone offers you this great *triple* efficiency: 1. flexibility 2. full inch thickness 3. the highest insulating value ever attained in practical house insulation.

It saves you money every winter

True insulation with Balsam-Wool is one of the few things you can build into your house that will actually save you money year after year.

The first cost of Balsam-Wool is small—only 1½ per cent, on the average, of the new house cost.

You save the major part of this at once. A smaller heating plant is required in a Balsam-Wool home—a smaller, less expensive boiler, fewer or smaller radiators.

You save every winter on fuel bills —from 25 to 40 per cent. Balsam-Wool actually pays you dividends in fuel savings year after year.

In old homes, too, Balsam-Wool, used as attic insulation, cuts fuel costs, provides new year around comfort.

Send for sample, booklet

Let us send you the facts about insulation and Balsam-Wool. Examine for yourself a sample of the actual material. Mail the coupon—now!

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Also makers of Nu-Wood—the All Wood Insulating Wall Board and Lath

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Wood Conversion Company
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Balsam-Wool Blanket

THICK... FLEXIBLE INSULATION... EFFICIENT

Today's Quickest aid

to sparkling cleanness of TEETH

Automatically provided by the correct design and small size of this famous toothbrush

HERE are three facts of real value, if you realize the importance of clean, white teeth. Because these simple rules make it easy to care for your teeth *properly*.

One: Brush your teeth always away from the gums towards the cutting edges—always *with*, never across, the crevices. Dentists advise this. DR. WEST'S Toothbrush makes it easy to brush teeth this correct way, because specially designed for it.

Two: Be sure you have a small brush, properly shaped to clean inside, outside, and between. On these points DR. WEST'S is the brush selected by millions, including dentists.

Three: Each 90 days get a new brush. Because after that much service the polishing and cleansing qualities begin to decrease.

It cleans teeth better

Careful tests have demonstrated that DR. WEST'S Toothbrush accurately fits into every part of the dental arch, and cleans teeth with utmost thoroughness.

This famous toothbrush is small—15% to 50% smaller than the awkward old-style brushes. It is correct in shape. It cleans behind the teeth far back, or on the inside curve, as easily and thoroughly as in front.

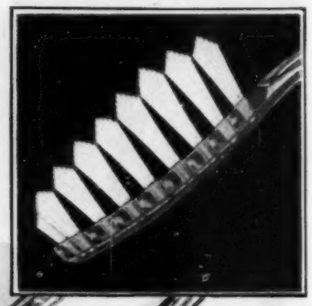
Bristles are set in wide, open rows—and are extra-pointed. They penetrate every crevice, and sweep it thoroughly clean. These snowy bristles are the costliest in the world. They are used only in DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes.

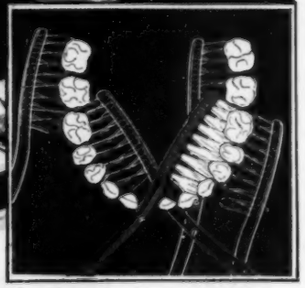
It is fully guaranteed

Your favorite store has DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes for every member of your family. Adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; "professional", 50c. Six beautiful gem-like colors. Each DR. WEST'S Toothbrush is sterilized, sealed, and **fully guaranteed.** *Your dealer is authorized to replace any* DR. WEST'S *brush that proves defective in workmanship or materials.*

Today get some of these modern aids to white teeth. Use them as suggested above. You'll be pleasantly surprised by the results.

Wide-spaced rows of extra-pointed bristle-bodies penetrate crevices, sweep them clean





Cleans behind teeth far back, or the inner curve, as easily and thoroughly as in front

Have you tried the delightful DR. WEST'S *Tooth Paste? Its double polishing whitens teeth quickly and safely*

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(Continued from Page 146)

Annywheres it would have been new the way that woman danced it, for she danced her own white hair out of thought and out of sight, and she danced the trouble from the heart, and she danced the merrimint of dancing stars into thim that stood near and witnessed.

"What's she doing with a foot and ankle like that?" says Tim to himsilf as he piped. "And eyes like thim! 'Tis me own belief ——"

But he did not finish the thought. For just thin a fortune-teller woman, who was doing no business whativer at her pitch nixt door, comes bursting through the crowd.

"Ye're at yer ould tricks agin, Jigging Jenny!" she cries out, shrill and sneering. "Drumming up the lads' trade by the wanton display of yer ankles!"

Wan look at this fortune teller and ye could tell she was a witch composed entirely of brass-faced impidence. She was none so sober ye could tell it on her, nayther, and she wasn't in quest of annything but trouble.

"Do ye be kaping the decent word in your mouth, Kitty," Jenny answers her, not pausing in her jig. She was all merrimint, was this Jenny; and she danced along the plank to the place where the fortune teller was leaning her elbows on it. It seemed to Tim, as he watched thim and wint on with his piping, that Jenny was like a woman of quality was condescinding to bandy words with Kitty merely for the mirth of her own amusement. Says she, very polite, but somewhat divilish, capering in front of Kitty: "Now, don't be standing there inviting me to hit ye a kick with me fut!"

"Kick, thin," sneers Kitty; "and kick high! 'Twill be making the more complate exhibition of yersilf!"

"Don't be afther giving me the rough side of your tongue," says Jenny. "Get ye back to your crystal gazing while ye still have the power of locomotion."

"Locomotion!" screams Kitty, working hersilf up. "Locomotion! Don't ye dare be flinging words like that at me, or I'll ——"

But aven the passage of fourteen cinturies is not time enough to efface the complate offinsiveness of Kitty's language, and did I repate it to ye it might aven now give Jenny pain where she sits among the saints of Paradise. 'Twas that vinomous, talented and ixplicit; and it took two idle men at arms was standing by to kape Kitty from following her short words with her long finger nails.

Tim, he handed back the pipes to their owner, and started along with him.

"Many thanks for the music, Redhead," calls Jenny afther him, as he is turning away.

Tim came back agin, and leaned close to her across her plank counter.

"Thanks to yoursilf for bringing beauty to the fair, Jenny," he says in a low tone. "Ye've been streaking wrinkles on your face with paint, and ye've hid yoursilf in that shapeless, bunched-up ould shawl, but ye could not make thim eyes of yours the eyes of an ould woman." He said nothing about the feet and ankles was still flickering their magic through his mind. "Nor could ye," he went on, "conceal from me the gintility of your bearing, aven while ye was indulging the whim of bandying words with ould Kitty."

He give her wan of thim looks.

"And 'tis mesilf," he goes on, "will be knowing what fine lady is calling hersilf Jigging Jenny before I'm wan day older."

And he give her another of thim looks.

"Don't ye be afther attimpting to find it out, Redhead," she says, very earnest, "or ye'll never be wan day older!" She changed color under the painted lines that could not really age her nor disguise the feminine vitality of her. "'Tis inviting steel into your heart ye are now, Redhead," she says.

"Steel's been close to it before this," says Tim. "And women's been near it too. But nayther steel nor woman's been inside it yet."

"Be warned!" says she.

"If warnings could kill me," says Tim, "it's long ago the day that I'd be dead!"

He left her reflicting on that, and took the bridle of his horse from the gossoon had been holding it for him, and went wandering through the fair. He left his horse at a shed stable and flung a silver penny that it should be fed and wathered. Such information as he might he picked up from talk with all manner of people about thim Saxons and how the land was growing more and more alarmed by thim, for he did not forget he was here on royal business, nayther. Toward dusk he wint back to Jenny's booth.

Half the places was closing, but torches was flaring in others; buying and selling was done, and drinking and shouting was on the increase; the fair was getting a little rough.

Jenny was standing outside her booth, looking this way and that, and 'twas ivident she was perplixed and anxious.

Whin Tim came up she give him a long look.

"Redhead," says she, "I know ye're a warrior; and I'm just as certain ye're a gintleman. Are ye wan of the knights of these parts?"

"I've come straying from afar," says the High King of Ireland, "to take service with King Arty M'Carty."

At that she looked a little doubtful, as if she might be debating something in her mind. Thin she decided whativer it was, and she says:

"Would ye be doing an ould woman a favor?"

"I would that, or a young wan ayther," says he.

"Some people were to have been here for me an hour ago," she says; "but they must have been privinted. Can ye take me where I lead ye, and lave me whin I tell ye, and ask me no word of why nor who?"

"That and more," says King Timothy. "But will ye lave your booth and business like this?"

"I will that," she says, laughing. "The fiddlers is welcome to the ale that's left. But ye must lave your horse—give some silver to the soldiers at the city gate to kape him, and come for him agin. We'll be less noted on foot. But make haste, or the city gate will be closing."

Into the town they wint, and niver aftherwards could Tim tell agin all the dubious twists and devious turns, nor the highways nor the byways of the city, that she led him through.

The streets were mostly narrow, and the night was soon falling, and there was but little light in the courts and alleys they traversed under the overhang of tall houses leaning towards each other. With the dusk he could not see her face, and the pretense of age dropped from the woman entirely. For thirty or forty minutes they walked on, saying but little to each other, for she had told him to ask no questions. But now and thin she took his arm, and mystery and wonder grew in the mind of Tim O'Meara. There isn't annything stirs a young man's blood like mystery in a woman, and though their lips were mostly silent, 'tis little doubt their thoughts and fancies were chatting as they walked.

'Twas not altogether so quiet as a king's town should have been, that Camelot, nor so orderly; for here and there they passed a tavern was roaring through the night—archers and men at arms that should have been at the front. 'Twas a town where the governmint was getting loose, and Tim felt it in the air. He hitched his sword handy to his fist, and there was the hope in him that maybe he'd have to use it; for, King though he was, he was a young man, too—and where's the young fella does not like to give a woman some notion of his powers? I mind mesilf, whin I was young ——

But no matther that; 'tis long ago, and I'm bald now and me teeth are not what they was, nor me fists nayther. After a while, this Tim I'm telling ye about and the lady with him, emerged upon an embankment beside the river. In front of thim, not three hundherd yards away, was the palace of King Arty M'Carty, looming high and vast under the early stars, with here a light and there a light showing in the great bulk of it over the reflecting stream.

"Praise be to the saints!" says the lady. "I'm nearly there."

'Twas no surprise to Tim she was a lady would be living at the court, that would now and thin be playing Jigging Jenny at the fair just for the whim of her high-born recreation. But he had no leisure to think of it long. They was passing another tavern whin she spoke, a place built near the inland end of a river wharf. The door swung open and the yellow light burst out, with the noise of singing and dancing, and with the dazzle and the racket came swaggering and lurching three drunken men at arms.

"Hurry!" says she to Tim.

With that she made as if to run, bounding ahead of him. But 'twas bad tactics. For it put thim loafers into the notion of running afther her.

Tim, he caught the nearest wan a buffet on the jaw that lifted him clane across the embankmint into the river, and thin pulled out his sword.

Two drunken men at arms was nothing to Tim O'Meara, and the details of that little combat is scarcely worth me breath, nor was there annything to make Timothy O'Meara breathe hard—me ancestor he was. But whin the trifling job was done nately and complately, and he's wiped his sword on the coat tails of the sicond man to perish, he noticed Jenny was putting back onto her head the white wig that had fallen in her flurry.

"I'll be helping ye," says Tim, ginteel, but likewise curious.

Dim as it was, Tim could see the color of her own hair the white wig had been covering, and 'twas of a most glorious gold. What other color should it be, indade! 'Twas that kind of golden hair that is ruddy and has its own light in it.

"Arrah, but ye light up the night, Jenny," says Tim, "and the roosters of this town will think 'tis daybreak coming!"

Maybe it was accident—but if it was accident, 'twas wan of thim entirely happy accidents—that Tim's arm wint around her neck whin he was adjusting that wig agin.

But if that was accident, 'twasn't nothing ilse but fate that the nixt moment he kissed her.

If that was fate, the nixt thing that happened was intintion, for, says Tim, says he: "Be damned to that wig, Jenny! 'Tis in me way!" And with that me bould Tim hurled it into the river.

Now, this history I'm telling ye has been handed down from O'Meara to O'Meara since the sixth century, Anno Domini, but niver in all that time has anny O'Meara, from the High King himsilf to the prisint day, been so indiscreet as to go into details of the subsequint events of the nixt few minutes, for the O'Mearas is, and always has been, gintlemen, praise God!

But afther some interval of time, Quane Guinevere, she says, says she—there, now, if I haven't given it away to ye! But no matther; Tim himsilf was aware of it the nixt day—the Quane she says:

"Redhead, kiss me wance more like that! And thin, for the love of heaven, get me inside that palace quick!"

She started in, prisintly, through wan of thim postern gates all the old castles and palaces used to have for the binifit of romance. Tim O'Meara turned away toward the river, walking amongst the stars of heaven and kicking thim hither and thither with his feet.

But sudden there was a touch on his elbow, and there she was agin.

"Just wance more, Redhead!" she says. And thin, afther a couple of minutes: "It came over me, suddenlike, that wan or the other of us might die or something before tomorrow. So, wance more!"

Tim, he wint to the city gate to get his horse, and thin he wandered forth looking for a lodging for the night. As he walked he looked up, and the moon was rolling along with him, grinning down at him in that loony way, and him and the moon wasn't thinking about horses nor lodgings at all, at all.

The nixt day he called at the palace, and prisinted to King Arty M'Carty his credentials as Sir Tim of Ireland, which he had written out himsilf and signed as High King. King Arty says to him, afther he had looked over the papers: "Now, thin, ye must come and meet the Quane, O'Meara."

He sighed as he said it, twisting at wan end of his long blond mustache, and sighed agin. About forty he was, and a handsome man he would have been but that he was so melancholy. The bones was in him of a noble warrior.

There was manny big and splendid rooms in that palace of King Arty's at Camelot, but to Tim's mind it was but a gloomy place, with but little likeness to his gay and airy halls at Tara.

King Arty M'Carty himsilf looked to Tim as if the taste of song or laughter had long been foreign to his lips. He must have been born a serious man, and on top of that he had grown to be a sad man. He fetched another sigh ivery time wan of the attindants the two kings met gave him the top of the morning. 'Twas always a courteous sigh entirely—not wan of thim sighs as says a man is bored or scornful.

"Ye think I'm a courteous man, don't ye?" he said to Tim.

"I do that," says Tim.

"Ye ought to see Lancelot—and ye will see him soon," says King Arty. "He's the most courteous man in the world wide."

Quane Guinevere was sitting on her own special throne in her own private throne room, and that was the least somber of anny of the rooms that Timothy had seen. 'Twas set high in the palace, and some of the windows was open far above the river, but the glass of all of thim was painted and stained in bright designs which the morning sun made brighter. 'Twas altogether like a jewel casket. The Quane hersilf, on her carved and dazzling throne, was the jewel that casket was meant for. Robed and clad in the splendor and glory of royal gems and raimint she was, but there was not anny glory nor splendor annywhere that could compate with the gem that was hersilf.

If Timothy O'Meara had been an ould man with a set of false teeth in his head, he would have swallowed thim down his throat at the first sight of her. For he recognized her at wance as the woman he had kissed so enthusiastic and umbrageous outside the palace gates the night before.

But with his sicond look at the beauty and magnificence of her there, with the bright gold of her hair floating like the sunset mists men's dreams get tangled in, it was Tim's thought he must have had a vision overnight—that, without anny mitaphorical language, he had dreamed it all, indade.

For this was a quane of stateliness before him. The woman he had seen at the market fair had been all sprightliness and jigging mirth and whim; and the woman he had squired home to the palace had been warm as a flower that opens in the breeze of May. But stately this wan was, and cool, and haughty and calm and high, and set on her throne above the world like a banner of victory upon a tower. But with this and that, and all and all, he thought she had a weary air.

King Arty M'Carty introduced thim very formal and ginteel.

"Quane Guinevere," he says, says he, "allow me to prisint to ye wan of the latest and most important additions to me Round Table. Sir Timothy of Ireland he calls himsilf just now for the purposes of diplomacy, and Two-Fisted Tim is another wan of his nicknames, and he's wan of the real acquisitions of me realm."

"Plaised to meet ye, Sir Timothy," said the Quane, gracious and ginteel enough, but somewhat formal and languid too.

"The same to Your Majesty," says Tim. He was so flustered, and trying so hard not to show it, that the big red-headed gossoon was lucky to have language in his mouth at

(Continued on Page 152)

Colorful ...long

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Clocks, ribbed silks, small all-over designs . . . in new and richly harmonized colors that combine brilliance with good taste. The complete Realsilk line offers you a choice of everything that's *right*.

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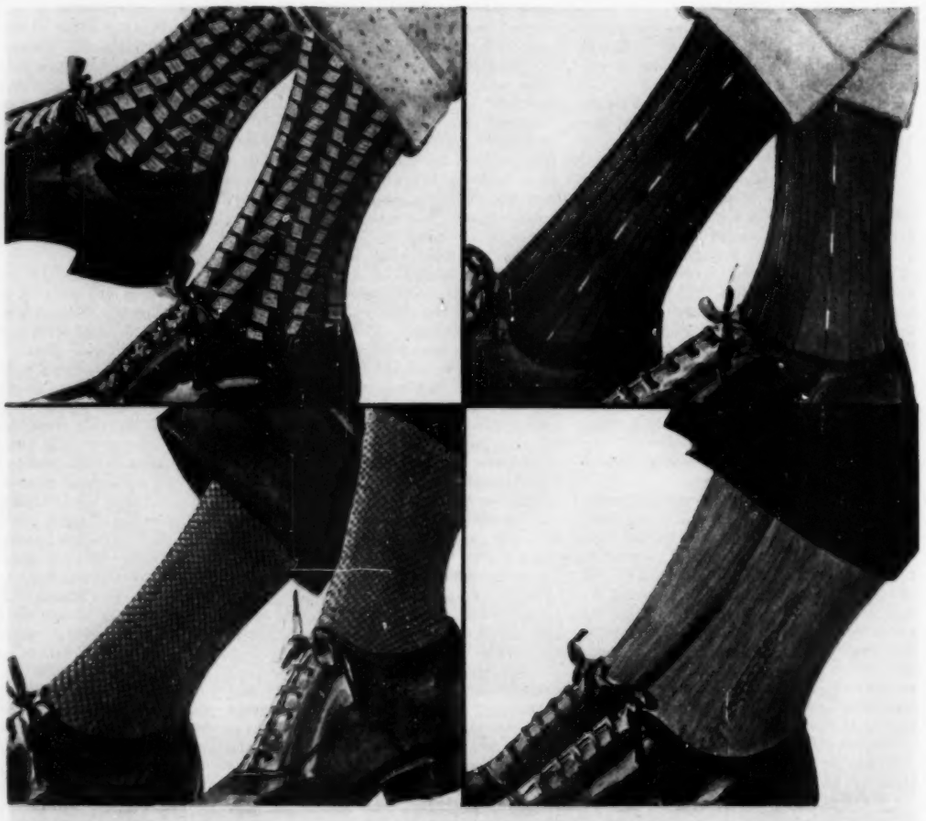
There are 9 per cent more needles to the inch in Realsilk knitting machines than in most others. Realsilk machines have 21.9, almost 22 needles, as shown in the diagram. Others have 20 or less. Thus Realsilk needles knit more closely and compactly. The yarn they use must be finer, better quality, more costly. The result is improved appearance—and amazing WEAR



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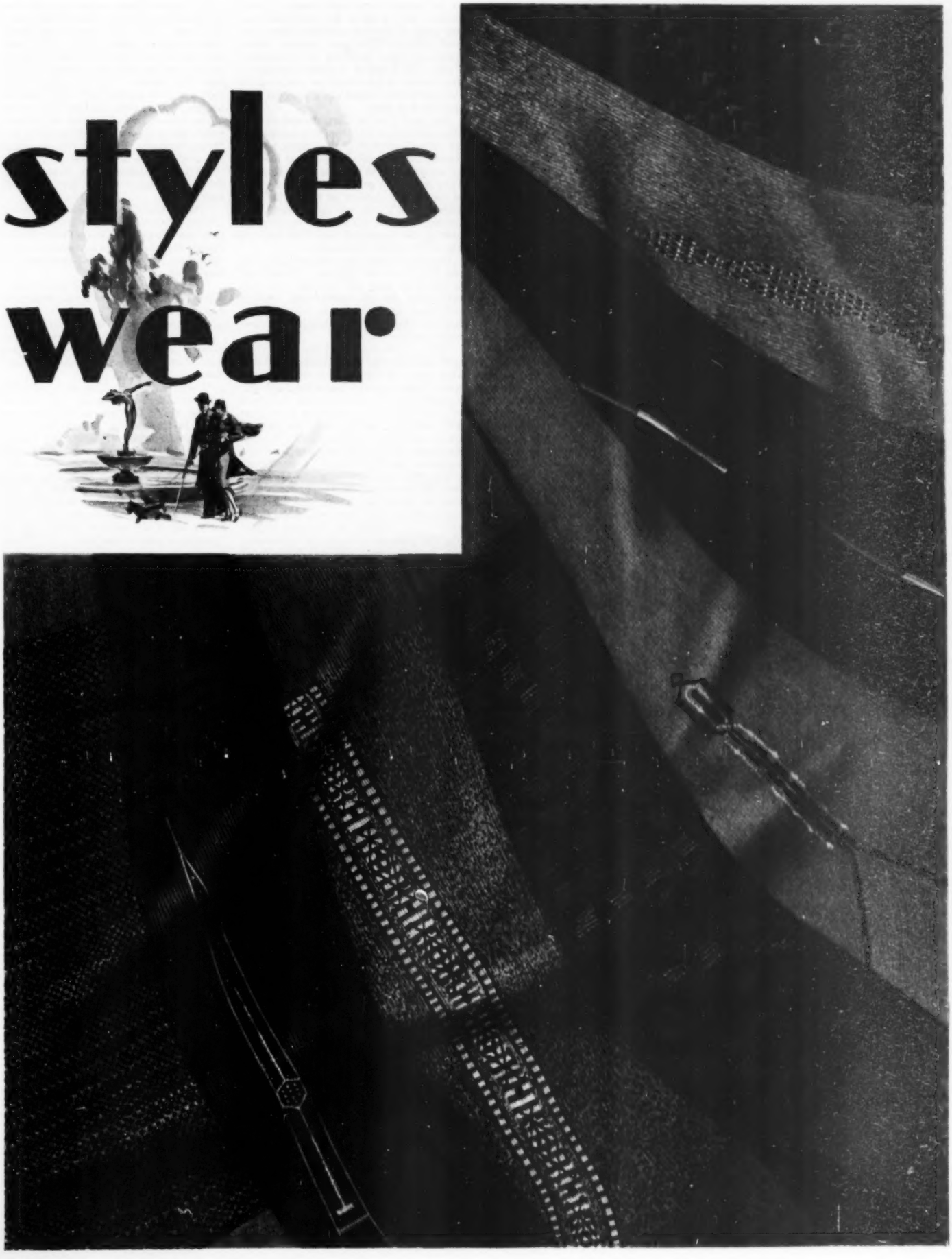

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10¢ Each Garter

15¢ IN CANADA

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F. W. WOOLWORTH CO
5 & 10¢ STORES

(Continued from Page 149)

all; for it couldn't possibly be the woman of the night before, and yet it was not possible 'twas anny wan ilse.

"Guinevere," says King M'Carty, "are ye joining us at the Round Table for luncheon today? 'Twill be mostly talk about the war, and some of Phelim MacMerlin's magic to further the good cause, but the boys are always glad whin ye condiscind to put in an appearance."

"Make me excuses to the boys, M'Carty," says the Quane; "and tell thim I'm busy making slogans, or bandages, or something, for the front. I think I'd die if I had to see ould Phelim pluck just wan more coin out of Sir Bedivere's beard, or exhibit another wine bottle with an egg in it."

But just before Tim bowed himself out he observed a most incredible phenomenon. He saw it, but he didn't dare to know he saw it—and yet, be damned to it all, seen it he had, and his heart jumped to his throat like a wild bull leppin' a fence. The Quane was looking right at him, and slow and aisy and gentle, with her face fixed full upon him ivery second, the lid and lashes of her left eye drooped, and fluttered, and drooped still further, and drooped agin, till that magnificent orb was complately veiled for wan instant; and thin, slow and aisy and gentle, the lid and lashes raised thimsilves, and that splindid eye was wance agin unveiled; and all the while that Quane did not abate wan jot nor tittle of all her imperial dignity.

As Tim wint along with King M'Carty to the banquet hall, where the Knights of the Round Table was waiting luncheon for thim, he says to himsilf ayther it was a wink, or ilse he's a madman—and he's thinking likely both is true.

"O'Meara," says M'Carty, stopping him in the corridor just outside the big banquet hall where the Round Table was, "ye think I'm a sad man, don't ye?"

"I do that, Art," says Tim.

"Tim," says M'Carty, "I am. But in a minute ye'll see the saddest man that iver was in anny quarther of the world wide, and that's Lancelot, poor divil!"

"What eats on him?" asks Tim.

"Honor," says Art. "With the possible ixciption of mesilf, Lancelot du Lac—or Dhulaig, or Dooley, as ye'd spake of him in Erin—is the most honorable man in the counthry. Or in anny counthry! He's had the terrible misfortune to fall in love with the Quane, and 'tis plain hell the man goes through ivery hour of his life. He hates himsilf for it, and the sorrow he has for me over it all is something noble to contimplate. Me heart bleeds for poor Lancelot, and that's wan main cause of me own sorrow. If I could but go and spake words of comfort to the poor lad, 'twould make life aisier for the both of us, but 'tis the supposition iverywheres that I know nothing about it. Ah, wurra, wurra, Tim, but the problems these women do be bringing into the world with thim!"

"Why don't ye make a clean breast of it to this Lancelot Dooley, Art?" says Tim. "Go to the fellow and confiss outright that ye know, and maybe ye'd find yoursilves chatting your way out of it all."

"'Twould not be honorable, Tim, for me to let on as I knew of annything diliterious to the Quane's standing in the community. And 'twould not be honorable for him to make known the state of his affections, for the Quane's sake; and if I was to lead him on to the utterance of falsehoods, such as his honor would compill him to utter, 'twould be the sad thing for the souls of both of us."

"Then, why don't ye ——"

But M'Carty says: "Whisht, Tim; here comes the man himsilf!"

This Lancelot Dooley looked much like the picture of Dante over the mantelpiece there, and it's always been me firm belief that picture was made afther Dante had been a long day accustomed to the despairs of Limbo, but not yet acquainted with the blessings of Paradise. Lean he was, with long, strong arms, and hands that looked like they could swing a thirty-pound battle ax as another man could wield a tennis racket. And quiet he was, with the wide-set eyes of a thoroughbred horse, but from time to time wan nervous muscle would start up twitching in his leathery cheek; there was a wrinkled triangle of dark sorrow on his wide brow, and aven the cleft in his chin looked like a deep cut from the sword of grief.

Him and King M'Carty looked at each other and sighed, and Tim, who was getting out of patience with both of thim, was reminded of a couple of calves that has met by appointmint to wail for their mothers. They seemed to go into a kind of a trance of melancholy, looking at each other that way, and M'Carty was more dazed than Dooley; he forgot his manners entirely and took off his crown and wiped his eye with wan of the golden knobs on it.

Lancelot Dooley took it from him gently and put it back on his head. "Lunch will be ruined entirely, Art," he says; and they wint sadly into the dining room together with their arms across each other's shoulders and the shadow of their despair preceding thim.

"Most of the boys is at the front, right now, commanding their companies," says King Arty M'Carty, "but Sir Gawain's here—Gavin they call him in Scotland, and Gwynne in Wales, and I suppose in Ireland ye'd call him Govan—and ould Kay's over there with his napkin under his chin already, and that's Bedivere trying to open the bottle with a fork prong instead of a corkscrew, and Tristram of Lyonesse there in the corner with the harp and the hangover, and that's me young nephew Mordred with his fist in the olives, and there's a couple of the Trelawney boys from Cornwall. . . . Whisht, lads! Come hither! 'Tis my pleasure to make ye acquainted with Sir Timothy of Ireland—Two-Fisted Tim is his *nom de guerre*—and if anny wan of you bullies don't think he's earned it, Tim will take ye on wan at a time, kings' sons and all!"

"Plaised to meet ye, gintlemen," says The O'Meara, and sat down to a luncheon that was as lively as a lodge of sorrow in wan of these Elks' clubs, for the shade of King Arty M'Carty and Sir Lancelot Dooley was over thim all. And whin 'twas almost finished in comes an old party with a little bag of doughnuts and sits down at the Round Table nixt the King.

"That's Phelim MacMerlin," says Sir Kay—or Keogh, to give him his right Irish name; "he don't eat annything but doughnuts that he cooks himsilf, and 'tis my opinion that a long day since the dough wint to his head."

"Gintlemen of the Round Table," says King Arty, getting to his feet and pounding on the board with a salt cellar, "there's just wan thought I want ye to take away from our discussion today, and that is: Thim Sassenach must be licked! First, we will have some magic by me ould frind Phelim MacMerlin here, who needs no introduction to anny of ye, and thin we'll be hearing from Sir Tim of Ireland."

"Your Majesty, I would like to say just wan word," says Sir Bedivere, "and that is that with the greatest magician in the world on our side, we can't possibly do annything but win this war. 'Tis to Phelim MacMerlin, here prisint, that I refer."

"'Tis all the fashion to blarney the ould fella," whispers Sir Keogh to Tim. "I'll be doing it mesilf in a minute."

And wan afther another they got up and said something nice about Phelim MacMerlin. Ould Phelim was about the wan age with the divil's grandfather, by the appearance of him; and a long white beard he had hanging down almost to his knees, and from the sides of his head white hair was dangling and mingling with his beard. But the top of his poll was bald and shining, and the shiny spot did not impart anny riverence to him at all; 'twas somehow silly looking, and he looked sillylike altogether, as if he had no great share of wits.

"Will anny gintleman," says ould Phelim with a smile wiggling through his beard, "be kind enough to lind me his helmet?"

Sir Lancelot Dooley sighed and picked up his helmet from under his chair, and passed it to him. And ould Phelim MacMerlin took two guinea pigs out of it. And iverywan said all over agin that with a magician like that on their side they couldn't hilp but beat the Saxons. And nixt MacMerlin took a bowl of goldfish out of the bosom of his long, flowing robe and handed it to wan of the waiters, and afther that he projuced some pigeons from a tay pot, and thin wan of the attendants hilped him out, along with the lavings of his doughnuts.

"With a magician like that on our side ——" begins wan of the Trelawney boys agin.

"Plaise don't!" says Lancelot Dooley. "In my estimation," he goes on, "'tis a pity annywan should be so unprofitable as ould Phelim MacMerlin, and him getting such a riputation for wisdom and alchemy and magic, and all thim things."

"Don't be too hard on ould MacMerlin," says King Arty; "he was a good wizard before he lost his book."

"His book?" says Tim.

"His book of charms—'twas a woman beguiled it off of him, and him with his back stooped over his stick for a hundherd years! Now, will ye spake, Tim?"

"I will that!" says Tim, and got to his feet. "Gintlemen," says he, "'tis plain to be seen what's the trouble with this kingdom! In three words, 'tis frills and folderols and figgery-foys! There isn't anny betther fighters annywhere than you Round Table lads, but ye know yoursilves thim Saxons won't be hurled back with guinea pigs and goldfish. And you lads has been having too many of these newfangled tilts and tourneymints and jousts, and that's got ye out of the habit of considering the illymints of genuine warfare. . . . 'Twas a sorry day thim tourneymints came first over the sea from Gaul!

"And now I'm going to ask the mimbers of this club a few practical questions. Is there annywan prisint that knows annything at all about cutting an inimy's lines of communication?"

The room was filled with silence, and they all looked blank. Finally Sir Lancelot Dooley says: "What's thim communications?"

"I thought ye didn't know," says Tim. "In this day and age of grace ye can't have anny real warfare without ye know how to cut communications. . . . Is there anny wan of ye knows annything about cutting off an inimy's base of supplies?"

"What would thim be?" asks King Arty M'Carty.

"Thim is what ye cut his communications for, so ye can be getting at thim," says High King O'Meara. "Now, thin, answer me this: Is there anny wan of ye knows annything about circumvallyation?"

It was but too ivident from the looks they exchanged that they was innocent as little childhern of circumvallyation.

"Has annywan prisint iver outflanked annybody?" says Tim.

Some claimed they had, but on invistigation it comes out it must have been something else they was doing all the while.

"Me own simple custom," says King Arty, "has always been to get me a good stout ax and a gang of the lads behind me, and bang into thim, and whin the ax handle broke, there was me sword—maybe ye've heard of Excalibur and me, Timothy?"

"Often," says Tim. "Now get me a piece of chalk, Art, and take the cover off the table and I'll learn ye strategy."

So thim Round Tablers gathered near; for three days he learnt thim strategy like that, and on the fourth they set out for the front. But the afthernoon before they left, High King Timothy O'Meara gets an invitation to tay with Quane Guinevere.

"Ye've been avoiding me, Redhead," says she whin the servants was gone. The tay table was set in a bower on a terrace overlooking the river, and on the table lay a necklace of diamonds and rubies the size of pigeons' eggs, as careless as a string of Christmas pop corn.

(Continued on Page 154)

SEE WHAT YOU BUY
BUY IN GLASS

IF IT'S PACKED IN GLASS . . . YOU KNOW IT'S GOOD

THERE'S probably no judge quite so exacting as the woman who prides herself upon her table. She must be satisfied that everything she buys is the finest to be had. And she has come to regard the glass container as positive assurance that she is getting it. For she can *see for herself* before she makes the purchase. • In buying for her table, the experienced hostess knows that the real success of her *macedoine* of vegetables or her frozen fruit salad will depend, after all, upon the quality of their ingredients. It is the subtle but conspicuous difference between what is best and what is almost best, that will make her dinner envied by women . . . and admired by men. • For this reason many women insist upon products packed in glass. For glass containers are their guarantee that all the original delicious flavor has been preserved intact. And they can see for themselves that every succulent lima bean . . . every pink and tempting shrimp . . . each luscious fig . . . is altogether perfect in its plump tenderness. . . . Obviously, only the *best* foods can be packed in glass. • From April 1 to May 15 (the period of the National Window Display Contest of the Glass Container Association of America) good grocers everywhere will feature glass-contained products in their windows. . . . Glass Container Association of America, 19 W. 44th Street, New York City.

ADVENTURE . . . and PROFIT FOR THREE

"Every airport has its plane gazers. I was one of them. Jerry Seward and Barnes Colman were two others who looked wistful whenever they saw a ship in the air. We went up now and then—and spent the rest of our time wishing.

"One day when we were at the field, I voiced a thought that had long been on my mind, 'If we fellows stay on the sidelines any longer,' I said, 'our feet are going to root to the ground. Why don't we get a plane of our own?'

"'You don't have to be rich to own one. Together the three of us ought to be able to afford a plane.'

"Right there we went into a huddle.

"The result is moored on the lot now, a three-place Curtiss Robin. And let me assure you we picked carefully. Aside from the pure thrill and fun of it, Barnes, who's an attorney, wanted a ship that could take himself and a client or two over to the Richton Court House. It meant saving hours, preventing lengthy delays. Then, Jerry deals in estates and farms. Ten minutes in the air over a property would do more to close a sale than a day on foot. And selling tractors and agricultural equipment as I do, I knew an airplane would help me spot more good prospects.

"The Robin's cabin appealed to us. It meant we could fly in regular clothes and step out of the plane ready for business. And then there was room enough for all of us whenever we wanted to explore the atmosphere together.

"Upkeep! We didn't want to let ourselves in for much of that, either. When we learned about the Robin's rugged, fabric-covered metal construction—requiring little or no attention, it about clinched the deal. As a flyer I now know what I then felt, that there isn't a finer and more airworthy ship than the Robin . . . and it's a cabin plane in the price range of most open jobs!"

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CURTISS ROBIN

For
Business · Pleasure · Instruction

(Continued from Page 152)

"I've been busy, Jenny," says he.

She held a taycup in wan hand, with her little finger crooked out ginteel from the handle, but wan foot was tapping on the floor the way some women will be doing when they're afther rousing anger in thimsilves or kaping it down.

"Ye have not been too busy to see me, had ye but wished to see me," she said. And it was plain that she was excited in the innermost parts of her mind. Tim had seen her joyful, and he had seen her weary and haughty, and now he realized that he was seeing her with fury in her, whativer might have caused it, and that she had the strong notion to take it out on himsilf. But such a flood of feminine vitality was moving with it that Timothy cared little what course the current might be taking, so long as he was witnessing the beauty of its flow.

"See this thing!" says she, and took up the necklace. "It comes from two gintlemen that's devoted months and years to being too busy to see me!"

And with that she flung it far, and the anger of the Inferno and the grace of heaven was in the swift motion of her arm and body. Over the river it wheeled and flashed, and splashed in the wather beside a fellow was fishing from a boat.

"You people in that palace," he shouted, shaking his fist, "lave off throwing your garbage at dacent folk! Just whin a fish was biting too! Have ye no manners? Some day, I'm afther telling ye, 'tis us small wans will be lifted up big, and you big wans will be small, and us will be casting the garbage!"

""Twas Lancelot brought me that necklace, and Arty with him," she says. "Or Arthur, as thim Saxons calls him. Lancelot and Arthur—they won thim gems, wan at a time, knocking fools off their horses in tourneymints. And together they come, and together they kiss me hands, and together they go sighing away—sighing and sighing, full of honor and sighs! 'Tis more than three years since I've heard annything but two words around this palace, and wan of thim is honor and the other is wurra-wurra!"

She looked at him like he was to blame for it all, and Tim, he didn't waste anny words. There's but wan thing to do with a woman's acting like that, and Tim O'Meara had an ilictric intuition for thim occasions. He slipped his arm about her, and he says:

"Mavourneen, tell me about it!"

"Ah, you red-headed divil," says she, after a minute; "I thought ye was turning honorable on me hands too! Kiss me like that wance more, Redhead!"

With that he quits kissing her.

"Jenny," he says, "I am honorable, and I thank ye for reminding me of it! Wan or two more of thim kisses, and I would have the divil's own time explaining me conduct to me principles."

She sits down like she was tired. "And ye think I'm not honorable!" she says.

"I'll cut out the heart of him as would be saying you're not," says Tim.

"So would ten score of knights in Britain," she says, "and all the time be thinking that I wasn't. But I am. And at the same time, Timothy O'Meara, there niver come to me anny strong vocation to take the veil—and that's been the whole trouble!"

The High King of Ireland, he didn't know exactly what she mint by that, and he kipt a look of sympathetic silence on his lineaments.

"Ye love me, King Redhead?" she says.

An O'Meara niver stoops to perjury, and Tim, he was like the rest of our family.

"By heaven and by hell," he says, "and ivery sod of ground and state of soul between, I do! All the illymints of me nature has ignited thimsilves together into wan immortal bonfire!"

She comes close and is afther putting both hands on his shoulders and gazing through his eyes to the thoughts behind thim.

"Ye must love me more than life or death, or name or fame or honor," she says. "For I'm a woman if I be not loved like that, I am not loved at all."

"I do," says Tim.

"Ye lie, Redhead," she says; "ye do not, but wan day ye will, King of Ireland! And the day I take all thim things from ye, that day will I hand thim back to ye unharmed."

Tim, close to the bewildering danger of her beauty, could think of nothing ilse to do but pick a quarrel that afternoon with King Arty M'Carty and lay him honorable on the sod, and off with her to Ireland.

"Ye're thinking of Arty now," she says, as if he was all a big black printed book to her. "Think no more of him! Do you be listening to me now, and I'll tell ye the true tale of me and that King and Lancelot.

"He's wise and he's noble, that King, but he isn't annything but a King, unless 'tis an angel. He's brave and he's kind, that King—but he was niver annything but a King—and an angel. 'Twas an angel he wanted for his wife, and 'tis an angel he should have had; and because me hair was like wan of thim angels in a cathedral window, he went thinking I was wan, and he worshiped me for wan; and whin I told him I was not annything but a woman, he went looking as hurt as if I had told him I was a demon.

"Wars and improving the counthry; worship and work and tourneymints, continual ixircises calculated to make his muscles stronger and his soul whiter; plans for swamp drainage and new cathedrals; charities for the poor and admonitions for the rich; schames for the iducation of the lower classes—all thim things he was intiristed in till he did not know he had a wife at all, at all.

"And all thim things was I ixpicted to be intiristed in—because I was an angel. And all the while I wasn't anny angel! And thin came all that talk and rushing hither and thither about something he called the Holy Grail, and whin I displayed me incompetence to grasp the utility of it, he got angry with me because I wasn't an angel.

"On the top of that, I was afther getting angry with himsilf because he was wan. Till wan day about a year afther we was married, I says to him:

"'I had no idea that matrimony would be having such a great risimblance to taking religious orders; and maybe I would be doing betther by iverywan concerned if I was to go into a nunnery this day.'

"'Twas wan of thim remarks, Redhead, that a woman will be throwing out with the intintion of provoking a man. But ye can't provoke an angel. He gave me wan of thim hurt looks of his and wint and prayed for me, instead of taking me by the shoulder and ayther making me love him agin or ilse breaking me neck.

"'Twas thin he lost his chance foriver to do ayther wan. And 'tis the terrible struggle I've been having in me heart iver since not to hate the good of the world because that King's so good!

"Thin comes Lancelot—ye've seen him. Could not a woman love that man?"

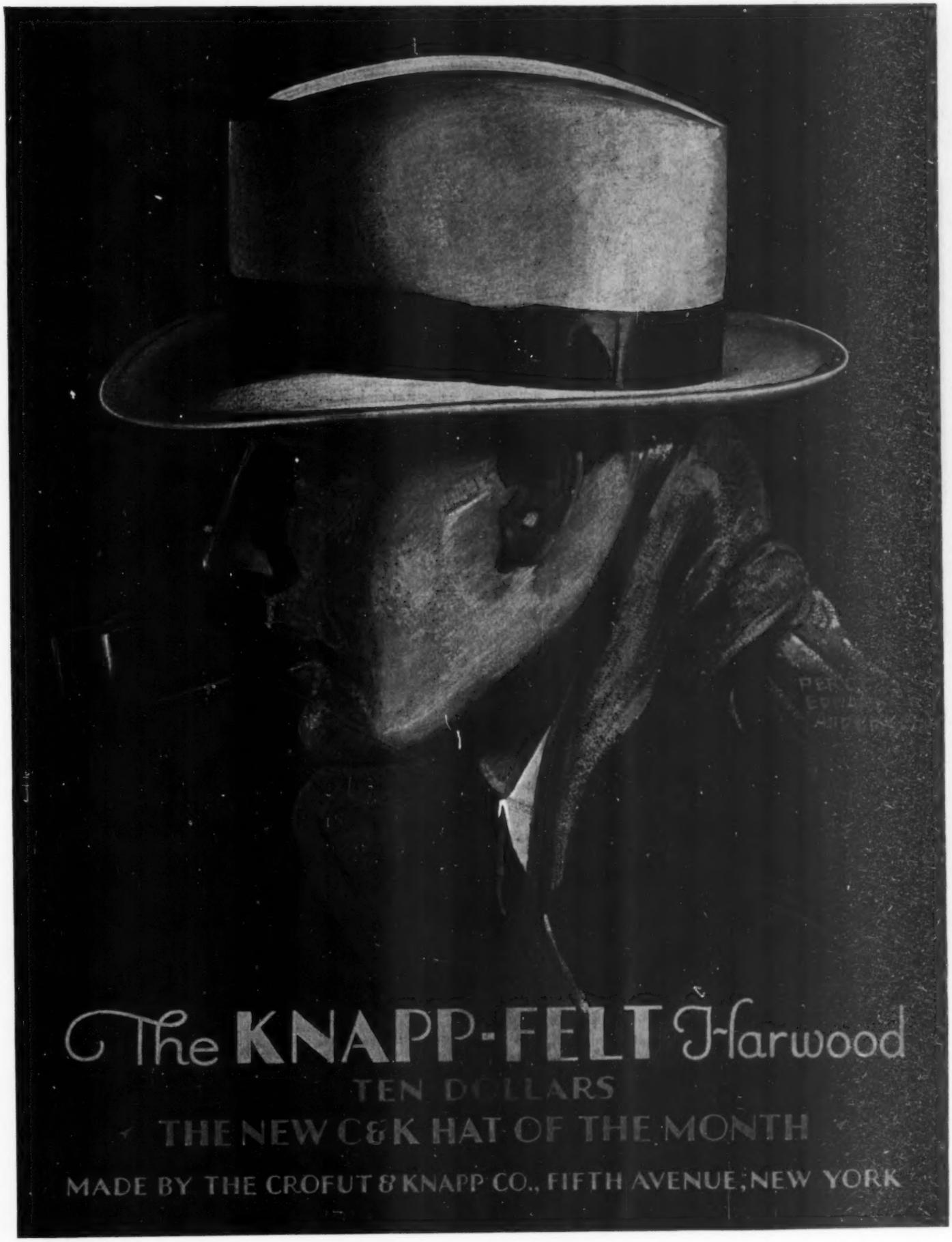
"Yes, if he could be cheering up a bit."

"I loved him, and he found himsilf beginning to love me. And thin his honor took him! Belave it or not, Redhead, but that man is possissed of a ganius for remorse! He wint sighing that he loved me—he could not be hilping it, and he was a traitor to his King—ochone, a traitor!—a traitor to his King!—but he loved me; sighing he wint, and kissing me hand five times a week. And he's so honorable that out of no more than that he works up more remorse than yoursilf would acquire from the abduction of two harems and a girls' school.

"That sinsitive soul and his honor! His sighs and his remorse has pinitrated to the utmost confines of the mortal universe, and the breath and damp of thim has mildewed me riputation entirely. And all about nothing at all, at all, but this eternal hand kissing!

"By me soul, Timothy, between the two of thim me hands has been kissed so much the three years past that 'tis the world's wonder they are not all wrinkled and crumpled like the paws of a washerwoman!"

(Continued on Page 156)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(Continued from Page 154)

'Twas wan of thim situations whin no true knight and honorable gintleman could refuse consolation to a woman so troubled and distrissed; and at the same time 'twas plain to Timothy that 'twould not be honorable at all, at all, to elope with the Quane of a brother King, and him still living. "We're in a jam, Jenny," says he, "and something's got to be done about it."

"Kiss me wance, Redhead," says she; "and thin we'll think up something."

And thin, afther a minute or two, she says: "Tim, I'd know ye loved me, if I could hear ye saying ye loved me more than ye love Ireland. Do ye?"

"No!" he roared, and lets loose of her so quick she sits down suddenlike on a bench. "Has reason left ye complately, woman? No!" He took her by the shoulder and shook her till all her gems twinkled, for 'twas wan of his theories that there must be certain limits beyond which no woman at all is encouraged to try her domination.

"Wan word more of that nature, and I'll be laving ye foriver," says he.

"Yes, Tim, mavourneen," says she, very meek; but there was a queer kind of dreaminess in her eyes, too, and 'twas a long day afterward before he realized that she'd been near to jerking a dagger into his neck. For 'twas a new ixperience to her entirely, being shook and slammed about like that, Quane Guinevere being the daughter of a king hersilf.

"Ye'll lave the conduct and divilopmint of all campaigns to mesilf entirely," says Tim, thinking he was following up his masculine advantage, though he had no more campaign in his head than there would be vision in the blind of an ould owl's eye.

"Yes, Tim," says she, very meditative. "Kiss me wance more like that, Redhead, before ye go to the wars."

He left her wondering to hersilf why she hadn't stabbed him whin he rough-handled her. Nayther wan was in anny condition to utilize such intilligence as the powers above had given thim.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

IN THE SENATE

(Continued from Page 22)

ought to become equally clear that the Court of International Justice, if it is really to be a World Court, should not develop as the department of justice of the League of Nations. At the request of colleagues on the Committee on Foreign Relations, I made a careful draft of the changes in the protocol and statutes of the Court which, if made, would effect a separation of the Court from the League. Adherence to the Court on the terms of this draft was voted by the committee and reported to the Senate. As time passed and a widespread and effective propaganda created sentiment in favor of adherence notwithstanding the League connection, I gave up hope that the ideal could be attained and worked for reservations that would make the League relation as harmless as possible. Senator Lenroot, of Wisconsin, and I were in frequent contact with the Secretary of State, Mr. Kellogg, and I was one of several senators who had the advantage of conference with the Honorable John Bassett Moore, at that time a judge of the International Court.

The World-Court Stipulation

The terms of adherence, as finally adopted, were determined upon as a result of the consideration and study thus given. It was stipulated that the Court shall render no opinion, even if requested to do so by the League, on any matter in which the United States has or claims an interest, if a protest against action of the Court is lodged by the United States. The only valid reason that I knew of for rejecting this condition of adherence is the possibility that the states of Europe may unite in desiring, against our protest, to submit to the Court some question which we deem it unwise to submit. A concerted effort is now being made to force the Senate to accept, as a substitute for this simple and effective safeguard a complicated and obscure formula. If, as its advocates contend, the substitute is merely the equivalent of the Senate reservation, there can be no good reason for receding from the latter. If, as I believe, the new formula surrenders an important American right, it ought to get no support except from those who prefer world applause to national security. I hope that there will be enough clear thinking in the Senate to make such a change impossible. If against the protest of the United States the League were to ask the Court for an opinion on a question of our right to exclude immigrants of a certain class or upon some other question deemed by us to be our own affair, but by the League to be their affair, nothing ought to satisfy us except to deprive the Court of jurisdiction to pass upon the matter at all.

Treaties, incidentally, may have tremendous influence on our internal as well as our international affairs. An impressive example of this is seen in the merchant-marine problem which confronted the Senate during the greater part of my term. Of the value of a merchant marine and its worth in the development of trade there can be no doubt. The problem we were facing was to make it function. At that time the merchant marine was bottled up and there were only four ways of escape. One was by cutting an opening through the restrictive barriers built by the so-called La Follette Act. Despite the assertions of shipowners and operating companies that the La Follette Act makes it impossible to compete with the cheaper and less restricted foreign cargo carriers, and despite the pleas that American shipowners are hampered by a high wage scale and onerous restrictions, it is perfectly clear that there can be no repeal of the La Follette Act. That way out was closed. A subsidy would have helped the merchant marine, but the farmers in the West and Middle West would not consent to it, and their senators held the balance of power. The second channel was blocked.

A possible third way out was so to regulate rail rates to the seaboard that a differential should be given to goods intended for export in American ships. The opposition of the carriers obstructed this channel. There seemed to me to be only one other way to enable the merchant marine to put to sea—and that was a preferential tariff in favor of goods brought into this country in American bottoms. My study of the history of American shipping convinced me that it was this very system which, within a short space of years following the winning of our independence, had built up our shipping industry and later made possible our naval successes in the War of 1812.

Getting Round a Treaty

It is at this point that one may perceive the complexity of treaty problems. In our consideration of the merchant marine we discovered that the State Department, intent upon establishing cordial relations with other countries, had approved for general use a form of treaty that would bar the United States from laying a preferential tariff and had, in fact, negotiated with Germany a treaty in this form. In committee this problem was carefully considered. I was one of those who strongly maintained the position that the point should be safeguarded before the treaty became operative. After the difficulty was made clear, we did succeed in having Germany accept the principle of a preferential tariff to the extent of an agreement not to protest should the United States at any future time discriminate in favor of goods brought in on

(Continued on Page 159)

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

The best food news in years
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From the tropical isles of Hawaii comes a new, modern way of grade-marking canned fruit

A color photograph

IT sounds almost too good to be true, but when next you go to your grocer's you go armed with a brand-new power—the power to buy just the grade of pineapple you want, and *know* you are getting it.

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The key to the whole idea is —*the top of the can!*

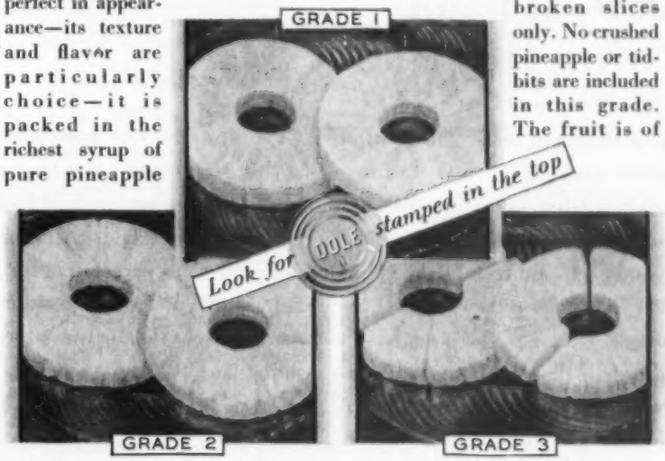
Stamped there in the metal, just as you see it below, are the marks that tell you exactly the grade of pineapple inside.

First, the one word DOLE. When you see that name you will know that *this* pineapple is the *right* pineapple. It is fresh and ripe and bursting with flavor—grown and packed by James D. Dole.

Now, a way to be sure to get DOLE pineapple would be news enough in itself . . . but it is only half the fascinating story. The grade-mark, too, is stamped in the top of the can! You will see it just under the name DOLE—the figure 1 or 2, or 3.

What do these numbers mean?

DOLE 1, of course, is the very pick of the pack—whether it be Sliced pineapple, Crushed pineapple or Tidbits. The finest fruit that man and Nature grow is chosen for this grade. It is uniform in color, perfect in appearance—its texture and flavor are particularly choice—it is packed in the richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. DOLE 1 pineapple in its three forms is, in short, the finest skill and care can produce or money can buy.



DOLE 2 pineapple comes in the same three useful forms. As you will see from the illustrations, the slices are slightly less perfect—a trifle less evenly cut, less uniform in color. And the syrup, too, is a little less sweet than in the DOLE 1 grade. Naturally DOLE 2 pineapple is less expensive, and for many uses is thus an economical choice. The DOLE 3 grade is for broken slices only. No crushed pineapple or tidbits are included in this grade. The fruit is of wholesome quality, and packed in the same syrup used in the DOLE 2 grade—but because it is in fact this grade costs the least of all.

Nowadays, Hawaiian Pineapple is used in so many delicious and in so many different ways—that choosing the *right grade* is more important than ever. By remembering these easy definitions, and looking for the right number *stamped in the top of the can*, you can be sure to get the grade you want, for the recipe you wish to prepare. Don't wait another day to find out what a blessing these new grade numbers are.

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G Washington's
COFFEE
the coffee part of the coffee bean

(Continued from Page 156)

American ships. Thus a way was kept open to avail ourselves of the fourth outlet, and so to make it possible for boats flying the American flag to sail the high seas.

Legislation dealing with naval affairs is both interesting and important. The work of the Committee on Naval Affairs puts its members in close contact with international complications resulting from attempts to reduce the number of fighting ships and to regulate armaments, as well as with domestic controversies concerning the relative values of cruisers and battleships, and of surface craft and aircraft. To increase my own knowledge of our naval establishment, and thus give a greater measure of service to the committee, I made inspections of vessels, navy yards and submarines and flew as a passenger in Navy combat planes.

General Dawes Takes a Hand

One of the widely discussed bills before the committee during my membership was the measure providing for promotions in the Navy. For years there has been friction over the limit and rate of promotion of naval officers of the line and of naval officers of the staff. At bottom the difficulty is that those who like to associate the rank of admiral with the sea dogs of history look askance at the promotion to this rank of officers in the engineering, medical and other branches of the service. I was charged with the handling on the floor of a bill prepared in consultation with the Navy Department to establish a formula for concurrent promotions between line and staff, and to place the rank of admiral within reach of officers of the line and of officers of some of the staff departments only. Measures such as this are illustrations of bills upon which the Senate does not divide on party lines. The Navy and the Army have their supporters and their detractors on both sides of the aisle. One of those to whom the Navy owes most is Senator Swanson, of Virginia, a consistent advocate of reasonable naval preparedness.

The great appropriations bills, of which the Naval Appropriations Bill is one, sometimes give rise to acute differences between Senate and House. When the House bill has been radically amended in the Senate and conferees meet to consider the problem thus presented, heated discussion often ensues, and the Senate conferees and the House conferees eye one another across the table like French and German delegates at Versailles. An acute difference of this sort arose in my time in connection with the cruiser-building program. President Coolidge and the House were opposed to beginning work on certain 10,000-ton cruisers, the building of which had previously been authorized. The Senate, feeling sure that, whatever limitation of armaments might come, these ships would be well within our quota, inserted by amendment the necessary appropriation item. Senator Hale, of Maine, the diligent and able chairman of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs; Senator Swanson, of Virginia, the ranking Democrat on the committee, and I, as ranking Republican member, were among the Senate conferees. We had the hard task of maintaining our position against both the President and the House, but the soundness of the Senate view was finally recognized and the appropriation was made. Some of the comment on my part in this work convinced me that it is often necessary to be charged with bloodthirstiness and a militaristic spirit to secure even the minimum requisites of national defense.

The work of the select Committee on Revision of the Laws, though technical and laborious, was of less general interest. It will undoubtedly surprise many to learn that a single volume can contain all the general and permanent legislation passed by Congress since 1789. The volume is, of course, a large one, and contains, as now printed, 1718 pages. The bill to authorize the code necessarily embodied all this matter. Senate rules provide that any member can demand that a pending measure be read from beginning to end. By exercising or threatening to exercise this right, Senator Howell, of Nebraska, succeeded in preventing action upon a voluminous bill for the payment to American claimants of the old French spoliation claims. Any one senator could similarly have prevented a vote upon the bill to authorize the code; a threatening possibility which we faced throughout the whole period of the bill's legislative history. Senator Ernst, of Kentucky, chairman of the committee, had charged me with the responsibility of explaining the bill and bringing it to a vote. Every serious objection had to be met, either by concession or by satisfactory answer, and it was a nervous time for those of us who had labored long and hard upon the measure. Largely through the cooperation of Senator Walsh, of Montana, and, in the House, of Representative Fitzgerald, of Ohio, the bill was passed, and the United States Code is now an indispensable tool in every court and law office.

In the Banking and Currency Committee my most interesting and important experience centered on the so-called McFadden-Pepper Bill, which was intended to liberalize the charters of national banks, to reconcile conflicting views on branch banking and to extend the charters of Federal Reserve Banks which were soon to expire by limitation. Simultaneously with its appearance in the Senate, it was introduced in the House by Representative Louis T. McFadden, of Pennsylvania, the able and experienced chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency. I presided at many public Senate hearings on this measure when it was in committee, and had charge of it on the Senate floor. The prospect of bringing it to a vote was dimmed by the obstruction of Senator Bob La Follette and others who were supporting the McNary-Haugen Bill, famous for its highly controversial scheme of farm relief. I had just about decided to resort to cloture and had a petition to close the debate signed by a sufficient number of senators, when Vice President Dawes, perceiving the deadlock, sent for representatives of the opposing groups. We met one evening in his room. By the sheer force of his personality he forced an agreement that both measures should be voted upon. This agreement was carried out. Both bills passed. The McNary-Haugen Bill was vetoed by President Coolidge while the McFadden-Pepper Bill became law. To General Dawes more than to any other one man credit is due for the extension of the Federal Reserve charters.

Beautifying the Capital

The fact that the Library of Congress Committee was charged with the care and preservation not only of art and literary treasures but, in some degree, of the physical beauty of Washington as well, made my chairmanship a most interesting experience. The central feature of the famous l'Enfant Plan for beautifying Washington is the Mall, the magnificent parkway which will extend from the Capitol past the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial, and then sweep over the Memorial Bridge to the Grave of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington. At the Capitol end the Mall is obstructed by the Botanical Garden, which will soon be moved to a neighboring and more eligible site. I shall never forget the dismay with which I learned one day that an item had been inserted in an appropriation bill providing for the reconstruction and permanent location of the garden in its obstructive position. The bill was about to pass. I felt sure that the Budget Officer and the President had approved the item without realizing its significance. I hailed a taxi, hurried to the White House and explained the situation to President Harding. He at once directed his secretary, George Christian, to call up Representative Madden, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations. This was done, and as a result of their telephone conversation the item was stricken out and the integrity of the Mall assured.

(Continued on Page 161)

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(Continued from Page 159)

Another accomplishment of the Library Committee during that period was to open the way for the development of a great national arboretum, for which the latitude of Washington is ideal. The valley of the Anacostia River, which flows through the District of Columbia and empties into the Potomac, possesses a soil particularly favorable for such a development. If this valley had not been appropriated for this use, it soon would have become the scene of a building operation. I look back with satisfaction not unmixed with amusement at the long struggle we had to get for the bill—which I introduced at the request of Mrs. Frank B. Noyes—the approval of the Budget Officer and of the President. It was a struggle between the laudable desire for economy and the still more laudable determination to provide for Washington what will in time become one of its most interesting and important institutions. After many vicissitudes the bill was passed and the Secretary of Agriculture received the necessary authority to save the land for government use.

How Mellon Forgot to Resign

With the development of the Library of Congress itself, the committee was equally concerned. Dr. Herbert Putnam, the talented and efficient librarian, has been for years developing plans to make this great institution not merely a storehouse of books but a radiating center of culture. Individual donors, in increasing numbers, were tendering endowments for various related activities. A conspicuous instance was the generous offer of Mrs. Archibald Coolidge to build an auditorium for chamber music and to provide for the rendering there of the best that the world has to offer. The problem before my committee was to provide a legal way to accept such gifts and to administer them effectively when made. We evolved the idea of the Library of Congress Trust Fund, and I embodied it in a carefully drafted bill. This was duly passed, and I learn from Doctor Putnam that the machinery thus set up is working to his entire satisfaction.

Apart from bills requiring my special attention either as their sponsor or as a member of the committee to which they were assigned, many measures of major importance were before the Senate during my membership. Tax reduction—to my mind one of the great and gratifying accomplishments of the past decade—impressed itself on me as the outcome of careful planning, excellent teamwork and good housekeeping. The businesslike handling of American finance by the Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew W. Mellon, the budget system and the cooperation of Congress brought about a surplus sufficiently large to permit of material lowering of taxes. Those of us who participated in the Senate's share of the undertaking and who helped frame the legislation that contributed to it came to regard the Coolidge Administration's success in reducing taxes as one of the constructive achievements of the reconstruction period.

An experience described to me by Mr. Mellon illustrates the interest which President Coolidge showed from the beginning in the financial program of his Administration. Immediately after Mr. Coolidge became President, Mr. Mellon called on him with a written resignation in his pocket, as is customary among cabinet officers when a new Chief Executive assumes office. He is thus assured of complete freedom of choice in the selection of his official family. After greeting the Secretary of the Treasury cordially, Mr. Coolidge plunged into a discussion of the entire financial system of the Government and displayed an accuracy and breadth of knowledge which took Mr. Mellon by surprise. The interview was so interesting that not until he reached the anteroom after its conclusion did Mr. Mellon remember that he had not offered his resignation. Reëntering Mr. Coolidge's office he said:

"Mr. President, I neglected to tell you that I had come to resign."

"Forget it," said the President. And, fortunately for the country, Mr. Mellon did.

One of the difficult positions in which a senator can find himself is when his commitment to a certain piece of legislation comes in conflict with his sense of duty to support the President as a responsible executive and the leader of the party. An interesting illustration of this situation occurred in the case of the measure for an increase of pay to postal employes, enacted early in my term. I had given my pledge to the postal employes of the Government that I would support the bill to increase their salaries. Accordingly I voted for a bill designed to accomplish this purpose. The bill was, however, vetoed by the President on the ground that it failed to make provision for the raising of postal rates sufficient to meet the increased expenditure. I felt it my duty to support the President when an unsuccessful attempt was made to override his veto. I redeemed my pledge to the men, however, by taking part at once in formulating and enacting a substitute measure containing the requisite revenue features. Such a measure was finally passed and received presidential approval.

The effort to pass a bill against determined opposition often brings on a battle of wits. One such conflict occurred when I had charge of a House bill for the payment to Bethlehem Steel workers of the wartime pay which had been awarded to them by the War Labor Board. The condition of Senate business was such that the bill could not be considered except by unanimous consent. One senator objected every time the calendar was called. Finally he agreed to allow the bill to be considered provided an amendment was made which really defeated the whole purpose of the bill. I agreed and the bill was passed as amended. It then went to a conference committee of the two Houses. The conferees rejected the destructive amendment and the bill was reported back to both Houses in its original form. Since a conference report is privileged and its consideration cannot be blocked by a single objection, the report was considered, the bill was passed and the workers got their pay.

After a Century of Debate

One of my most interesting experiences while in the Senate occurred when the Supreme Court of the United States invited me to make the argument in support of the power of Congress in a case then pending before it. When Congress by law creates an office, prescribes its duties, fixes its term, provides that the incumbent shall be appointed by the President by and with the consent of the Senate, and that he shall be removable by the President only with the consent of both Houses or of the Senate alone, may the President ignore the requirement last specified and remove the officer at his own pleasure? That question has been debated ever since 1789, and was before the Court in the case in question. Sixty years ago President Johnson held that the executive had an inherent right of removal and he refused to be bound by a restriction of this sort in the Tenure of Office Act. His disregard of this act was the most important charge against him when he was impeached by the House of Representatives. When the Budget Act was passed in President Wilson's time, it provided that the Budget Officer should be removable only by impeachment or by the concurrent action of both Houses. President Wilson vetoed the bill because he, too, championed unrestrained executive powers. When, however, the present Budget Act was passed in President Harding's Administration, he signed it. President Wilson, true to his convictions, had removed Myers, a postmaster, without the consent of the Senate, although the act creating the office which Myers held required such consent as essential to a valid removal. Myers sued for his salary. Thus the question, after one hundred and thirty-seven years of Congressional debate, was for the first time squarely

(Continued on Page 163)

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From big, gleaming hot pans comes the new and doubly delicious Comet Uncoated White Rice. It cooks faster and cooks flakier. It comes to the table in beautiful snowbanks.

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In much the same way, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL since its beginning forty-six years ago has been a leader of women. Meaning that there has been in it through all these years the quality of inspiring its readers, of winning and holding their confidence and affection, of helping them in building and beautifying millions of homes, in preparing billions of meals, in wisely spending tens of billions of dollars for better living. ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

THE LEADING HOME MAGAZINE

(Continued from Page 161)

presented to the Supreme Court of the United States. The case was argued for the President by the Honorable James M. Beck, then Solicitor-General, while I represented the Congress.

The amount of study and historical research involved in preparing and arguing the case was very great. In recognition of this I was honored by receiving the thanks of the court, thus expressed in the opinion of the Chief Justice:

Before closing this opinion, we wish to express the obligation of the Court to Mr. Pepper for his able brief and argument as a friend of the Court. Undertaken at our request, our obligation is none the less if we find ourselves obliged to take a view adverse to his. The strong presentation of arguments against the conclusion of the Court is of the utmost value in enabling the Court to satisfy itself that it has fully considered all that can be said.

This recognition was the more highly appreciated because, as I am told, it was the first expression of this sort in the history of the court.

A divided court, by a vote of six justices to three, decided in favor of the President's power to disregard the legislative restriction and to remove an officer at pleasure. I venture the prediction that the question involved in the case has not been disposed of for all time. The views announced by the dissenting justices will sooner or later have to be reckoned with.

After three years in the Senate it became necessary again, as in 1922, to prepare for campaigns for nomination and election. I was serving the term for which Senator Penrose had been elected, and that term expired March 3, 1927. In September of 1925 I began the work of organizing to secure the renomination. This was earlier than is customary, but I wanted to get as much campaigning as possible out of the way before Congress began its sessions in early December. My first step was to consult with W. Harry Baker, chairman of the Republican State Committee, and another friend of wide political experience in regard to a statement announcing my candidacy. Acting in part on their advice, I made my announcement, stating that I wanted to return to the Senate as a representative of the whole state; that I sought the support of the entire state organization, but that I did not want to be regarded as the particular candidate of any one county organization. To this I added later a reiteration of other statements emphasizing my determination to keep judicial offices out of politics.

651

The statements were received unfavorably by a number of powerful political leaders. In them, such stalwarts saw a double affront. The statements were recognized, first, as a declaration of independence of the Vare-controlled Philadelphia organization, and, second, as a pronouncement against the vicious doctrine of regularity in the primary, since I openly flouted the theory that it is irregular in such campaigns to oppose the party candidate.

A Three-Cornered Contest

For a while no candidate appeared in the lists against me. It was an open secret, however, that Governor Pinchot, whose term was about to expire, would come out as a contender and that, when he did, Representative William S. Vare would do the like. Pinchot, in due course, announced his candidacy; a step which assured a split in the votes which would normally come to me. Vare lost no time in seizing the opportunity thus afforded and announced his candidacy on an antiprohibition issue. From the outset everyone with political experience knew that the senatorial campaign was a contest between Vare and me, and that the only effect of Pinchot's candidacy was to handicap me in the struggle. The situation constituted, however, an interesting triangle. I had whatever advantage may be credited to incumbency in the office which we three sought, although I had built no political organization in my own interest. Pinchot, as governor of the state, capitalized the support which four years in that important office had put at his disposal. Vare, as leader of the Philadelphia organization, could count on tremendous support in his home city. His strength was further increased not only by the appeal of his wet platform but by the fact that Pinchot and I would split the prohibition vote. There were multitudes of prohibitionists who took delight in Pinchot's militant utterances as contrasted with my acceptance of the declarations of the Republican platform. With both Pinchot and Vare the prohibition question was a political issue, while to me it presented itself as a social and economic problem, which could not be solved by violent advocacy of either extreme.

For the Party and the Pay

Meanwhile a bigger and more bitter fight was being waged for the nomination of Pinchot's successor in the governorship. Linked up with this nomination were many other candidacies, including those for the office of Lieutenant Governor and of Secretary of Internal Affairs. In addition to these, approximately thirty-six candidates for Congress, twenty-five candidates for the State Senate, two hundred and eight candidates for the State House of Representatives, and a multitude of state and local committeemen were to be chosen.

As I have said, when I announced myself for the Republican nomination, I did so as an independent candidate, without relationship to any of those who were seeking nominations to office. My plan was to retain this independence of position until the day of the primary, when, if successful, I would, of course, coöperate whole-heartedly with the Republican ticket in the state. When Pinchot and Vare entered the field as contestants, there was still no reason, so far as I was concerned, for modifying my plans. When, however, various candidates appeared for the gubernatorial nomination, it developed that many men and women all over the state who were united in their support of me were divided in their support of candidates for the governorship. The two strongest candidates for that office were John S. Fisher, the present incumbent, and Edward E. Beidleman. When my friends divided between Beidleman and Fisher, the attempt to associate me with one or the other of these candidates was an effort made not so much in my interest as in the interest of factional success. As the factional fight grew more intense it created a situation in which I had to make a choice, and my choice inevitably related me to the candidacy of John S. Fisher, for whom I had and shall always retain both admiration and regard. I realized at the time that this could prove costly. The universal experience of senators is that they dare not get their candidacies mixed with the candidacies of state office seekers. Experience has shown that it multiplies their political liabilities and divides their political assets.

Meanwhile an alliance probably of a similar nature was reported to exist between Vare and Beidleman. As far as it was possible to do so, I preserved the distinctiveness of my campaign. I retained my central organization, my chairmen, the chairman of my own finance committee and my treasurer. The only campaign fund over which I had any control was devoted to the single pursuit of the senatorial nomination. The campaign for the entire ticket headed by Fisher and me was in hands over which I had no control and represented an effort in the interest of all the men on the ticket. While my own campaign fund was raised and distributed by my friends, the dominating influence in the collection and disbursement of the ticket fund was Joseph R. Grundy, whose friendship I had lost once and for all by my support of W. Harry Baker three years earlier.

Like all primary campaigns in which serious issues and warring ambitions are involved, this developed into a vigorous and expensive one. Personally I made two hundred and thirty-five campaign speeches in addition to numerous statements and other responses to the usual demands for expressions of opinion by office seekers. Thousands of letters were mailed by all the separate candidates, huge advertisements were inserted in English-speaking and foreign newspapers and periodicals, posters appeared on billboards and fences throughout the state, men and women were hired as organizers, speakers, publicity directors, watchers at the polls and to perform the various other duties for which political workers in these days expect and receive compensation. It is an interesting reflection that in the political campaigns of today almost everyone wants to capitalize his or her party activity for money. When I was young, service at the polls on election day was freely rendered by men who never thought of asking pay for the time thus spent. Today our national absorption in the pursuit of wealth has changed all this. Service to a party appears to be regarded as a legitimate basis for compensation. This economic fact, which, however deplorable, is nevertheless a fact, is lost sight of by many earnest reformers.

How to Get Out of the Senate

The sums of money contributed and spent for the support of opposing tickets in the Pennsylvania primary of 1926 were thus expended to further the nominations of a host of candidates whose appeals were addressed to an aggregate population representing about one-twelfth of the entire population of the United States. At its conclusion, the overwhelming support given to Vare by his Philadelphia organization won him the election with a count of 596,000 votes as against my total of 515,000. As against Vare, I carried sixty-two out of the sixty-seven counties of Pennsylvania and came to Philadelphia with a plurality of more than 140,000, which the support of his local organization converted into a decisive plurality for him. In the gubernatorial campaign, John S. Fisher defeated Edward E. Beidleman. Thus a complete victory was gained by neither ticket.

Naturally, there was talk of trading, of defections within the ticket, of election-booth irregularities, and similar veiled charges of the type that follow every bitterly contested primary fight. Personally I saw no definite proof that these charges were true to any such extent as to change the result of the primary. I accordingly followed the maxim familiar to lawyers, that your first duty is to take your licking like a gentleman. Pinchot, however, brought the charges prominently into the light when, in his official communication as governor, certifying to the Senate the later election of Vare, he made the assertion that the nomination was "partly bought and partly stolen."

After Senator Harry S. New had been defeated in Indiana in a primary contest not wholly unlike mine, he was walking one day down the stairs in the Capitol to the long tunnel that leads to the Senate Office Building. A woman visitor to the Capitol had become bewildered by the network of passageways. Accosting Senator New, she said, "I am trying to get out of the Senate. Can you tell me how to do it?"

Bowing low, he replied, "Madam, I advise you to run in an Indiana primary."

My only criticism of this advice is that it limits unduly the geography of escape.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Pepper.

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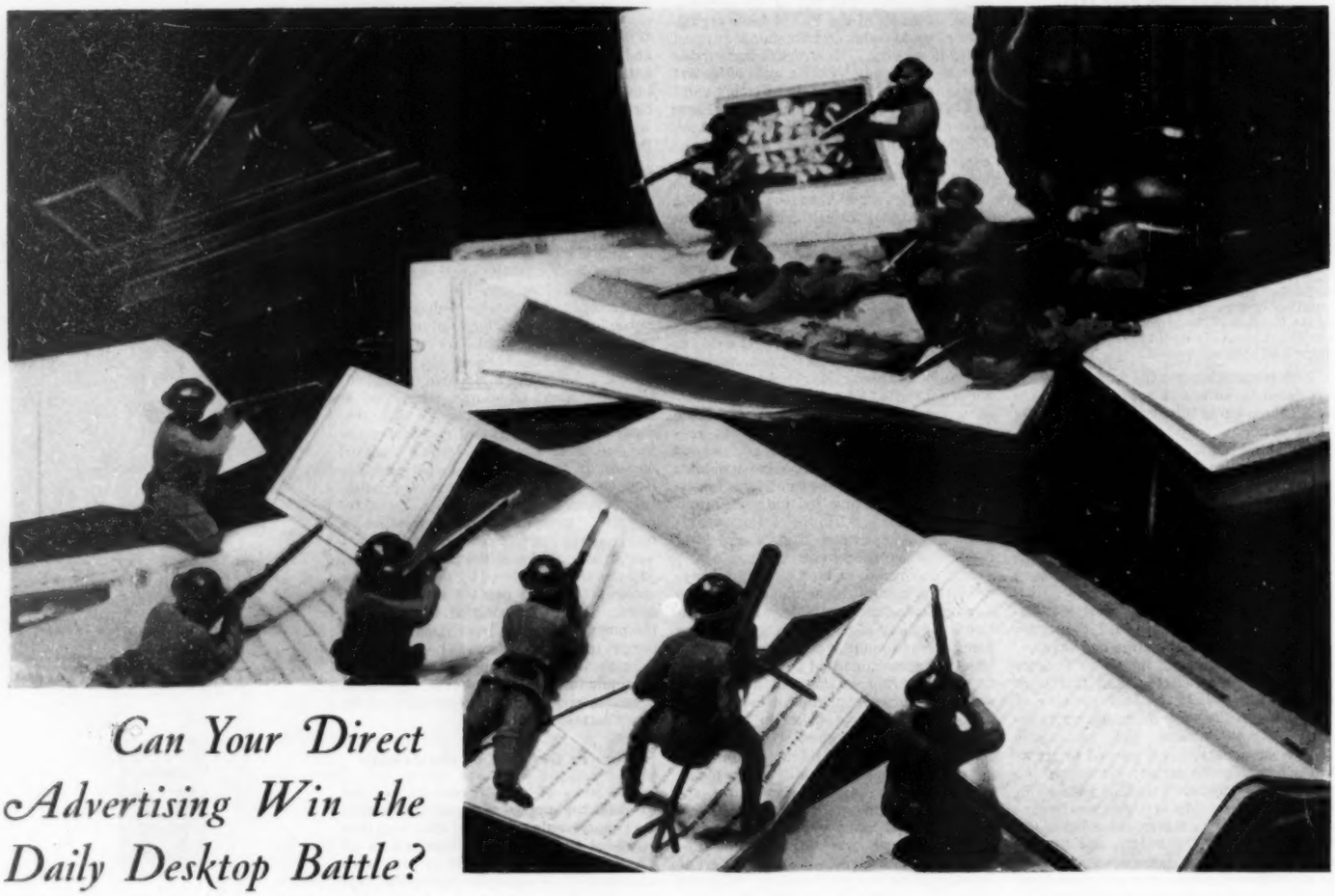

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WHAT I REALLY SAW AND LEARNED IN EUROPE IN 1923

(Continued from Page 23)

coöperatives his whole manner changed like magic. If he had shown such a thing as ambassadorial dignity, it disappeared in a flash. His whole being became earnestness and gravity. He dropped into his chair and said to me:

"Sit down! Sit down!" Then he said, "You are on the greatest mission in the world. The proudest heritage I have to claim is that my father successfully managed a coöperative store for twenty-four years."

I then knew he was a friend of coöperation, genuine, true, intelligent. He told me how Warren S. Stone had been a director in his great bank, The Society for Savings, at Cleveland, and how he had encouraged Stone to organize a genuine coöperative bank for the locomotive engineers. Then they were surprised to find that there was no law, either national or state, that would even permit the organization of a coöperative bank. I told him Stone was from my home town and that I had been with him in his labor convention when such a bank was planned.

Mr. Herrick then pushed a button, and a boy came in, and he directed this boy to bring a copy of his book on Rural Credits. In a few moments the boy was back. Mr. Herrick took the book, autographed it to me, and said—it lies on my desk as I write:

"I want you to read this book as you go around the countries of Europe, and you will find that the United States is the only civilized country in the world that by law prohibits the farmers or the laboring people from organizing their own savings in a cooperative banking system, with reserve bank, and all under their own control. Cooperation can never be a permanent success until it has such a system for its foundation."

For the first time I learned from the lips of this great man the true reason why coöperation had not succeeded better in the United States. And in his book, on Page 479, he says:

> There are no Federal or state laws in the United States under which the farmers might organize themselves into systems with credit societies as the basic units. . . . The farmers of the United States are capable and independent men, and they should have the right, under the laws, to organize themselves as best suits their own ideas or circumstances, whether in associations with shares or without shares, or with collective liability, limited or unlimited. Moreover, they should be able to decide for themselves whether they will have syndicated local associations or just one Raiffeisen credit society for each neighborhood. They have no choice under any of these laws, and thus the play of private initiative and the freedom of action is blocked.

The Remnant of Provincialism

Mr. Herrick told me how he had tried to get the American Bankers' Association to support a coöperative-banking law, but had failed; and we talked of a plan to get it indorsed by the Republican National Convention. A year later, when I was in Cleveland, he came in from his country home to see me, and we planned to have Senator Fess present his resolution to the resolutions committee; and that was done. This committee rejected the resolution.

Doctor Dennis, in his brilliant and scholarly account, sees nothing in all this but a freak of the Western radical mind—and such is the Eastern provincialism of scholarship. When I say "Eastern provincialism," do not misunderstand me. The farmers of the East are not provincial. They are just like the farmers of the West—national in their viewpoint. The laborers of the East are also just like the laborers of the West. And now, the little business men, harassed and destroyed by chain-store monopolies, and the little bankers, threatened and closed up by the chain-bank autocracy, are talking with us about national coöperation. Even the investors of the East, seeing their values destroyed by the speculative control of credit exactly as the land values of the West have been destroyed, are now taking a national look at coöperative banking. There are only the monopolies, the scholarship and the high society of the East that remain provincial.

The day we landed at Cherbourg a great coöperative congress met at Bordeaux. The labor producers' coöperatives, the consumers' coöperatives and the farmers' coöperatives were all federated together into a great national unit. The center of this was the coöperative banking system which had been established since the war. We visited its reserve bank, already grown large; we visited many coöperative stores and the great wholesale—much the greatest in all France. The thing that impressed me most was the tremendous growth of it all since the war. Other business had receded, but coöperation had doubled, even trebled, in volume of business, while its membership increased more rapidly than in all its history. In the amusing article of Doctor Dennis you will find all of this to be only a trivial Rochdale toy shop.

The British Coöperatives

Our next move was to London. We visited the head offices of the farmers' coöperatives but did not find a great organization; however, its best growth had been since the war. They told me that they had a committee in Denmark studying the Danish farmer coöperatives. Then I told them that, forty years before, Uncle Peder Pedersen, of Iowa, had been a member of a Danish committee of seven that came from Denmark to England to study Rochdale coöperation, and how they had learned it from English laboring people and had taken it back to the farmers of Denmark, where it had reached a stage of success equaled only by English labor; and now, forty years later, the farmers of Great Britain will bring it back to English agriculture.

We then went to Edinburgh, in Scotland, to the great congress of the Rochdale System. On the way, in several places, I saw the old English name Wildman, my own middle name, that I got from my mother, and with which I am always proud to warn all standpatters that I cannot be tamed. This congress was composed of 1800 delegates from Great Britain, and fraternal delegates from all other countries. I sat as a fraternal delegate from the Coöperative League of America. The English delegates represented more than 6000 coöperative stores, a coöperative wholesale at Newcastle as large as any private wholesale in the world, another at Glasgow, larger, and another at Manchester, three and one-half times as large as the one at Glasgow. These enterprises had a membership of 4,500,000—mostly heads of families—thus representing more than a third of all the people of Great Britain. They were doing 30 per cent of all the merchandising in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. They had 158 large producing factories, including eleven great flour mills grinding 35 per cent of all the flour used in Great Britain. They had their own coal mines, 40,000 acres of farms, the largest tea plantations in the world in the island of Ceylon, great wheat plantations in Canada, and some ships of their own. Their factories make nearly everything used in human civilization, and their business extends all around the world. They are the largest single buyer of wheat in either Canada or the United States. All this vast system rests upon the solid foundation of a coöperative banking system, with about 6000 little deposit banks—usually a department of a store—and a great reserve bank as a department of the wholesale; and this reserve bank alone had a turnover then of $2,500,000,000 and, in 1927, of more than $3,500,000,000.

Does she think of the letter . . . *or the file?*

IS your file clerk's mind *always* on her work? Not if she has to use warped, old files! When she goes for a letter, she's subconsciously expecting the drawer to stick . . hating to wrench it open . . knowing the wabbly compressor has caused a jumble of papers.

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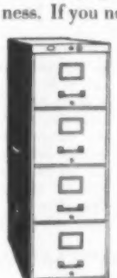
Just get her one—*only one*—Art Metal steel file like those shown above. Have her use it for a separate group of records. See for yourself in what perfect order she keeps the contents . . . how quickly anything you ask for from *that* file is laid on your desk.

Art Metal files are *planned* to promote efficiency . . . to conserve space. Drawers glide in and out on their ball-bearing suspensions at a touch. The patented compressors keep papers smooth, and make every inch of filing space in each drawer available.

But files are only a single item. Art Metal supplies every office equipment need—from president's desk to storeroom shelving—all wrought from enduring steel—all beautiful; all smoothly efficient.

We shall be glad to furnish information on equipment for any type of business. If you need additional equipment for your present office, just let us know the kind you want and we will be glad to forward a catalogue. Check your requirements in the list below.



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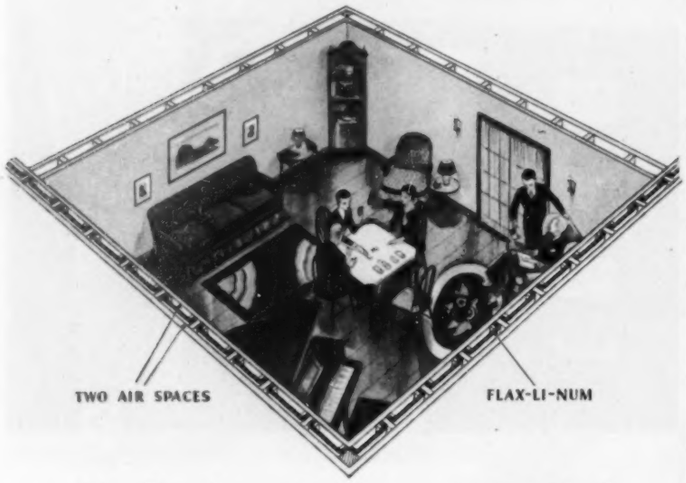

The Flax-li-num "two-air-space" method of application means 50% more effective insulation!

One of the greatest complaints against an uninsulated house is, "It's hard to heat". It is a confession of poor construction . . . of wasteful, expensive heating, for it is "hard to heat" only because the heat is leaking away through the walls and roof. This leakage can effectively be prevented by "*Flax-lining*" your home when you build. A "*Flax-lined*" home is never hard to keep comfortable even in sub-zero weather. FLAX-LI-NUM applied by the "two-air-space" method, to walls of a home, is 50% more effective in stopping heat leakage. It is a scientifically correct insulating material applied in the scientifically correct way . . . and will save ⅓ of your fuel.

So when you plan your home, keep this in mind and "*Flax-line*" it. Then you will get the full year around benefit of this finer insulation for FLAX-LI-NUM keeps homes cool in summer just as it keeps them warm in winter. FLAX-LI-NUM, when installed in your walls and ceilings or roof, forms the famous "wall-within-a-wall". It provides a double resistance to escaping heat. Tests by the U. S. Bureau of Standards prove that ½ inch FLAX-LI-NUM applied by the "two-air-space" method, is the equivalent of about ¾ of an inch of material at any other place in the wall. Is this 50% greater insulating value worth considering?

IMPORTANT—*Your Roof or Ceilings Should Have Double Insulation*

Heat rises. Obviously, if a home is to be well insulated, the ceilings or roof must have a greater thickness of insulation. Only then will you receive the maximum fuel economy and comfort. Only then is a home truly "*Flax-lined*" throughout . . . This rule applies to all insulation. FLAX-LI-NUM was first to recommend it and to bring this added protection to home builders. FLAX-LI-NUM was first to provide insulation in single sheets of full one inch thickness . . . If you are interested in the full details of this finer protection from cold, send for the booklet, "A Guide to Home Comfort That Pays Its Own Way" . . . and above all, insist that your next home be insulated with FLAX-LI-NUM and the two-air-spaces.

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A CORRECT BUILDING INSULATION AND SOUND CONTROL MATERIAL

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Please send me full information on the Flax-li-num "two-air-space" method of insulation contained in your "Guide to Home Comfort That Pays Its Own Way".
Name..... Address.....
City..... State.....

Before the war the total coöperative membership was about 3,000,000, in 1923 it was more than 4,500,000, and in 1927 it was more than 5,500,000. It has the best, most efficient, most scientific, most practical, most expert and most successful training school for managers of stores, banks and factories in the world. It is the big institution of Great Britain—and still, Doctor Dennis, in his article, walked all around it, over it, through it and under it, but never saw it except to recount my retort to the English lord who had never heard of it. It is growing six times as fast as the English population, and now has its first friendly government. It has had a like growth in Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and even India. It is inevitable that it will dominate the business of the English Empire in the near future.

All this was started by twenty-eight poor flannel weavers in 1844. It is built upon three basic principles—one man, one vote. Capital does not vote in the coöperative enterprise; men hire capital, and not capital hires men. Second, the earnings of capital are limited—5 per cent is all they pay, all capital ever expects, and they are the best-financed enterprises in Great Britain. Third, the trade dividend; 25 per cent of the net is kept in the enterprise for absorption of losses, safety and growth. The balance of the net is distributed back to the members in proportion to the business transacted with the enterprise. Simple, yes, but this means the Sermon on the Mount, the Golden Rule in business. I can never forget the words of the secretary as he closed his report of these vast enterprises:

"Notwithstanding these millions and billions of money, there is not a millionaire amongst us. Coöperation never made a millionaire and it never made a pauper."

We visited the wholesales, the factories and the banks at Glasgow, Manchester and Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The week before we were in Glasgow the bank loaned the city £500,000, or $2,500,000, and it was financing twenty-seven big factories at the same time.

At Newcastle we took a Norwegian boat, the Venus, across the North Sea for Bergen, Norway. On the way we met the Mercury, the Mars, the Jupiter and all the rest of the solar system. We landed on a beautiful day and found the city in the hands of the communists. That did not alarm me or the rest of the party, but Doctor Dennis thought we ought to take the first train out, so off we started for Christiania—now Oslo—and were soon at the top of the mountains—the beautiful mountains of Norway. There we had our pictures taken in six feet of snow in June—not in July. It was here that the doctor's light coat came handiest to me, while his heavy underwear protected him. However, they were hardly needed, as the snow was melting and the girls were skipping around on skis with apparently no more clothes than they wear in Washington.

Coöperation in Denmark

We found the same story of coöperative growth in Norway since the war, and especially among the farmers. Then we hastened to Stockholm, in Sweden. There we visited many coöperative enterprises and got the same story of greatly increased growth since the war. One of the most prized and pleasant incidents of the whole tour was a visit with Branting, the great Swedish statesman—since dead. Branting told me that coöperation was the great development and hope of his country, both for agriculture and industry, and said that it must rest upon coöperative banking.

Our next hop was to Denmark, to Copenhagen, the city of bicycles and the land of all kinds of coöperation. This little country is the delight of the farmers of the world. They learned coöperation in England, as I have said, under the leadership of my old friend, Uncle Peder Pedersen, the state organizer of the Iowa Farm Bureau Federation. In this country of Denmark they got 95 per cent of the farmers into their cooperative organizations, and they are doing everything coöperatively, even controlling the government. We visited all their enterprises, from chicken hatchery to reserve bank, and found them all genuine Rochdale products.

The Danes have forty-six coöperative packing plants; the most efficient in the world except some in Ireland that are modeled after them. They call a half of a hog a piece of bacon, and they prepare it like father used to do in the old smokehouse. Their product in London was worth six cents a pound more than the best Tamworth from our great packing plants. There is no beef trust in Denmark. The dairy farms, the cheese factories and the creameries are a delight and a joy forever. The only regret I have concerning Denmark is that Doctor Dennis put me in a picture out in front of a dairy cow, and labeled it "Inspecting a prize Danish bull." I must tell him something about zoölogy before he writes me up in another story. One thing about coöperation in Denmark was different from all other countries. It had not grown so much since the war. There was not so much room for growth. It was nearly all coöperative before the war.

The Best Way to Do All Business

Our next stop was in Germany. We had no visit that was busier or more profitable on the whole trip. Doctor Dennis has well described our activities, but again he played Hamlet, with Hamlet left out. The important thing we discovered was the enormous growth of coöperation since the war. The farm organizations had reached a membership of 2,400,000—nearly half joining since the war. Labor had a membership of 3,750,000—a tremendous increase since the war. The total membership was far greater than in Great Britain. They were well organized. The Germans have great power of organization. We visited their great coöperative banking systems—the Raiffeisen for the farmers, and the Schulze-Delitzsch for the consumers. We visited many enterprises—one of them the greatest bakery in the world. But they were in "hard lines," heavily pressed by the loss of the war, the occupation of the Rhineland and the Saar. The middle class was ruined by the depreciation of the mark. The first day in Berlin we bought 57,000 marks for a dollar. The last day we got 80,000. Even Doctor Cuno, the Chancellor, did not know where they would go. In the face of it all, they were determined to come back. They were loyal to the new republic and done with Kaiserism and with war. If the burden of reparations is not too oppressive, I predict that this great and efficient people will speedily be molded into a coöperative republic and still win the war.

Poland was our next country, and Warsaw our next stop. Entering this reborn country, the emotions of any American will rise as he remembers the name of Kosciuszko and Pulaski. I also saw a park named Hoover, in appreciation of American relief after the World War. Witos, the farmer, was prime minister. The whole country was being organized coöperatively at a very rapid rate. The ablest man I saw was at the head of the coöperative banking system. I talked to the leading business men and bankers, and all said the coöperative method was the best way to do all business. I hope the dictatorship of Pilsudski has not destroyed this sentiment.

When in Berlin, I secured passports for myself, Doctor Raiguel and Mr. Lynch from the Russian Ambassador for a trip through Russia. I was unable to get permission for Doctor Dennis, because we had not recognized Russia and he was a government representative. There were many exceedingly interesting things in the Russian trip, but since Doctor Dennis could not go, I omit that from this article, except the briefest reference to coöperatives, and thus complete the chain of my story. At first the Soviet Government confiscated the cooperatives, but later decided to restore them. Lenin, in his last message to the

(Continued on Page 169)

The meeting adjourns. Father agrees. Soon the car will be out in new Duco Colors

THE family council is in earnest session. James, Jr., says: "For Pete's sake, Dad, let's get a new finish on the old chariot." Dorothy, for once in agreement with Junior—"I'm positively ashamed to be seen in the car. It looks downright shabby."

Mother says: "The children are right, James. The car appears even older now that the Browns have their new car, and Junior knows of a refinisher downtown who can make ours look new."

Last, Father. He's willing because refinishing will really save money, and secretly he's not so proud of the way the car looks either.

And so the Duco refinisher gets another customer and soon the car will be out in new Duco colors, modern, modish and beautiful.

Cars get a lot of mechanical attention. They deserve good body service, too. Your neighborhood Duco refinisher repairs fenders and bodies—and does top and trim work.

He works with genuine Duco and follows refinishing methods developed by du Pont chemists, who created and perfected Duco. He can help you, expertly and economically, to keep your car smart and beautiful and new appearing—which tends to enhance its value when you dispose of it later.

So many makes of new cars are Duco-finished at the factories that automobile engineers evidently agree nothing else is quite as good as Duco.

In order to be sure you are getting Duco beauty and durability you should take your car to the Duco refinisher. If you buy a used car, it is also to your advantage to make sure the finish is Duco.

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Your business equipment advertises the quality of your business.
Appearance counts in commercial vehicles as in the family car. There is a special Commercial Vehicle Duco for economical delivery vehicle refinishing.

The du Pont Duco Authorized Refinishing Station sign is displayed by more than 2200 shops throughout the country. At these shops you can be sure that your work will be done by the du Pont Process and that you are getting genuine Duco materials and service.

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"A gauze bandage ...*hurry!*"

It's not how *much* you want, but how much you *want* it. A worried mother may want only a tiny roll of sterile gauze—but she wants it in a hurry. And the Druggist sees that she gets it.

The Druggist renders lots of service like that. It costs him lots of money; but most people take it so for granted that he is seldom repaid even in thanks.

How often do you stop to think how much you owe your Druggist—not his bill, for you try to remember to pay that—but all the things he does *for nothing?*

How much easier you are in your mind—especially about accidents . . . about things happening to the children—just because you know that the Druggist is at the other end of your telephone!

Isn't it comforting to know that among the thousands of articles that he keeps always ready for you, are the ever-dependable products of Bauer & Black?

For thirty-five years the name of Bauer & Black has been a warrant of quality. Today this old house is an acknowledged leader in the manufacture of surgical dressings. Your Druggist knows these things. And he sells the products of Bauer & Black because he likes to sell the *best.*

BAUER & BLACK Sterile Absorbent Cotton in the Handy Package. Soft, fluffy, highly absorbent

BAUER & BLACK Zinc Oxide Adhesive Plaster. Buy the five yard spool for greatest economy

The new BAUER & BLACK Cartridge Menthol Inhaler. Compact, dust-proof, long-lived, efficacious

BAUER & BLACK Sterile Gauze Bandages, in sealed cartons. Frayless edge prevents raveling

BAUER & BLACK Plain Gauze—Surgeon's-quality, sterile, for pads and dressings, in handy package

BAUER & BLACK Handy Tape Dressing. Adhesive plaster plus antiseptic gauze, ready to use

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(Continued from Page 166)

Soviet Congress, made this recommendation. This is the only basic change they have made in their economic policy. Cooperation now has the hearty support of the government. I visited the big coöperative bank, stores and factories, and spent a day with the manager of the big wholesale—the same man who had managed it under the Czar. He told me his volume of business was six times what it had been before the revolution. So I found the greatest growth of all since the war was in Russia. It survived czarism, revolution, communism, pestilence and death. I can imagine no severer test of any economic idea. Before Doctor Dennis left us in Warsaw, he arranged with Admiral Bristol to send a destroyer from Constantinople to pick us up at Odessa. Accordingly we were met by Captain Field, with the destroyer Goff, and stayed over an extra day at Odessa. There was no feature of the whole tour more delightful than the Black Sea cruise to Constantinople.

There was much of great interest in Constantinople, but not in reference to cooperation; so I pass it by. There was a revolution in Bulgaria, and Admiral Bristol thought best to send us past that country in the destroyer to Constanta, in Rumania, where we bade good-by to Captain Field and his delightful crew. We took a train to Bukharest and there rejoined Doctor Dennis, a day late. He was greatly perturbed and thought the Bolsheviks had impounded us, because he did not know of our extra day at Odessa, and no word came to him from Constantinople because of the Bulgarian revolution.

Rumania was filled with deepest interest, and coöperation had grown—but I must hasten. Minister Jay asked me interminable questions about Russia, but I enjoyed them all, as well as his fine dinner. I really think I was more comfortable in my travel-stained clothes than was the minister in his soup-and-fish outfit.

Austria's Only Hope

We still had to make Middle Europe. Hungary added but little to our information, but Czecho-Slovakia was a great delight, and told us as much as Denmark. It is a coöperative country now. They were changing the sugar refineries into farmers' coöperatives at that time. Their cooperative banking system and all their organizations were as good as the English, but were agricultural rather than industrial. The government was supporting the coöperative movement in every detail. The president was absent on a health vacation, but one of my most profitable visits was with Benes, the distinguished Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Vienna was the next stop, and the coöperative congress was in session. I talked with the leaders of all parties, and all agreed coöperation was the only hope of Austria.

I was next off at Zurich, in Switzerland—most beautiful Switzerland, coöperative Switzerland, rifle-shooting Switzerland, the home of the distant ancestors of my father. The return was then back through France and up through "Flanders fields where poppies grow." La Belle France! I did not find France decadent, but as virile as any country in Europe. There were things I did not approve, but they must not be charged to a whole people.

Belgium told me the same story of coöperative growth, and I passed over to Ireland, where Sir Horace Plunkett had made fifty speeches before he succeeded in organizing the first coöperative creamery. But I found coöperation a growing success in Ireland now, and spent a day at Plunkett House with E. A. Russell, the poet, painter, coöperator and fellow laborer with Sir Horace.

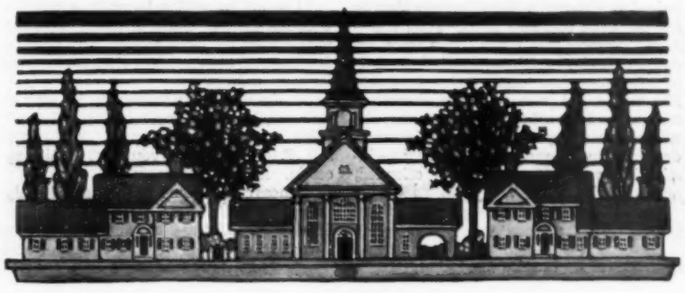
The last stop was at Manchester, the financial and economic center of coöperation in the world. As Mr. Thorpe, the great manager, pointed out to me the world-wide scope, the irresistible growth, the undeniable soundness, the Golden Rule spirit and the universal benefits, it seemed to me one must roll Henry Ford, Elbert H. Gary and Pierpont Morgan into one to make a Thorpe for efficiency alone. Above all, this vast coöperative business is under absolutely democratic control.

The Value of Repetition

I was ready to come home, yes, but I had stopped to see Ambassador Herrick again. He was eager for every word about Russia, and ready for recognition. He urged me to call on the foreign offices in both France and England. He arranged for me to meet Poincaré, but I had gone to Château-Thierry before the information reached me, and I talked to his under-secretary instead. I told them the story as I saw it, and it was welcomed at the French office, but not so in England or by Secretary Hughes at home.

At odd times I had talked to Doctor Dennis about economic questions like transportation, credit control, agricultural equality, the earnings of the whole people and the laws affecting their distribution. I talked in details and exact facts, of which I have made an exact record in many discussions and investigations, but in his brilliant article they all slide off his polished mind like water off a duck. The most complete set of facts impressed him only as "fetishes." I worked out the railroad facts with Senator Cummins, and we agreed for fifteen years. The only reason I could defeat him was because they were facts and I stuck to them. The facts that I gave Doctor Dennis about the deflation of the farmers by the Federal Reserve Board were taken from the Manufacturers' Record, the exact minutes of the Board itself, letters from the Reserve banks, a detailed study of the markets, and a wide technical study of the whole banking question, including the books published by the Reserve banks themselves. Most of the facts I have discussed with members of the Federal Reserve Board, and not one that I use is even disputed.

Notwithstanding all this, the only impression that Doctor Dennis mentioned was that "In the summer of 1920 two Wall Street magnates were strolling up Broadway. One turned to the other and remarked, 'Well, I guess it's about time we deflate the farmer.'" After all the pains I took with Doctor Dennis, a mythical result like this is discouraging, to say the least. However, I am both patient and persistent, and I still have hope. I have always known that a proposition must be stated at least three times to be clearly understood by the ordinary mind. I still think six times will take it home to the college mind and, I hope, to the whole of Eastern provincial scholarship.



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EGGS IN A NEST—Shown above. Fully described, page six, Dutch Tea Rusk Recipe Book: "One Hundred Ways to Serve." Send for your copy, FREE. Use coupon.

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THE bathroom in your home is regarded by many of your friends and guests as the place which reveals true standards of refinement. Does it give the correct impression—does it convey the pleasing appearance that you desire—to your visitors?

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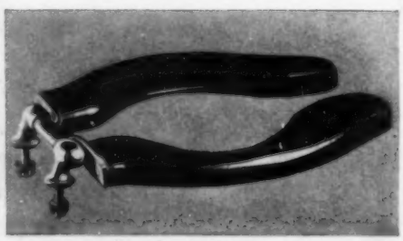

» CHURCH *sani*-SEATS

"TOILET SEATS FOR BETTER BATHROOMS"

MODEL DISCONTINUED

(Continued from Page 25)

"I have to go to school in a week—just a week, Paul," she said. "Six days after today. And we've wasted the whole summer. You're going to make it up to me now, aren't you, Paul? You're going to come tonight, and tomorrow night, and the next night? We'll be so happy."

Paul knew that they could not park on the state road at this time of day, so he had her move over, and drove back to town. He was in somewhat of a daze when they reached her home.

"Is your father here?" he asked. "I'd like to talk to him about the car."

"Not now," she told him. "Come tonight."

"All right, I will."

"What time?"

"About half-past eight?"

"Couldn't you come for dinner?"

"I have to work, Frances."

"All right," she said, her shining black eyes soft.

Paul said, "You're the most attractive girl I've met in a long time."

She laughed and told him: "I wouldn't dare let you know how I feel about you." Her fingers touched the back of his hand, entwined themselves and gripped. "You'd be too flattered, coming down here and breaking a little country girl's heart!"

"That's a laugh," Paul told her. He was enjoying himself immensely. "If there's any heart broken, it won't be yours."

When he got back to the garage, he cooled down a little. He was selling cars, not petting girls! Five years ago, when he was twenty, he had been absolutely girl-crazy. Frances would have been his ideal of a cute girl then. He would have asked for nothing better than dances to take her to, and a porch swing afterward. But he was too old to go around with a little flapper now. He hadn't had any kind of girl affair for a long time, and he had got along nicely without. Girls were always making trouble.

A fastidious mother and a decent home had instilled in him an instinctive fear of tawdry adventures. And not wanting to marry, he didn't feel entitled to take up a nice girl's time. So he let them alone. But he did want to sell the coupé, and she was certainly sweet! He would enjoy having a few dates. It would be fun to take her to the city some night. He would get cards for a good club from his uncle and take her to dance. See the other fellows bug their eyes. She was some farmer's daughter! A regular flapper at seventeen. You didn't need to ask her for a kiss. It was right there on her lips, asking you. She'd probably been dating since she was thirteen.

He saw Joan coming across the street. She came in and sat down on the edge of his desk, smiling a little at the politeness with which he always rose to greet her, though he saw her half a dozen times a day.

"What luck did you have?" she asked him.

"I'm going to see her father tonight," he answered. "She liked the car. I think I can sell them. I'm willing to make some price concession, though it's a good car, for a girl or a man either."

"Watch out for Mr. Gilde."

"Even so."

"Well, I wish you luck," she said. Paul looked at her. In his mind she was catalogued so differently from Frances that he did not even compare them. Joan was—Joan! Frances was a girl. Joan wore, today, a pink gingham dress, and little tendrils of soft brown hair clung to her forehead. She was a girl who could be absolutely natural and unself-conscious, because she was protected by an innate graciousness, deeper than mannerisms or thought—instinctive, real. She was never offended, never haughty.

She said now, "You're going up there tonight?"

"Yes. I'll close half an hour early and take the car up to show her father."

Joan looked out of the window. She opened her mouth to say something, and then closed it. She gave him a clear, long look from her dark blue eyes, her violet eyes. Paul thought again, as he had often thought before, that there was something new about her these last weeks—some glow or sweetness. It seemed unusually clear at this moment. He felt the faint breath of some disturbing emotion—fear or apprehension.

"Good-by, Blondy," she said. He did not understand her.

"Oh, don't say that. I'll see you right here, same as always."

She smiled at him. He felt that her eyes were bright with unshed tears, but she left without another word. Paul sat looking out of the window after her. The feeling he had had for Frances began to diminish. But he was not a young man given to introspection. He made no pretense of understanding girls. He finished the work he had to do on his books, and then went out in the country to see a farmer. After dinner, he sat about in the showroom, but no one came in. Joan did not come over to visit with him, as she sometimes did. He was impatient of the time. At a quarter after eight he went to Gilde's.

Paul was introduced to Frances' parents. They were respectable middle-aged people of the class called "plain." Paul could see at once that they worshiped Frances, that they thought her perfect. He also felt that they knew nothing whatever about her. One needed only to look into Mrs. Gilde's mild innocent brown eyes behind their gold-rimmed spectacles to know what her ideas of a young girl's conduct would be. And the father, a stoop-shouldered stout man, strong and compact and bent with labor, with fat hard hands, for all he bore a somewhat truculent look, yet bent a benign gaze upon Frances. She was perfect, his glance said; pretty and sweet, and affectionate and obedient.

Paul realized sharply that she was just a youngster and he himself was a grown man, and ought to have a little sense. She'd been reading confessional magazines—the kind to which Walnut was addicted—most likely, and looked upon herself as a sample of flaming youth.

"I've got a car out here I'd like to show you, Mr. Gilde," he said. Mr. Gilde answered that he did not need a car.

"I thought you might like to get it for Frances," said Paul. "It's a model we aren't manufacturing now. The new coupé is more expensive, with a bigger engine. But it's a wonderful car. I ——" He saw Frances flagging him for silence behind her father's back.

"She doesn't need a car. I can drive over for her when she wants to come home for a week-end," said Mr. Gilde. "It's not far."

"A girl needs a car as much as a boy, these days," said Paul, smiling.

Mr. Gilde returned Paul's smile, as men generally did. "I can't afford to buy her a car," he said.

The old stall! But Paul was aware of a complete lack of interest in Mr. Gilde.

Frances said quickly: "We're going to the movies, mamma. I'll get my hat." And she went out, winking to Paul. He heard her quick, light feet on the stairs.

"I would be willing to make a sacrifice with this car, Mr. Gilde. I realize that most people want the latest model. But this is a fine car, and more modern than others offer for more money."

"If I'm downtown tomorrow, I'll look at it," said Mr. Gilde politely, "but I don't think it would be for Frances. Might consider it for ourselves, if you want to take my car in. But I don't know."

Frances came down from upstairs, freshly rouged and powdered. She wore a summer dress of flowered chiffon, and a black lace hat. She was fragrant and beautiful and

(Continued on Page 173)

This newspaper advertisement has interested so many people in THE SHAW-WALKER SKYSCRAPER DESK in every city in which it has appeared that we are constrained to reproduce it herewith "as is" . . . READ IT . . . and send the coupon.

BUY NO DESK

Until You've Seen the Sensation of The Business Show

Buy no desk until you have seen Skyscraper, the new desk by Shaw-Walker. You'll marvel at the downright cleverness of it. You'll revel in the rich beauty of it. You'll be amazed at the organized features of it. And you'll gladly pay the moderate price asked for it. Your people, too, will thank you for an easier and better day's work.

No wonder the Skyscraper Desk by Shaw-Walker was the sensation at the Business Show.

Every desk-interested person who saw it, whether office worker, executive, official, or professional man, admired the way in which it solves old-time desk problems.

It has a new kind of top—smooth and glove-like. No other desk can have it.

Each drawer is organized for the worker's special convenience. One drawer is your "waste basket." Another takes a flat-type interdepartmental telephone. Others hold trays for "in," "out" and "pending" mail. Others, special card files, visible indexes, pencils, pads, accessories, etc.

Come see it, or send your man. Or fill out the coupon and pin it to your business letterhead. We'll send you an illustrated catalogue.

This new-style desk was designed by Shaw-Walker, a leader in the office equipment field for thirty years. Buy no desk until you have seen this desk sensation of the New York Business Show.

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Without obligation in any way send me your illustrated catalogue of the new Skyscraper Desk.

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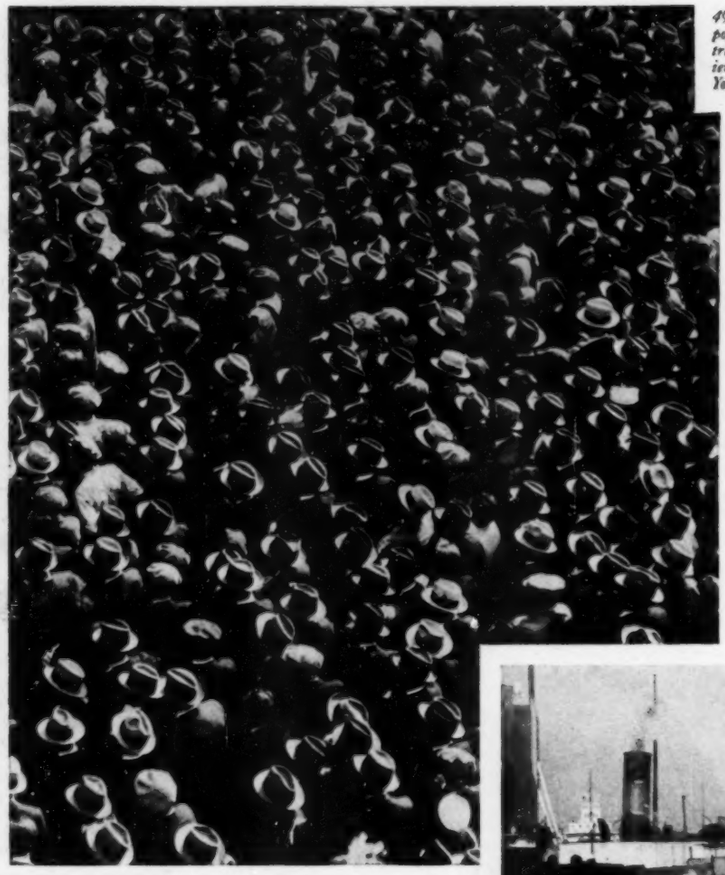
LARGEST EXCLUSIVE MAKERS OF OFFICE EQUIPMENT IN THE WORLD

Branches and Dealers in all Principal Cities



49% of the country's population is concentrated in and conveniently around New York State.

Power is cheaper in New York State

Raw materials are either within the state or easily accessible by water or rail.

If I were a manufacturer . . .

here's why I'd locate my plant in New York State

FIRST, because New York State is the natural center of a concentrated market area that contains 49% of the nation's population and 55% of its wealth.

SECOND, because the rate for power in Niagara Hudson's territory is materially lower than the national average.

THIRD, because New York State offers such perfect transportation facilities—over 8,400 miles of main line track . . . 900 miles of canalized rivers and lakes . . . 700 miles of commercial airways . . . straight, economical transportation to any point in the world.

FOURTH, because New York's growing pains are a thing of the past. Millions of intelligent high-grade contented workers are available . . . employees who work well, live well and spend well.

FIFTH, because important raw materials such as coal, iron, wood, nickel, food-stuffs, are either right at hand or can be obtained cheaply.

SIXTH, because New York has unlimited capital available for home industry. This state pays more than one-fourth of all the income and miscellaneous taxes collected by the federal government.

SEVENTH, because the climate is ideal for industry. Employees work at maximum year-round efficiency where the temperature averages about 50 degrees, as in New York State.

Skilled labor is plentiful, happy, productive—with a higher output per worker than almost any state in the union.

If you would like detailed information without a personal follow-up, write for new booklet, "New York, the Great Industrial State." Address Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, Albany, N. Y.

This book interestingly describes the specific industrial advantages of the territory served by Niagara Hudson, which includes among many others the localities listed below:

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AMSTERDAM	E. SYRACUSE	HUDSON	NEW YORK MILLS	SKANEATELES
BALDWINSVILLE	FAIKPORT	HUDSON FALLS	NIAGARA FALLS	SOLVAY
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BATAVIA	FORT EDWARD	JAMESTOWN	OGDENSBURG	TONAWANDA
BOONVILLE	FORT PLAIN	JOHNSTOWN	OLEAN	TROY
BROCKPORT	FRANKFORT	KENMORE	ONEIDA	UTICA
BUFFALO	FREDONIA	LACKAWANNA	OSWEGO	WATERFORD
CANASTOTA	GENESEO	LANCASTER	POTSDAM	WATERTOWN
CANTON	GLENS FALLS	LEROY	PULASKI	WATERVLIET
CARTHAGE	GLOVERSVILLE	LITTLE FALLS	RENSSELAER	WELLSVILLE
COBLESKILL	GOUVERNEUR	LOWVILLE	ROME	WESTFIELD
CORTLAND	GOWANDA	LYONS	ROTTERDAM	WHITEHALL
COHOES	GREEN ISLAND	MALONE	ST. JOHNSVILLE	WHITESBORO
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		SARATOGA SPRINGS		

8400 miles of main line track give New York State quick and economical transportation to any point in the country.

NIAGARA · · · HUDSON
POWER CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 170)

very young. Her small, rounded body made Paul think, somehow, of a bright bird.

"What did papa say?" she asked, as soon as they were alone. "I thought you understood, goose. I meant to warn you."

"Understood what?"

She put her hand and arm through his, where he held the wheel. Her fingers lay spread over the back of his brown hand.

"That I just wanted you to come and see me. I've given up meeting you anywhere, so I thought if you were so businesslike I'd manage that way."

"You mean your father isn't going to get you a car?"

She laughed. She rubbed her cheek against his coat sleeve.

"He might," she said.

Paul was annoyed. "We'll just take this nice new car right back to the showroom and put it on the floor for your father to see it tomorrow," he said. His mouth set firmly, and he added: "Maybe your father doesn't know he's going to buy a car, but he might do it."

"I just adore you when you're stern!"

They took the car back. Frances exclaimed over his showroom.

"I've been dying to come down here, but I didn't have the nerve. How nice everything is! Big boy, I've been crazy to meet you. . . . How black your eyes are tonight. They were gray this afternoon. You aren't mad at me for fooling you, are you?"

Paul had to laugh. She was like a kitten.

"Not mad," he said; "only you'd better not do it again!"

"I want to sit in every car." She went about opening car doors and leaving them open, turning on dome lights and leaving them on, bouncing on seats, asking foolish questions. Walnut was working in the back of the garage. He came up front and greeted them.

"So you got hold of him at last, did you?" he drawled. In a little town it is impossible to have any dignity. Frances pouted.

"Now, you just go back to your old monkey wrenches and let me be, Walnut!"

"That's telling you, Walnut," said Paul. "Did you get that flywheel from the train?"

"I'm about through with the job. He can have it in the morning."

"That's fine. Sure good of you to work on it overtime."

There was unconscious patronage in Paul's tone—a note he had never used before to this competent and touchy mechanic.

Walnut gave him a look.

"Yeah ——" he said, and left. Frances giggled.

"Isn't he funny?" she said. "Don't you find it terrible, associating with him all day? You know, our farms adjoined when I was a little girl—his father's and my father's. We went to school on the same school bus, only he was in high school and I was in the grades."

It occurred to Paul that the people who had long acquaintance with Frances did not seem especially enthusiastic about her, but he dismissed the thought.

"You said we were going to the show," he reminded her. "Let's go. It's time for the second running. I haven't been to the movies for a long time."

He noticed that people were interested in them. But he thought little of it. Frances hung on his arm. In the movies he found her little hand nestled in his own. They walked home under the great trees, Frances clinging to him.

When they reached her house, Paul said, "Good night, Frances."

"Aren't you coming up on the porch a little while?"

"I think I'd better not, it's eleven now."

"Oh, just a little while, Paul, please." She twisted her finger in the buttonhole of his coat and said softly, "Pitty please."

Paul laughed. She was a cute thing, so little and young and big-eyed. He did not know just how to go back on his attitude of the early afternoon. She might think that since he knew her father was not going to buy a car —— He went up on the porch with her. She sat down in the swing and he sat down on the railing. He asked her about her plans for college, and she talked a little, and then said:

"Come and sit by me."

"No, I'm going home."

She walked to the head of the stairs with him, and stood there, leaning against a great pillar in the shadow, her face a vague, sweet blur. Paul's resolutions began to melt.

"Good night, Frances," he said. He stooped and kissed her, and found her in his arms. She stood on tiptoe and her arms were tight around his neck. A moment or two passed in silence, and Paul said softly:

"Your mother wouldn't want us out here. Let me go now, honey."

"Oh, Paul," she whispered, "I'm just mad about you. I've been watching you and thinking of you for weeks, and now to find you here—to be in your arms —— Oh, I'm so thrilled and happy. Kiss me again, Paul. I love you."

"You mustn't say that, Frances." He was, at once, unhappy.

"Why not? It's true. I do love you." She turned her head and pressed her lips to his hand where it rested on her shoulder.

"You're only a baby. You don't know what love is."

"Do you?" she asked him.

"I don't know."

"Tell me you love me, Paul."

Paul laughed softly. He had no intention of telling her that.

"You're a terrible flirt, I'm afraid," he said instead. She drew back and smiled up at him. He saw that she had great confidence in her own powers.

"I know you want me to be happy," she whispered. "You'll come tomorrow night?"

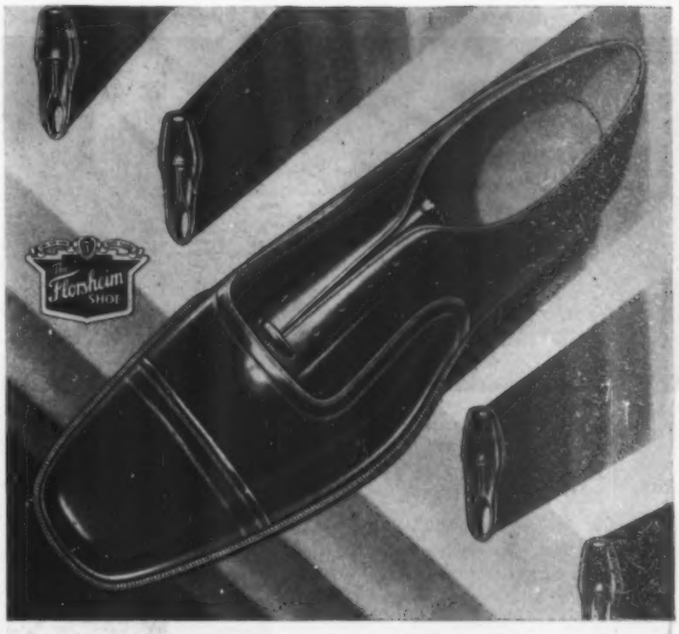
"Why, yes, if you want me to. I thought we might go to the city Saturday night, if you haven't any other date. I'll get cards for the Albion Club, for dancing. We could leave here about five o'clock, and have dinner at seven, and then go to the Albion Club afterward and dance."

"Oh, Paul, how marvelous! I've a stunning new dress, and I'll wear it! Oh, you're so sweet to me!"

Joan didn't come over all day the next day to inquire about his deal. Mr. Gilde came down and seemed slightly interested in the car, but he wanted it for himself and his wife. They could all three ride in it when Frances was home, he said. If Paul would allow him seven hundred dollars on his Spate. This was so far from reasonable that Paul decided trading with Mr. Gilde was likely to be a losing proposition, so he let it drift along. He went over to see Joan in the late afternoon, but she was not there. He took Frances to the show again that night, and, against his own desire, sat with her on the porch a little while when they got home. Alone in his own room, he began to worry. He had certainly overstepped himself with Frances. She was presuming everything, from that first time he had had her out in his car. But he had made the date for Saturday. He had said he would go up there again Thursday night. It wasn't easy to hurt a girl's feelings.

"She'll be gone in a week," he reassured himself. "I haven't stepped out for so long a time, I take myself too seriously."

But there were things that bothered him. He knew that her father and mother thought her absolutely simple and naïve. He felt some responsibility to her mother, with her round decent face and meek brown eyes. Then Frances' persistent protestations of love bothered him. She was determined that he should believe that she was sincerely in love with him, and he didn't believe it. He didn't want to believe it. And she did tell lies. Like the one about her father giving her a car, and two tall ones she had told her mother, right before him, about the time they got in, and where they had been, and that Paul had met her at Joan Fox's house, at a party. She was tricky. But who was he, anyhow, to be



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BY whatever standard you measure the desirability of a shoe . . . be it smartness of style . . . comfort . . . or durability, FLORSHEIM SHOES will win first rank in your appraisal for they always stand supreme in all three. The ROLLS, Style M-387 . . . Most Styles $10

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY, Manufacturers, CHICAGO

Announcing—
The Automatic Garage Door

Opened by your car
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GOING IN OR OUT

HERE'S new convenience...new comfort ...new safety. You do not have to get out of your car to open or close garage door. Weight of car approaching outside or inside operates simple positive mechanism, swiftly and smoothly raising door. When car has safely cleared, the door glides down and is automatically latched.

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DEALERS:
Territory is being allotted. Mechanism and door sold as a unit, or sold separately. Write for detailed illustration, description and full particulars.

CAR OWNERS: Use coupon below or write for full illustration and description of door.

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Send me Automatic Door Folder and letters from users.
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Of course, you'll own a pair or two, but make sure they're the original Imported Deauvilles, built on American lasts to fit correctly. Widths AAA to C.

At leading stores look for the name "Deauville Sandals" stamped on the soles of genuine Deauvilles. For name of nearest dealer write GOLO SLIPPER COMPANY, 129 Duane Street, New York.

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Extra Money!

BUSY? . . . Even so, you can earn your own money nowadays. For—Eleanor Brown, a *busy* schoolgirl (at right), earns as much as $6.00 in one day's spare-time moments.

And Mrs. Craighead, a *busy* homemaker (center), often tucks away $50.00 in a single month, for clothes and luxuries. Would you like to do the same thing?

These are but two of the many women and girls who find that the pleasant Curtis subscription plan puts delightful extra dollars in their purses. You can be as *successful as they are.*

You'll need no special training or experience to follow this dignified work. And you start earning immediately. Find out about the plan this very day by using the coupon above.

Girls everywhere are earning dollars and such attractive prizes as watches, banjo-ukes and cameras by our pleasant subscription plan. Eleanor Brown, whose picture you see here, has earned $6.00—enough for a smart hat—in one day.

Mrs. Craighead, although busy with the care of a home, makes the most of her spare moments. Our "earning" plan brings her $50.00 a month.

crabbing about a pretty girl who was kind enough to waste her time on him?

He went across to the Spate garage the next day to see Joan. He hadn't seen her for two or three days. It seemed to Paul that Cap'n Fox gave him a fishy eye.

"Joan's gone visiting," he said. Paul felt let down. He wanted to talk to Joan. She had so much sense. He couldn't talk to her about Frances, of course, but he missed her. Things were quiet in the salesroom. The farmers were busy and didn't have time to talk. When Frances came in, in the middle of the afternoon, he was glad to see her. She sat by his desk and talked to him, and seemed so sweet and gentle that he was ashamed of himself for his ungracious thoughts. He went home with her for dinner, and enjoyed the meal. He liked her mother more every time he saw her, and sat and talked to her, after dinner, until Frances grew restless and carried him off.

"Leave the city not later than half-past eleven tomorrow night," Mrs. Gilde told him, "because it will take you an hour and a half to get home, and Frances should be in by one. Her father is very strict. You can be back by one, can't you?"

"I promise you," Paul answered.

All day Saturday, Paul watched the Spate garage for a glimpse of Joan. He was definitely lonely for her, and less interested in the approaching evening as the hours went by. The affair with Frances was about over. Why had he made the date anyhow? She was a nice sweet pretty little girl, and he liked her, but not enough to have a date with her every night in the week. But when they were on their way, Paul began to enjoy the evening. Frances had a beautiful dress, and she looked older than seventeen, with black lace and chiffon, and very high-heeled slippers, and her hair done up. He was proud of her, when they had dinner together, and later, when they went to the Albion Club. He met some people he knew, and introduced Frances to everyone. In each man's eyes there was an immediate interest.

"So-o-ome baby. Don't tell me you found her in the sticks!" Paul was pleased at her devotion to him. She had eyes for no one else. But she did not want even to think of starting home at eleven. At 11:30 he threatened to carry her out, and she said, laughing, that she dared him to do it. But she went into the ladies' cloakroom to get ready for the journey home, and he waited twenty minutes for her. At last she came out with another girl, whose escort was a friend of Paul's, and they told him:

"We're going to a Spanish place Jake knows."

"Frances, I promised your mother ——"

"Darling, don't be tiresome. I'm starved. We'll have to eat before we go home."

"Nothing doing," said Paul. "We're going home." But his own friend and the two girls overrode him, and in the end they all went to the Spanish place, and sat at little iron tables around a square of dance floor. The walls were hung with gay embroidered shawls. The waiters wore short black coats, and the members of the orchestra wore white silk shirts and tight black trousers and bright sashes.

"Oh, isn't it wonderful! Just think if we had missed this, Paul! Aren't you glad we came? Let's dance."

When they were away from the others, he said to her, "Listen, Fran; I don't want to keep harping ——"

But she began to sing softly, and Paul felt in her a great willfulness. When they got back to their table, the others told him they were sick and tired of him for being a joykiller. A young man carried Jean off, and Jake danced with Frances. Paul began to feel badgered, but his own stubbornness was rising as he sat alone and looked at his watch and thought of Frances' mother. He looked around the room.

He sat up very straight, electrified into attention. Joan, with a tall dark striking-looking man in a dinner coat, sat at a table not far away. She was turned away from him, but Paul caught his breath at her sheer loveliness as she turned her head to look out on the dance floor and he saw her in profile. He had never seen her like this before. It was his imagination, his emotions, that were stirred now, not only his respect and admiration. He had missed her keenly, and here she was, in an evening dress of soft deep blue, almost violet, like her eyes, in its deepest tone, and shading away to a soft cloud blue in the bodice. Her arms and her throat were bare, and her tall figure was beautiful molded in the dress. Her hair was arranged formally, brushed behind her ears and swirled across the back of her head. She was talking to her companion in a low voice, and smiling up at him.

Paul thought of Hilltown, and wondered if there were any other place like it. It seemed to him a relic of old America. A girl like Joan, so beautiful and poised, who worked every day in her father's business—worked with her hands—and was friendly and kind to all comers. In Hilltown he had found that the pretty blond girl who served him in the restaurant was the owner's daughter, had been a year to college, and lived in a big old house, and went everywhere with the nicest people; that neither Walnut nor Lew would take a tip; that the servant who opened the front door, addressed the guests by their first names and said, "Yes, Cousin Mandy seemed a little better this weather." The standards were strict, but they were different, older, realer.

It wasn't that Paul had ever had any misgivings about Joan. She was, as he had thought before, Joan, and the best that could be found anywhere. And yet, he had never expected to see her like this—so absolutely lovely and desirable. The graciousness with which she spoke to her escort was the same graciousness with which she managed and scolded Walnut and gave Paul excellent advice.

As Paul sat, staring, they rose to dance. A fury rose in him at the way her companion put his arm around her—tenderly, protectingly. Joan looked up at her partner and smiled, then turned and laid her cheek against his coat lapel, and they danced away together in a dreamy silence.

Paul watched them. Was this the cousin who was in love with her? Who was this man? They were old friends, it was evident. He was no boy just out of school, but a person of some consequence. Paul hated him. He feared him. He was a big fellow—bigger than Paul, more mature. His admiration for Joan was patent. But, of course, she had admirers—a girl like her—a wonderful perfect beautiful girl like Joan. And if a man liked her at all, he would only like her one way—forever.

Paul felt a chill, an ache in all his bones, a lump in his throat, and such a fever of jealousy that his look was scarcely seemly as the orchestra finished and Joan and her companion returned to their table. She saw him. He had a feeling that she had seen him before. He rose eagerly, but she was very casual.

"Oh, hello, Blondy," she said.

He started toward her, but she had turned away, and they sat down at their table again. Paul was discomfited. He looked across her shoulder at her companion, and the man gave him a level, warning look and turned away indifferently. Jake and Frances joined him. Frances put her hand on his shoulder.

"Let's dance, honey boy," she said softly.

"We're going home," said Paul, and he meant it. He looked at her coldly. "If you don't come with me now, you can stay," he told her. Frances pouted to cry, and Paul added, more quietly: "We must go, Frances."

"All right, Paul, I'll go." She was very meek. Then she saw Joan and exclaimed, "Why, there's Joan Fox." At once she went across to Joan and greeted her effusively. Joan spoke her name to her escort, and was kind to Frances.

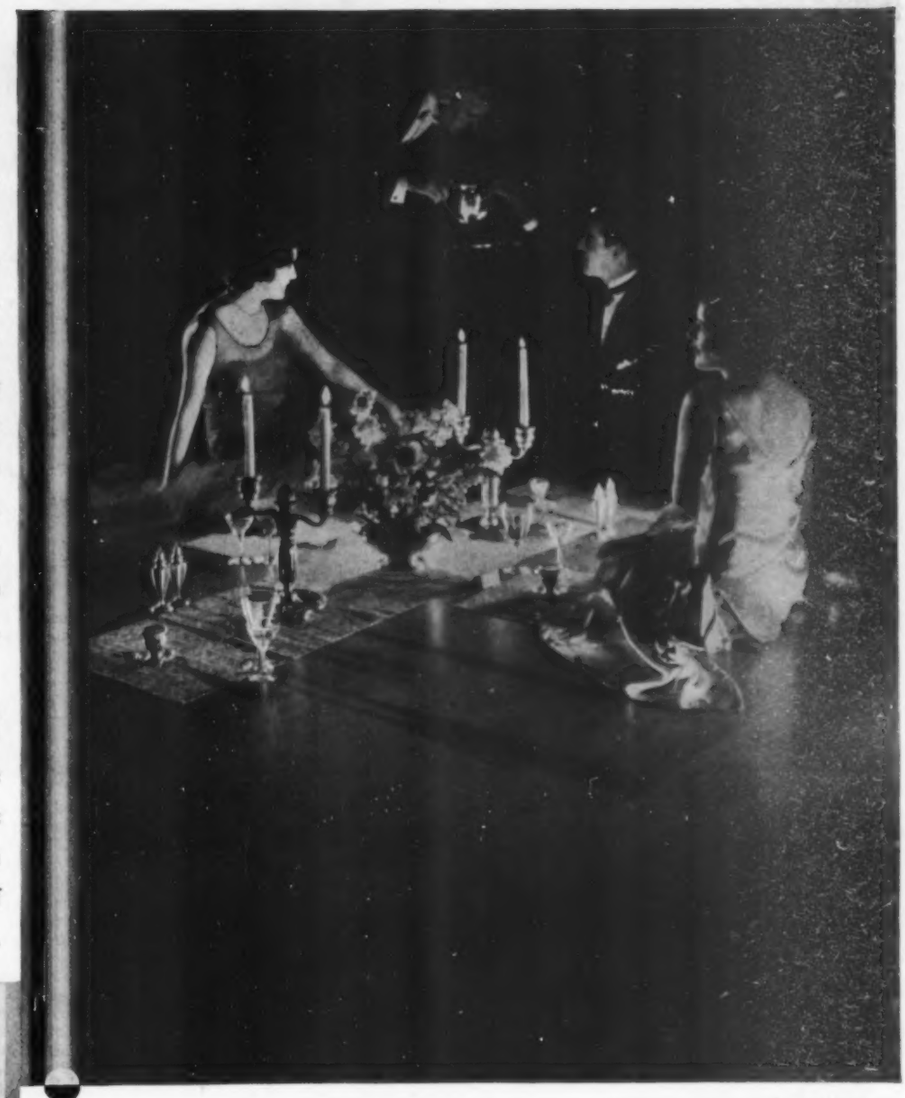
"This is a girl from home—Miss Gilde, Mr. Chester."

The man rose and bowed formally, but he was not interested, although Frances

(Continued on Page 177)

If you served dinner on the FLOOR

that floor would be waxed



• Because instantly you would realize the mortifying truth about floors • To scrub them every day is impossible. No one could do it and keep house. Moreover it would ruin the floor • An oil mop leaves a sticky floor. Dirt and dust sink in. Stick. Become embedded. Eventually the whole floor is coated with a dark, lusterless film • But if your floor is waxed, it is clean! Radiantly clean and sanitary. Clean and dry as a china plate. Clean enough to eat on! Whisk—and the dust is gone. • Linoleum sparkles. Wood floors glisten, glow, gleam with a thousand reflections. Everlastingly safe from scars, stains, rings—ground-in dirt! • And how easy it is—with the polisher. See simple directions below and let us send you a 25c can of Johnson's Wax free to start.

This floor equipment • modern

cleans and polishes floors for you. The Johnson electric polisher (guaranteed) may be rented for $2 a day. Just telephone your nearby dealer to deliver it • If later you decide to own one, the price is $29.50, which includes a half gallon ($2.40) of Liquid Wax and a $1.50 Lamb's Wool Mop.

To wax polish and clean floors

❶ Where floor is soiled, apply Johnson's Liquid Wax freely as a cleaner. ❷ Wipe up all liquid solution with clean rags. All embedded dirt, now dissolved, comes with it. ❸ Apply thin coat of wax (paste or liquid) over entire floor and when dry, burnish with electric polisher to clear, radiant lustre.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. SP3, Racine, Wis. Gentlemen: Please send free 25c can (not a sample) of Johnson's Wax Polish ☐ liquid ☐ paste (check one) and illustrated booklet on the new care of floors and furniture.

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. . . *from troubles caused or aggravated by harsh toilet tissue*

ONE of the least "talked about" of all human illnesses, yet one of the most prevalent, is rectal trouble.

A prominent New York hospital surgeon estimates that between ten and twenty million people in the United States are suffering from ailments of this nature.

An astonishing statement. But not so surprising when you consider the careless attitude of most people toward the quality of toilet tissue used in their homes.

Today, however, women are beginning to realize the importance of bathroom tissue from the health standpoint. To assure absolute protection, careful housewives are insisting upon the tissues that physicians and hospitals have thoroughly approved—ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf.

These three health-protecting tissues are made from specially processed fibres—"thirsty fibres." Crumple a sheet in your hand. Feel its unusual softness . . . its linen-like texture.

Treat a sheet of ordinary tissue this same way. You can actually feel its cutting edges—frequently sharp enough to cause a seriously inflamed condition.

Thirsty fibres are extremely absorbent—yet tough and strong. Without this absorbent quality, thorough hygiene is impossible.

Scott Tissues are always chemically safe—neither acid nor alkaline in reaction.

Why take chances . . . when it costs no more to buy these fine quality toilet tissues. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

SURGEONS who specialize in troubles of this nature say that at least 15 painful diseases can be caused or aggravated by improper tissue. Adults are especially susceptible, though even among young people and children these troubles are common.

Scott Tissues

Prices for U. S. only
They fit the built-in fixtures

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NOTE: ScotTissue and Waldorf are the two largest selling brands in the world. Sani-Tissue is the new popular priced white toilet tissue embodying the famous *thirsty fibre* qualities.

(Continued from Page 174)

sparkled for him. Paul was forced to bring Frances her wrap and stand behind her. Joan gave him a friendly look, but it was bare of all intimacy.

"No," she said to Frances, "I'm staying up here tonight. The music is good, don't you think?"

"Oh, we've had the most gorgeous time, but bad old Paul promised mamma he'd bring me home, and he doesn't want to displease her." Frances laughed softly and looked up at Paul with possessive warmth. She turned back to Joan.

"Won't you be back home before I go away?"

"I think not." Paul looked at Joan with pleading; his heart was in his eyes, but she did not seem to see it.

She said in her low voice, "Good night, then; both of you."

Frances linked her arm in Paul's and they went out. He got the car from the storage garage, and they started home at the time they had promised to be there. But Paul wasn't thinking of that. He was thinking of Joan. He knew now what it was that had been shining in her eyes and trembling in her voice these last few weeks—knew because it was gone. She had told him once what she thought of friendship—that it was instinctive, and either grew and deepened, or faded away because it had no natural roots. Her eyes were indifferent now. And there were others willing to fight for her friendship ——

Frances snuggled up to him, but his arm was hard as a stone, his elbow unfriendly. They had a flat tire on the way, and it was after three when they finally reached Hilltown. The lower floor at Gilde's was ablaze with lights.

"Papa's up," Frances whispered. "Come in with me. I'm scared."

He followed her into the big door. He wanted to explain things to her mother. Mrs. Gilde was standing in the doorway that led to the living room. Her eyes were dark, her face lined with anxiety. But Paul gave her only one comprehensive glance, for Frances' father confronted them, and he demanded attention. Paul found himself staring into a very ugly face and felt Frances cowering against him.

He had never before confronted this kind of anger. Rage it was—almost uncontrollable. The fat smooth face was congested and mottled with it. Frances' father stood looking at Paul, his huge hands clenched, and there was everything in his look—threat and accusation, and something terrible and pitiful—uncertainty. Frances began to tremble.

She leaned against Paul, and he could feel her whole body shaking. A dart of pain went through the young man, and a winged hope that he would never have to know the kind of rage and fear that possessed Frances' father.

"We had a flat tire," began Paul steadily, and the older man made a savage sound of contempt, and then Frances cried in a high, thin child's voice:

"Honest we did, papa! We had a flat tire, north of Stone City. And anyhow, papa, you shouldn't be mad at us. Paul and I are engaged. Aren't we, Paul? I'm not going away to college. We got engaged tonight. . . . We didn't notice the time, dancing and talking. Did we, Paul?"

Her small hot hands clung to him in absolute terror. Paul felt that it was not beyond her father's present mood to throw the young man out and whip his daughter. Paul looked down at her in pity. She was such a little thing, and so scared. The father stood in scornful silence. But Paul looked up and caught the mother's eyes. They were on him, her lips parted a little, a hope in them. Her thin lips trembled. What could he do? He could not let these two women down.

"I'm sure, sir," he said, "you have no cause to be indignant. We did forget the time, and then, we did have a flat tire, but there is nothing to play the heavy parent about. I'm going home now, and I'll come back tomorrow, and we'll talk this over."

"What Frances says is true, then?"

"Yes, sir."

Frances darted past her father to her mother, on the wings of his avowal, and Paul went out into the night. He was at once furious. He drove his car to the garage and put it away and, in increasing dismay and indignation, he went to his own room. He got undressed and into bed, but could not sleep. What a mess! How had he got into it? Frances wasn't the woman he wanted to marry. He wasn't serious about her—never had been. She knew he wasn't in love with her!

But did she know it? Maybe she took it for granted that he felt as she did. He had given her the right to think it, that first day! No use being sore at her. She was a poor little kitten of a girl, and her father was like a big bulldog. What a way to bring a girl up—let her go, and let her go, and let her do as she liked, and give her all kinds of privileges, and then suddenly come down on her in that ugly, accusing way! It wasn't the first time she had felt her father's wrath. No wonder she was deceitful!

But all that slipped away from him as he contemplated Joan. She would hear, tomorrow, probably, that he was going to marry Frances. He saw now that he had exposed himself to the town's conjectures and comment. After not going with any girl at all, he had been with Frances afternoon and evening, day after day. And everyone in Hilltown was interested. In the city he could have had dates with her for a year, and no one would have cared. But Hilltown was not the city. A kind of panic laid hold on him. Was he actually committed? What would Joan think of him now? Sitting in the movies, holding Frances' hand, sitting on the porch—probably everyone knew that too. Joan would not think much about it; it would be negligible to her. In her mind he was classed with Frances—someone light and unimportant. Someone who didn't matter—trifling.

Paul sat up on the side of the bed and hunted for a cigarette in his trousers, folded on the chair beside the bed. He resolved that he not only wouldn't marry Frances, he wouldn't even be engaged to her. He hadn't done a thing in the world that obligated him. It was ridiculous. If a man couldn't take a girl to dinner and a dance without being asked to declare his intentions—in this day and age!

He wouldn't have it, that was all. He would tell Frances flatly that there was no engagement.

But one thing rose in his mind to confront him. And that was that moment of happiness he had had with Frances when first he had kissed her. It had been more than liking. And all the rest was only inevitable. In that moment he had put a barrier between himself and Joan as real as though his engagement to Frances were genuine. It was entirely incomprehensible to him that he had let this whole summer go by without knowing that the one important thing in the world for him to do was to bind Joan to him with every kind of pledge and promise and declaration that can be made between a man and a girl. Joan would not be jealous, nor would she be hurt. Their relationship had simply altered. She had let him see that. It seemed to him that it would not have been so hard to face if he had been alienated from her by a real smash-bang love affair, or a disaster, rather than by a thing so slight and common.

But he set great store by his promises. He had broken one to Mrs. Gilde. Now he had another to break. The thought of Frances' mother was a hard one. He had his choice of two courses. Either he could hurt these two women, or he could go ahead and be engaged. Either course barred him from Joan.

By the time the fall morning showed gray and rainy against the window, he was contemplating flight, anonymous letters, a broken leg, a wife in Chicago, and he went to sleep in confusion, which brought with it agitating dreams.

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Although it was Sunday, he went to the showroom at the regular time. He found Walnut in the shop.

"Thought I'd come down and finish up this job before I leave."

"You're leaving me?"

"Um-hum."

"Why? Don't I pay you enough?"

"Sure do. But I don't like your high hat."

"Mine?"

"Yeah, you can't talk down to me, mister. Not to impress Frances Gilde. I'm just as good as you are, any day, or as she is either."

"You're off your base, Walnut," said Paul wearily. It didn't seem to register. Walnut had quit before. Paul said at last, slowly, "You're the only one I can talk to in this town. Walnut, I'm in an awful hole. I don't know what to do."

"Spill it, Blondy. What's eating you? That kid got you into trouble?"

"I'm engaged to her," said Paul. Walnut whistled. Paul told him a little of what had happened. Not exactly. It was too unkind.

"And you don't crave her?"

"I do not."

"It's Joan you're wanting, ain't it?"

"You know?"

"Boy, I've been seeing it all summer. We all seen it. Didn't see how you could put up with Frances. She's so darn spoiled. I've known her since she was a baby. You see, Blondy, she don't know it—not many do—but she's not their kid. Gildes adopted her when she was a little thing. Got her from an orphans' home. They must have been forty or more when they took her. We knew about it, because we were close neighbors. She passes for their own, however. They're foolish over her, but they never did have any sense—always punished her at the wrong time, when she hadn't done a thing. She's a purty little thing, but they've never been sure of her, like Cap'n can be sure of Joan. If you came in at three in the morning with Joan, whatever she told her father would go. He knows her, see? But they don't know Frances."

"Good grief! You're only making it worse!"

"You've got to get out of it, Blondy."

"How can I? Think of her folks!"

"I ain't thinking of them, Blondy. I'm thinking of Joan. She sat back of you and Fran in the show. I seen her eyes. Listen, let me fix it for you."

"How can you?"

"I'll tell them you're crooked!"

"Nothing doing. It's bad enough now."

They sat in deep thought, one on a keg, the other on a running board, their young faces heavy with gloom, Walnut's departure forgotten.

"There's just a chance I might make her," offered Walnut. "I know her. Blondy, I ain't knocking any girl, but that one's had affairs with every fellow in town. It's out of love and into it again with Frances quicker'n she can say scat. Her folks always liked me. Suppose I cut you out?"

"And then ditch her? I'm thinking how helpful you are."

"I wouldn't want to go far enough to get married to anybody. Why don't you put it up to her straight? Tell her you love Joan. Appeal to her! If that don't work, lay the law down!"

"What about her mother?"

"Say, you're not marrying her mother. Better think of Joan."

Paul groaned. "I am," he said. "Nothing else. But Joan would think of Mrs. Gilde."

The telephone rang. Paul went slowly to answer it.

He thought it would be Frances, and it was. Her sweet, gushing voice left him cold. But he spoke to her politely:

"What is it, Frances?"

"I've got to see you, Paul. Not here. Where can I see you?"

"I'm here at the showroom. Walnut's here, if you want to come down. Or I can meet you somewhere else."

"No, I'll come there."

She arrived in a few moments, driving her father's Spate. She came into the office and sat down on his desk. Paul stood before her. They did not look like a newly engaged couple.

"Paul, about last night ——" she said, and then stopped. He could not help her. "Paul," she said, "do you love me?"

He could not say a word. He was very unhappy, and at the moment he wished he could answer her, but his lips were locked.

"If you only could," she whispered, and then, more clearly: "But, of course, you don't have to stand by what I said last night. I was in a funk; I didn't think. I'm going away to school tomorrow. I told my parents at breakfast that I would like to go and find out whether I really cared for you or not. I told them a little separation would make me feel more sure—that you had rushed me into it. I told them I didn't want anyone to know. And, of course, after I'm over there I'll meet someone else ——"

"Frances, I'm sorry. You're sweet—a darling! But I ——"

"Nothing to be sorry about." But the heart-shaped face was pinched. She smiled at Paul with quivering lips.

"You don't think I really cared, but I did," she said. "Only I know I'll get over it. Not easy this time, maybe, but I've got over it before. I'll be wild about someone else, and I'll rush him, and I'll be too easy, and he'll like me, and then he'll begin to wonder about me and think he's being trapped. And we'll get engaged, and he'll start at once to get out of it, and I'll find my pride at last, and let him go, thinking I'm common."

She looked at him, and Paul wanted to put his hand over those big black eyes that told so much. But she cut off his protest:

"That's happened to me four times. Just about once each year, since I was fifteen. I'll be twenty next month. That was a lie, too, about being seventeen—a silly lie. Joan and I started school together, only she's been away a year; she left me behind in the fourth grade."

She stood up and pulled her hat down about her face and said, looking at her little slippers:

"I'm not the right kind of girl for this day and age. My—technic—is out of date. That's the way girls used to get their men. But now, men are wise. They expect girls to be straight with them, even if the girls are hard-boiled and cynical. A man wants to know where he's at. He wants—oh, even the bad girls are different now. I don't belong. Thirty or forty years ago I would have been married at fifteen, and tricked and deceived my husband always. Wheedled him. I've just got enough sense to understand it, but not enough to do anything about it."

Her lips twisted. She ran suddenly out of the garage and jumped into the car and drove away before he could move. Paul found his eyes wet, and he wiped them on the back of his hand and sighed. The poor kid—the poor, crazy kid! He felt that he ought to go after her and tell her it was all right, that he loved her, worshiped her. But his feet were nailed to the ground.

His gaze rested somberly on the blue coupé. No one wanted it. He had sold six new cars since it had become outmoded, and he had sold six or seven trade-ins. But he could not sell the blue coupé!

Walnut came up, and Paul told him Frances had decided to go back to school and didn't want to get married. They avoided each other's eyes. Paul went home and got into old clothes and struck up north through the woods above town, walked across country to the forest preserve, and walked fourteen miles to the state-park hotel. He had a late dinner there and came back by the old road. The walk had done him good. He felt older, steadier. All his humiliation and distress about Frances had melted away into a tenderness and pity for all women.

But he was deeply concerned, however, about Joan. He knew, now, that he loved

(Continued on Page 160)

This cake quickly made on top the range in the Super Maid Double Fry Pan is superior to the oven variety. Economizes in fuel, reduces heat in kitchen

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● FREE This dinner won't cost you a penny. Simply invite your friends to come—five or six couples, or more if you wish. Have them on bridge night, and play cards afterward. We furnish all the food, cook it, serve it, and leave your kitchen as spick and span as we found it.

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(Continued from Page 178)

her with all of his heart. He felt that he had lost his chance with her. Not that she would be severe or hasty in her judgments, but only that she would, at best, be hard to win, and he had been close to her, and now was far away again. It would go hard with him if he failed to win her love. But there was the tormenting memory of the tall, grave man with whom she had been so happy and so at ease.

As he came over the bridge, he saw, low in the sky, the young moon, and near it a great star. It made him think of Joan—lovely and inaccessible. The evening star—and Joan!

"God, don't let her love anybody else. Give her back to me," he prayed.

GENIUS BACKSTAGE

(Continued from Page 39)

without previous warning, a cable which read: 'What do you think of seventy to seventy-five concerts next winter in America?' Within ten minutes my answer was on the wire. It read, 'Tour all booked,' which was only slightly anticipatory of the truth, since virtually all dates were closed three days after the receipt of that message. That is the way he likes his business done. It is relatively easy, because every manager wants him, and adores him into the bargain, since there is no artist more reasonable, reliable and considerate of the local manager's interests. Once, when a blizzard depleted a hall, he insisted on personally examining the manager's balance sheet to be sure he was telling the truth when he said that he had made money."

Shall we speak, to meet that human curiosity which stirs in all breasts in these degenerate days, of the practical financial results of this combined effectiveness and idealism, and the proof which secondary minds apparently find it impossible to grasp—that principle and material reward can go hand in hand? Very well. The minimum fee received by Paderewski is five thousand dollars a concert, and the maximum, with halls which accommodate more thousands than a Carnegie Hall in New York or a Symphony Hall in Boston can, has reached nearly double that sum, and the receipts of two of Paderewski's recent tours were more than a million dollars each. Of far more significance is the fact that the drain which the war made on his fortunes, leaving him once more in dire financial need and obliging him to raise large sums of money, has been met, and the man is once more the master of circumstance.

A man of genius. But what is this "genius" anyhow? Is it merely a heightening of ordinary human faculties or a special miracle of birth? Let us hear the opinion of Josef Hofmann, a man of genius himself, who made his American debut at the age of ten, playing a Beethoven concerto with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and improvising upon themes furnished by members of his audience.

Piano Practice on the Train

Hofmann is quite the opposite of Paderewski in method and mentality, practicing comparatively little. He terms genius an accident of heredity. According to him a long line of musical forbears does not necessarily connote a genius or even a musician. The genius is a chance combination. Two parents, neither of them exceptional, produce a descendant who is exceptional. "Suppose," said Hofmann, "that I have in my laboratory two glasses filled with clear, transparent liquids. Side by side the liquids are static. I pour one into the other and there is an explosion. Such is the hereditary origin of genius."

I asked Hofmann, in turn, how much he practiced. "For the newspapers," he said, "if you like, eight hours a day. As a matter of fact that's a considerable exaggeration. Technic isn't a matter of practice. It is a question of mental vision. For instance, I have in my shop a mechanic." (Hofmann spends much time upon his experiments and inventions, one of the most important of which is his shock absorber for automobiles.) "This man has had no technical schooling. He cannot understand charts and measurements. Therefore, when I want something of him I do not describe or give measurements, but show him what I want. I say, 'You see? I want you to make a piece which does thus and so, and fits in there.' As soon as this man has a clear understanding of what is needed he makes it, as he never could do with a set of calculations before him. It is the same with technic. Those who cannot acquire it have not the clear mental vision." And Hofmann exemplified this remark one day when he was riding in a train with Theodore Steinway. The pianist remarked casually that his winter tour commenced the next day in Philadelphia, that he had on his program a group of pieces he had not played in twelve years.

Steinway said, "I suppose you've given them special practice." No, said Hofmann, he hadn't. Steinway was apprehensive. There was a long silence. The train whirled on. Cities and towns flashed by. Hofmann's head had sunk a little on his chest. Steinway said, "Sleepy, Josef?"

"No," replied Josef, "I'm practicing." He was.

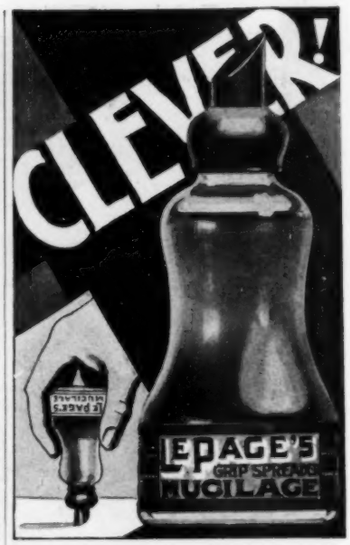
Young Hopeful and Sir Critic

But once in a while genius does arrive, young, unburdened, clear-eyed—genius which Edgar Lee Masters defined as wisdom and youth. One of its functions would appear to be the upsetting of critics who have been writing for years proving that this is not possible. Thus, the New York concert of Yehudi Menuhin, ten years of age, when, on the twenty-fifth of November, 1927, he played the Beethoven violin concerto with the New York Symphony Orchestra, and woke famous. That was an astonishingly beautiful performance, given by a child in knee breeches before a partially filled hall. The rest was done by the newspapers, and when Menuhin gave a recital two weeks later, the hall was oversold days in advance and individuals tried to crash in via the cellar and fire escapes.

Now, there was—there is—a critic who hereby testifies that he rates the average child phenomenon, who is often a neurotic and unhealthy product of overtraining, a little lower than he estimates trick seals, performing dogs or other denizens of the animal kingdom designed to amuse but not instruct mankind. It may be added that this point of view has its profound justifications; that it holds true in the majority of cases, notwithstanding the histories of such men as Hofmann, Kreisler, Jascha Heifetz and Mischa Elman. And here, it seemed, was another infant phenomenon, about to butcher the Beethoven concerto. Well, he should get his medicine, as also the management of an orchestra capable of stooping to such cheap and meretricious antics to fill a hall.

Then it happened.

For the critic, that was a trying evening. To put him in a specially inflammable mood, the orchestra began with an atrocious and endless new German symphony. Finally Young Hopeful appeared, with a violin too small for a person of growth and too large for him to tune successfully. He handed his instrument to the concert master for this important adjustment. The conductor lifted his baton. The plump infant poised his bow, and the music reviewer wondered if he had gone crazy. Every sound precept which he had fought for and defended was being contradicted and knocked about his ears. The music was not only being performed; it was being



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interpreted with a true and instinctive feeling and a Mozartian radiance of color. Nevertheless, there were logical reservations, and "That's the first movement," said Sir Critic to himself. "It's the next movement that will tell the story." There could be no tricks there, no technical stunts, nothing but the glorious cantilena of Beethoven as he plumbs the depths and soars to the skies. Well, the plain truth is that the second movement was better than the first. What was there to say? To cap the business, the last part of the concerto, which is not the greatest of the three, was played so delightfully, with such admirable finish, taste and spontaneity, that it would have been exceptional at the hands of any virtuoso, however gifted or mature. And now it was time for the critic to give *his* performance—one which had not been rehearsed and which dealt with an event which lay outside his experience.

The first version of the review, written, or attemptedly written, in an impersonal and analytic vein, read coldly, inadequately. It gave no impression of what had actually happened—or had it happened? The critic wasn't quite sure. Rewritten in a tone of dangerous enthusiasm, the account seemed extravagant, exaggerated. Well, there wasn't time left to experiment. The presses were roaring down below when the review was handed to the desk in a mood of misgiving that increased rather than diminished when its writer opened the paper next morning and saw what had come out of him. "If anyone had ever thought I had any sense," he reflected uneasily, "they won't think so after they read this. Why didn't I keep one foot on the ground?" But he had written the truth as well as he was able, and a new genius had come to town.

This particular case is, indeed, one of phenomenal growth and mentality. Menuhin plays a whacking game of chess, is expert at mathematics, reads much and well, speaks several languages, is genuinely taken by literature about philosophy or science, but is neither a prig nor an infant dictionary. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding sensational successes in Europe last season which more than corroborated the New York verdict, it will be well if Master Menuhin is held carefully in tether for a few seasons to come. His performance of the Tschaikovsky concerto last winter with the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra proved this to be the case.

Caruso Sets His Price

Can a singer be a genius? Von Bülow, who made the famous remark that a tenor was not a voice, but a disease, would have said certainly not. The average singer is a windpipe fashioned by God who does not have to learn to be a musician anyway, since he has in his throat the most eloquent, the most irresistible of all instruments. Nothing is more fantastic, more like a comic opera, than the characters and careers of most of these song birds. Yet it is a comfort to realize that ultimately the intelligent and conscientious win even in opera land. Of this the late Enrico Caruso was a shining example. Unwise press agentry made him a somewhat simple and eccentric being of childish and epicurean tastes, who had rather vulgar adventures, and in general lived the unreasoning, exotic and sensational life of his kind. Caruso, as a matter of fact, was a singularly sincere and thoughtful artist, afflicted with a conscience which grew upon him like a disease as the years passed by. At the Metropolitan Opera House, where he reigned for so many years, it became the custom, with each renewal of his contract, to leave a blank space for him to fill with what figure of salary he desired. He could have named almost any sum within the financial capacities of a very wealthy establishment and received it without a murmur. But the figure he wrote was always the same—twenty-five hundred dollars a performance. He was repeatedly urged to increase the amount. He always refused. "I have sung the very best I can sing for what you have paid me. I could not in justice ask you a penny more." This thing was unheard of, so far as the writer's knowledge goes, in the history of operadom. But it happened.

The sense of responsibility, as it should, weighed very heavily on the shoulders of this great artist. Singers with a fiftieth part of his importance have lorded and strutted their hour. Caruso might have been his own understudy, for all the pretensions he ever made. The night that he had to sing he was at the Opera House punctually at 6:30. He might have nothing but the second part of a double bill, such as Canio in Pagliacci, when he was not due on the stage till 9:30. It did not matter. The most insignificant member of the company was not more prompt than he. Again, by way of being the glorious exception to the tenor's common rule, he studied immensely and all the time. He studied everyone's part as well as his own, in every opera he undertook. He had voluminous notebooks in which he had written on a single stave the notes of his own part, and cued in, when the passage involved other singers, their entrances and the most careful and precise notes about the action. "Here she advances; and I raise the knife," and similarly.

The Chopinzee

His preparations for his performances were in their way as exact as Paderewski's. If he was to undertake a big and tragic part he slept a long time, holding that this long rest for some reason made the voice deeper and darker. For a lighter rôle, such as that of Nemorino in Elisir d'Amore, he sang scales very lightly, and, on the day of the performance, never raised his speaking voice above a whisper. He liked companionship and had some trusted friends. They had to be people who understood him and divined his wishes. His whispering sometimes caused his companion to whisper, as one will lower or raise the voice in sympathy to another's sound. This would make him impatient. The advent of prohibition made him very apprehensive, since his invariable preparation for a performance was going for some hours without food, gargling with bicarbonate of soda, then taking one spoonful of brandy just before he went on the stage. When prohibition came he was very anxious about the supply of brandy, but his physician was able to assure him that he would have as much brandy as he needed, and could carry it in a flask if he liked, and no deputy marshal would interfere.

How must life appear in the later years to a Hofmann, a Heifetz or a Rachmaninoff? Do they not conclude that, in exchange for what they have paid, their moment of success is only one of life's little ironies? For the courage of Paderewski's answer is rare anywhere and in any phase of existence. I have often wondered exactly what was at the bottom of the soul of that strange little man with the profile of some wise and cynical old abbé of the eighteenth century—Vladimir de Pachmann. There he sat, at his piano, spinning marvels of tone as delicate, as ordered, as logical and capricious in apparent freedom as the web of the spider that sways in the wind; making a fool of himself and his audience, creating beauty, rapturously and audibly praising his own performances. James Huneker gave him the name that stuck—the Chopinzee. Chopin was, is, and will be till he dies, his specialty.

But surely, incontestably, there is method in his madness. Method, say the cynical, or those justly critical of the wanton manner in which De Pachmann, when he feels that way, will distort a composer's music as he will his own features—method for the box office. Method which fills the hall with people who know nothing of music, but want to watch his antics. A method which, perhaps, started as affectation and became a habit. One doesn't know. One does know that after winning the gold medal at the Vienna Conservatory, as a young man of twenty-one, he announced himself to be entirely dissatisfied with his work, and retired for eight years from the public gaze to

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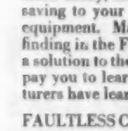

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perfect his style, and that a little later he retired for two more years, with the same statement and the same purpose. And they say that when De Pachmann behaves he does not seem spontaneous in interpretation, and that he has done some of his most wonderful things when his conduct has been most outrageous. Is it that the whole business seems to him an immense joke? Or has he become only an incorrigible mountebank?

This, anyhow, is evident—that a physically small and helpless man, who loves good food, precious jewels and Chopin, has reckoned most cunningly with the lack of strength so necessary for piano playing in the grand manner, and has deliberately turned topsy-turvy every principle of modern virtuosity and interpretation. Others storm the heavens—or did in the period when De Pachmann grew up. They stun an audience with a crashing fortissimo. De Pachmann plays in a whisper. They pile Ossa on Pelion. He talks of buttercups, and his laughter is that of a little, mocking demon, as his arrogance and caricature on the platform are those of the man secretly conscious of his superiority over the mob to which he makes ironical obeisance. He showed that the end of the Chopin G minor ballade, that passage of wild majesty and terror, could be as dramatic when played almost inaudibly as when the music went crashing down the keyboard like an elephant in flight through a jungle.

But, certainly, he conceived and developed his own style, and, as certainly, he would have commanded attention in high circles without his tricks, for the poetic beauty and unconventionality of his art. Now he is in Rome, or at least makes that city his headquarters, and says that he will not come again to America. He is far from young. Probably it is true that his memory is failing him—which is a tragedy, if only because of the fact that the younger generation can never hear him play the Chopin F minor concerto. Some say that no one else plays so well as he this music of Chopin's impressionable youth—the music that the composer dreamed and poured forth as token of his love for Constantia Gladowska. This humble commentator, if he is to be perfectly honest in the matter, must amend that estimate by saying that no one else plays it. If that is a euphemism, it is one intended to convey the truth of the matter. De Pachmann has fulfilled his years of more than three score and ten. Playing last year in Vienna, he stopped in the middle of a work, got up with that air of engaging frankness, and said, "You must excuse me. It's a very long piece, and I am a little"—tapping his head—"tired."

De Pachmann's Sense of Humor

Tired! Alas the years! Are we getting old ourselves, with the obstinate conviction that none of the new artists can equal those who communicated the sense of miracle to our youth? But certainly there is only one De Pachmann. There was the occasion when he played that same F minor concerto with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. For the grave and reverend signors of that august organization his conduct was the last straw, and he was never given a return engagement. Of course, he knew the concerto so well that he could have played it in his sleep. But no! He must have his music before him; also a page turner. The page turner was his secretary, and De Pachmann, trotting happily on the stage, placed the music on the piano rack upside down, peering at it, as he played, with the utmost earnestness, while the secretary, from time to time, at his nod, turned the pages, and De Pachmann cried, "Bravo, De Pachmann! *Schön!* There's no one can do it like you! No one! Marvelous! Oh! Unique De Pachmann." Wilhelm Gericke conducted the orchestra. He was a highly conservative German, a martinet and born drillmaster, an apostle of righteousness. The performance over, there were salvos of applause. It is concert etiquette on such occasions for the solo pianist to bow, first to the audience; then, turning, to conductor and orchestra. It is etiquette for the conductor to return the bow. But there may have been that in the eye of Wilhelm Gericke, as the Chopinzee turned to exchange salutations with him, which convinced him that Gericke would stare over his head and would not return his salutation. De Pachmann turned, not half but three-quarters around, from Gericke to the instrument upon which he had just performed. He bowed low, very solemnly, very reverently, three times—to the piano!

He told me of a recital he gave at the Singakademie at Berlin. The truth of a part of the story I ascertained later from his American manager, who was present on the occasion. It should be explained that the stage at the Berlin Singakademie is reached by a short set of stairs which ascends from the floor to the platform. When De Pachmann ascended these stairs he did so holding before him in a ritualistic manner a pair of socks! So much can be vouched for on the word of eyewitnesses. Then, "I made them a speech," said De Pachmann, referring to the audience, "and I told them those socks were sacred to me, because they were a pair that George Sand knitted for Chopin. The next day a critic called upon me. He wished to see those socks, and when I handed them to him he kissed them. But wasn't it funny!" He giggled. "Those weren't Chopin's socks at all! They were my socks! I fooled him!" His snicker was worth a journey.

Truth That Hurt

The first time we met was at De Pachmann's apartment. He played. Before he played he insisted that he must don "Chopin's *paletot*." This *paletot*, when he had fetched it, proved to be a frightful old, dirty gray coat, hanging in ribbons from the lower hem, torn in the seams, with some fantastic kind of stuffing—cotton or what?—protruding dirtily from between layers of cloth. Truly a fearsome sight. De Pachmann being small, the fringes of the *paletot* of Chopin dragged along the floor, gathering more dirt as he moved. Add to this the odd little bows and grimaces and smirks, the quick and dexterous movements of his hands and his head, which he would cock on one side like a little bad bird. He played much and well. The manager left to catch a train. Others left. De Pachmann grew confidential:

"This *paletot*, for instance. It may not be Chopin's *paletot*. I don't say positively, you understand. For the public, for the newspapers—yes. Between ourselves, one can't tell. One can't be positive that it's Chopin's *paletot*."

Being human, he does not always play so beautifully by any means, and when publicly apprised of that fact on a certain occasion, took it none too amiably. But this I did not realize till long after. In Boston, in the season of 1922–23, he gave three concerts. One had occasion to praise warmly the first of these events. Two days later De Pachmann, in an expansive mood, made a friendly visit. It was a joyous occasion. He was playful as a kitten, except when, toward evening, a dog bayed, and he paled, glancing around in the corners, fearing, as he said, that this portended his death on an early occasion. He gave his second concert. It wasn't so good, and of course this, too, was duly recorded in public print.

A year passed. De Pachmann was finishing another tour. The reviewer he had visited and who had reviewed his performances in Boston was in New York, when one day the pianist's manager called up on the telephone. "Say, the old man"—meaning De Pachmann—"is going to play the Chopin F minor concerto at Springfield. You said you were going to Boston. Why don't you stop off with me at Springfield and hear him?" A good idea. The season was over. De Pachmann might never give his incomparable performance of the F minor concerto in America again.

(Continued on Page 184)

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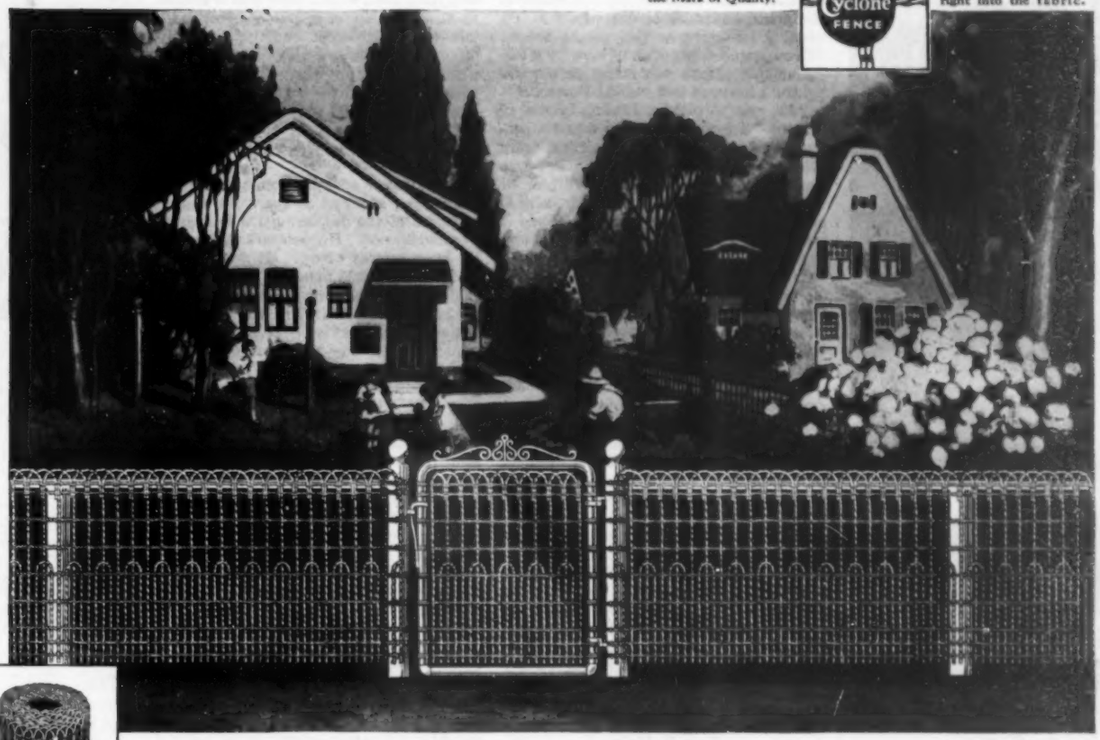

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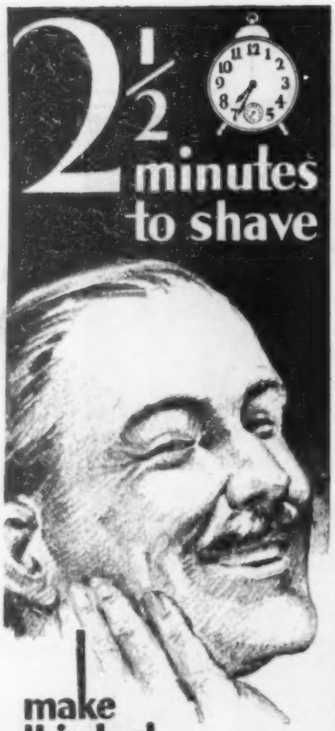

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(Continued from Page 182)

And it didn't have to be written about. So off and away for the Chopin concerto.

It was made known that De Pachmann expected us at dinner. We rang. He opened the door almost immediately and stared in the puzzled manner of one who wonders whether he ever saw this person before. "Good evening, *maestro*. Have you forgotten me? Have you forgotten our delightful afternoon last year in Boston?"

"Ah, yes"—with a hissing intake of breath—"I remember." He was not precisely contented, and it became increasingly evident that something was wrong. He was moody, irritable, *distrait*. He drummed on the table, he regarded the ceiling, he cried out angrily for dinner. When it was brought he sat down at the piano and kept five people waiting one hour and a quarter under pretext of expounding a new method. Everybody was aching with hunger. Everybody was trying to be interested and civil. The waiter was also waiting, in the manner of one who belonged to a union which regarded time as money.

At last the illustration of the new method, with numerous asides, was over, and all sat down. It appeared, however, that nothing was right, nothing pleased him. He would not stop talking. He disparaged the food and the service, and finally the waiter, at whom, in a perfect frenzy of annoyance, De Pachmann shouted angrily, denominating him, among other things, as a "schwarzes Schwein." The waiter began to look ugly. He may not have understood German, but he "got it," as they say, and his eyes rolled in a way that suggested a Zulu assagai or some other swift and murderous weapon—so much so that Mr. William Murray, who will remember this occasion, sagaciously led the waiter from the room, tipped him heavily and told him we would wait on ourselves.

Con Delirio

But it seemed that nothing could appease De Pachmann. The erstwhile host and reviewer was at his left. "*Maestro! Maestro!* Be calm." It was the beginning of the end. The Chopinzee commenced to throw the food off the table, right and left, calling all of us names the while. A hand placed gently on his arm added fuel to the flame. A fine steak landed on a bare portion of waxed floor, leaving a brown trail behind it. As suddenly De Pachmann turned, pounded with his fist on the table, and then, utterly beside himself, shouted at the top of his voice, "As for you, I know you! I understand you! You are a hypocrite! What did you mean by asking me to your house in Boston and writing that outrageous, disgraceful article in your paper? I know what you wrote—every word of it. Mrs. ——" the wife of his secretary—"translated it for me."

At this moment the secretary himself rose on the other side of the table, addressing his master in no polite or measured terms, incidentally remarking that in the future his wife was to be left entirely out of the conversation. Saying which, he left the table, slamming the door of his bedroom, which opened into that chamber in which we were dining. This proved salutary. I never saw a face change as D Pachmann's did. He looked and looked, dumbly, helplessly, in utter consternation, at the slammed door, and then, with a mute glance around, an unspoken bid for help and succor, burst into tears. He wept audibly, copiously, miserably. He was a poor old man, alone, without a friend. His very bodyguard, protector, and light of his eyes had rejected him in his need.

Sunshine After Rain

There was an open transom over the bedroom door, and to this space the glances and sobs of the despairing De Pachmann were addressed. He was wrong, he said. He knew he was wrong. He must be forgiven. "I did not mean it. I am sick. I could tell you some very sad things. I did not mean what I said. And you are a great critic—a very great critic. Wherever I go I shall tell them so—in Paris, in Rome. I shall tell them how wonderful you are. Ah, yes! You and Mr. Hell"—(Hale, of Boston)—"it is like Liszt and De Pachmann. Hell is Liszt. You are De Pachmann—as critic, I mean. You understand me? You must forgive me, and tell C, please, that I must have some hot milk for my coffee." Coming violently from the room, C walked straight to the telephone, ordered hot milk for Mr. De Pachmann's coffee, and disappeared. At last the milk came. Peace was partially restored. But the evening had been poisoned. The guests pleaded an engagement at the movies.

They also feared for the morrow. Emil Mollenhauer was going to conduct the orchestra for De Pachmann. He was an iron man, a disciplinarian, a hard guy, who conducted rehearsals with a stove-pipe hat on one side of his head, who ruled artists roughly, and would submit to no ideas of tempo but his own. Would he give De Pachmann what he wanted for an accompaniment? What would De Pachmann do if he did not?

The morning came, a bright, sunny morning with no hint of the storms that had raged the night before. De Pachmann was brisk and smiling. He was oily in flattery, loud in praises of the orchestra at rehearsal, and Mollenhauer, with his belligerent hat set at fair weather, beamed upon the little fellow who sat at the piano, who joyously reciprocated and jested, and with his flying fingers made wonder. In other words, all was well, and again, and for the last time in my hearing, did that little magician weave his marvelous web of tone, and sing Chopin's exquisite and dolorous song, and make the finale sparkle and curvet—clowning and cutting his capers the while. What did that matter? There sat sheer, embodied genius, shining out from a short, squat frame, and music descended upon us, seeming to sway and float ecstatically in the air—free, free of all but spirit and light—that ineffable, unearthly song. And one man, just before the last note sounded, hurried from the hall. That was the way he wanted to remember De Pachmann.

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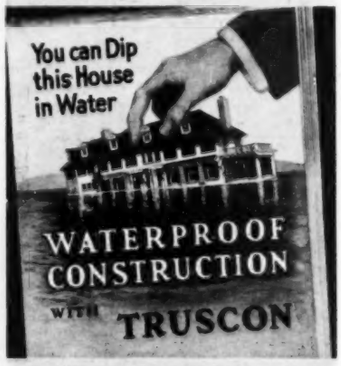

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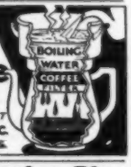

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LAMP WICK AND TAPER

(Continued from Page 17)

And he might not fare as badly as you think, for, whether you believe it or not, shark meat of certain kinds is simply delicious. I have eaten mackerel shark taken in the North Atlantic that could scarcely be distinguished from swordfish; than which, to my taste, no better morsel swims the sea.

But sharks, though eatable and eating, very seldom seem to eat one another. Out of many hundreds taken through many years, although I have occasionally caught a shark on a hook baited with a piece of another shark, I have never seen one whose body showed the slightest evidence of even a difference of opinion with a colleague.

A well-known writer on angling, on the other hand, in a description of fishing at Cocos published not so long ago, draws a terrific picture of what happened when the dead body of a shark was allowed to sink among its ferocious relations. "They massed around the carcass of their slain comrade and a terrible battle ensued. Such swift action, such ferocity, such unparalleled instinct to kill and eat!"

Well, we did that very thing over and over, and yet over and over again. We provided the carcasses of slain comrades by the dozen, let them sink into swarms of live comrades, and not one bite was bitten, not one scratch was given, as far down into the water as we could see.

Perhaps this piscatorial observation was in the same class as a geological observation by the same writer, who notes that "the rock was limestone" on a smaller island just off the shore of Cocos. But Cocos with its outlying islets is wholly volcanic. There is no more limestone at Cocos than there is in a limeade at a soda fountain.

Just as all the Galápagos Islands are alike in being volcanic, but very different in their individual characters, so everywhere we fished we took bacalao and tuna, but in special places ran into special fish we found nowhere else.

Where Seymour Island comes close to Indefatigable there is a shore line on which shipwrecked sailors have struggled and died and left buried treasure behind them. One of the men who left it there, but did not die, gave us a drawing of the very place. And we were on the lookout for it when a golden treasure of a different sort suddenly forced itself upon us.

We Catch Our First Wahoo

It was a Spanish mackerel, a magnificent creature, glorious with golden spots, but with no other gold about it except the golden opinions it earned by the fine fight it made. It was no figure of speech to say that it made the line hiss as it set its side against the pull of the twisted linen and rushed through the topmost layer of water with a speed that seemed to double its actual weight.

There was a regular pæan of rejoicing when we saw what the Red Gods had provided, and the lucky fisherman was deluged with beseechings to be careful and advice enough for a year's fishing at the very least. Notwithstanding which the fish was landed, and subsequently broiled, to the profound satisfaction of all partakers.

This fish seemed to be of a different species from those I had eaten so often at home and taken so often in Florida waters. On light tackle it had made such a fight that it seemed almost as if every golden spot were a dynamo to drive it through the water.

It was a sort of special dispensation that where we found Spanish mackerel there was comparatively little trouble with sharks. That gave us tranquil minds to relish the sport with the mackerel, free from constant dread of the slow, sullen and irresistible drag of a shark that had done to our game fish what we wanted to do, but had done it first.

Every time a Spanish mackerel was brought near enough the launch for us to tell what we had hooked, a hungry and impatient noise, like a newsboys' picnic just before lunch, proceeded from the assembled multitude of voracious spectators, for these fish were as good on the table as their chisel-like noses, slim bodies and powerful tails made them good in the water.

We had no chance to try the Spanish mackerel on three-six tackle, and it was our serious loss. On a sensitive rod and delicate line they would have given us sport over which we would still be licking our lips. That remains for another time.

So far as fishing goes, Cocos Island may fairly be considered as marching with the Galápagos. In any case, it is only 360 miles away, and that constitutes near neighborhood in these spacious seas. Also fish are so plenty there that if it were not for the sharks you could load a boat in a few hours.

It was at Cocos that the first wahoo came to gaff—an incredibly long lean fish of the mackerel tribe, whose dark-blue body is, as it were, divided into compartments by vertical stripes of lighter blue. The wahoo is one of the swiftest of game fish. Occasionally one is taken off the Florida Keys, and when that happens the whole fishing colony buzzes with excitement.

Giff Brings One to Gaff

Wahoo is American for this fish's true name. Just as Key West is American for Cayo Hueso—Bone Key—so "wahoo" represents our spelling of the Spanish "*guahu*."

Later, at Hood Island, we found wahoos in schools. It was most aggravating not to try conclusions with them on rod and reel, but the work of our scientific men was too pressing to make the launch available for hour-long struggles with big fish, and we were forced to be content with what we could pick up on the hand line as we ran back and forth between the albatross rookery and the ship.

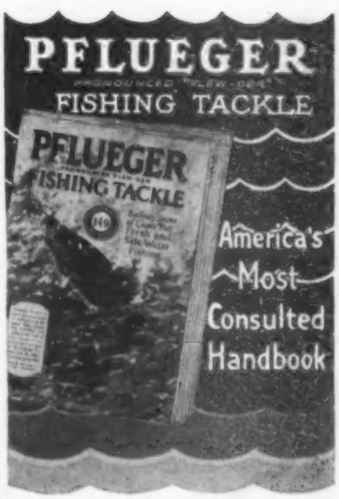
At one point, close to the northeast shore of Hood, and not far from the southern point of the island which we called Gardner Hood—to distinguish it from another Gardner Island a few miles away—Giff, who was fishing with the hand line, had strike after strike—the fiercest kind of strike—and hooked and lost fish after fish without being able to tell what they were. Finally the fiercest strike of all gave him the fight of his life. Giff yelled and the launch was stopped. But the fish bore off with a power and speed that literally made the heavy hand line hum through the water. It was pull boy, pull fish. When finally, with gritted teeth, Giff got most of the line aboard, the fish saw the boat, yanked the line out of his hands, and went off in a rush that made the heavy cotton sing like a bow string when the wahoo finally brought up against the knot that tied it to the gunwale.

Once more the slow, straining, grueling tug-of-war went on. Little by little, the boy brought the great fish nearer to the boat, and once more, frightened by the sight of it, the unseen fish snapped the line out of his hands and ran out the full extent of it. It was some fight.

Gradually, however, weight, muscle and a solid footing to pull from began to tell, and the wahoo, by no means exhausted, and struggling valiantly still, was finally brought alongside. It smashed and lunged and shot around in a way that threatened to free it half a dozen times. It threw water all over every one of us in the stern of the launch, and then soaked us again, and still it would not yield. But at last the gaff found it, and the gaffer held, and the fish was safely worked into the skiff we towed astern.

It was a magnificent creature, the largest of its kind I can remember to have heard the weight of—sixty-eight pounds, and sixty-eight inches long—six inches longer than the boy who caught it.

This superb fish was more than twice the size of our first wahoo, landed by



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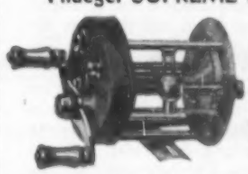

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Mrs. Pinchot at Cocos. Shortly afterward, in masterly style, she brought to gaff a forty-three-pound tuna. It was taken between Wafer Bay and Ship Rock, around which I am confident someone will ultimately develop one of the best fishing grounds at Cocos Island. Through a mistake of mine, this glorious tuna was not even photographed, but was cut up for shark bait. As such it was eminently successful, but it certainly deserved a better fate.

When this tuna struck, The Only Woman Aboard was fishing with a reel, a twenty-four-thread line, and an exceptionally limber hickory rod. She gave the fish his head, let him run out much more than half the 500 yards of line on her reel, and used only the lightest pressure of the brake. And promptly she got her reward. The fish wore itself out against the weight and friction of the dragging line, and in an incredibly short time was at the boat and ready to be landed, while the fisherwoman, instead of being exhausted from a long and punishing struggle, was still perfectly fresh. The fight was between the fish and the line, and the angler did little more than act as referee.

This is the perfection of fishing. It is not always possible in these waters, where sharks are as plenty as leaves on a tree, but this time the tuna kept ahead of its underwater pursuers and so postponed its fate. But not for many minutes, and to the tuna, as between sharks and humans, there could have been but little choice.

Nevertheless, it seemed a shame to offer it later to the scavengers which had not shown the speed or courage to get it for themselves. It should have furnished many a meal for the whole ship's company. But it is some consolation to know that we destroyed not a few sharks in the exchange.

Wherever we fished in the Galápagos the little tunny were reasonably plenty, and sometimes much more than that. But the tuna were even more so. The ordinary short-finned kind were less numerous than the gorgeous Allison's tuna with its long pectoral fins, its flashing yellow covering, and the two winglike dorsal and anal fins that stand out like curving lateen sails from the smooth surface of its torpedo body.

Pretty Enough to Eat

In the first few minutes after this fish came flaming out of water, it was almost unbearably gorgeous—full of violent colors and reflections so vivid that the contrast of certain plain white markings on its side made its coloration seem almost vicious. But it lost its hues so rapidly that we had great difficulty in photographing its original color scheme.

Allison's tuna we took with the lamp-wick bait on rod and reel, when it fought and acted like its less spectacular brothers. With hand lines we collected many for the galley, both from the Mary Pinchot as she was running in and out of harbor and between the different islands, and from the launch as she went about her daily scientific business. And the more we ate, the better we liked them.

There seemed to be a sort of tuna belt corresponding to the bacalao belt, but lying farther from the coast. Very roughly, it might be said to run from a few hundred yards to five miles offshore. We caught tuna also farther from land and nearer the beach, but in general there seemed to be more of them in this belt than out of it.

The tuna that accepted our invitation and came aboard were none of them giants. They ran, most of them, from fifteen or twenty to thirty-five and forty pounds. Only two of those we took were over forty, but I am entirely certain that we could have found the big ones if we had had the time to do it. That happy investigation is still ahead.

Concerning salt-water rods I am unorthodox. I like them to bend easily, which is not so very heretical, but I also like them to stay bent, which is heresy of the very worst. Any fishing-tackle dealer will tell you so.

Fishing is pleasanter with a limber rod. When it gives easily to every impulse from the fish, you keep in better touch with him, know better what he is about, and, at least in my opinion, relish the sport more keenly. It is very much as though your heavy tackle were light tackle, or your nine-thread line a six. A limber rod adds delicacy to a sport that is always vigorous and sometimes rough.

Another reason is that the shorter the distance from your reel to the point of your rod, the less advantage of leverage the fish has against you, and, consequently, the less hard pulling you have to do against him. That is why I prefer the limber hickory for heavy rods, and for some that are not so heavy. After even moderate use that unapproachable rod material takes a permanent set. Unlike the better grades of split bamboo and greenheart and certain others, it refuses to spring back almost or altogether into shape after a heavy struggle.

Tribute to a Hickory Rod

For the same reason I regard a double set of guides on a salt-water rod as the abomination of desolation, because it can have only one purpose—to prevent your rod from taking a permanent set, which is the very thing you want, or ought to want, your rod to take. You weaken it when you straighten it, and that is simply poison.

In practice, this idea seems to work out. I find that, lacking some part of the strength and much of the endurance of thirty years ago, I can still handle heavy fish with satisfaction and moderate efficiency by using a hickory rod that has been bent times enough to stay that way.

An old hickory that I paid all of six dollars for a quarter century ago is mainly responsible for this aberration. That rod has taken nearly everything from sculpins and codfish through tuna and tarpon to jewfish, sharks and marlin, and it seems to be as good as ever yet. But permanent is a feeble word to describe the set that is in it.

When I first got into my head the conception of a specially limber rod with a permanent set, a rod strong near the hand but very pliable from there to the top, I started to whittle one out that would suit my fancy and give me a chance to put my theory to the proof. But after some experimenting, other matters of very minor importance got in the way, such as politics and giant power and the recollections of a misspent life, and the rod had to wait.

So I was able to taper to my satisfaction a seasoned rod blank of second-growth hickory only just before setting out for the South Seas. Now that I have had a chance to try this rod on moderately heavy fish, I am glad to be able to report to an anxious world that my theory seems to work out.

For example: Giff and I were trolling a few miles off Wreck Bay, on Chatham Island, when he hooked and promptly landed a thirty-five-pound tuna on his hand line. Another fish struck my lamp wick at almost the same instant, and, having got himself hooked, seemed to think that ended the matter so far as he was concerned, and that any subsequent proceedings would have to be taken by me. He just lay there and did practically nothing.

Naturally enough, I assumed that this fish belonged to the same school and was of the same size as the one Giff had just taken, and that it wasn't making a lot of trouble for the simple reason that it wasn't able.

So, having nothing else on my mind, and this being my first fish of the day, I proceeded to start a rough house. I put my back into it, yanked at my tackle instead of pulling steadily, lay back against rod and line until my body was horizontal, pumped more and more viciously as what I took to be a thirty-five-pounder refused to yield to treatment, and generally took chances I would never have thought of taking in the early stages of a fight with a fish of any size.

This went on for ten or fifteen minutes, and still it seemed to get me nowhere. My fish ought to have been at the boat in half

(Continued on Page 190)

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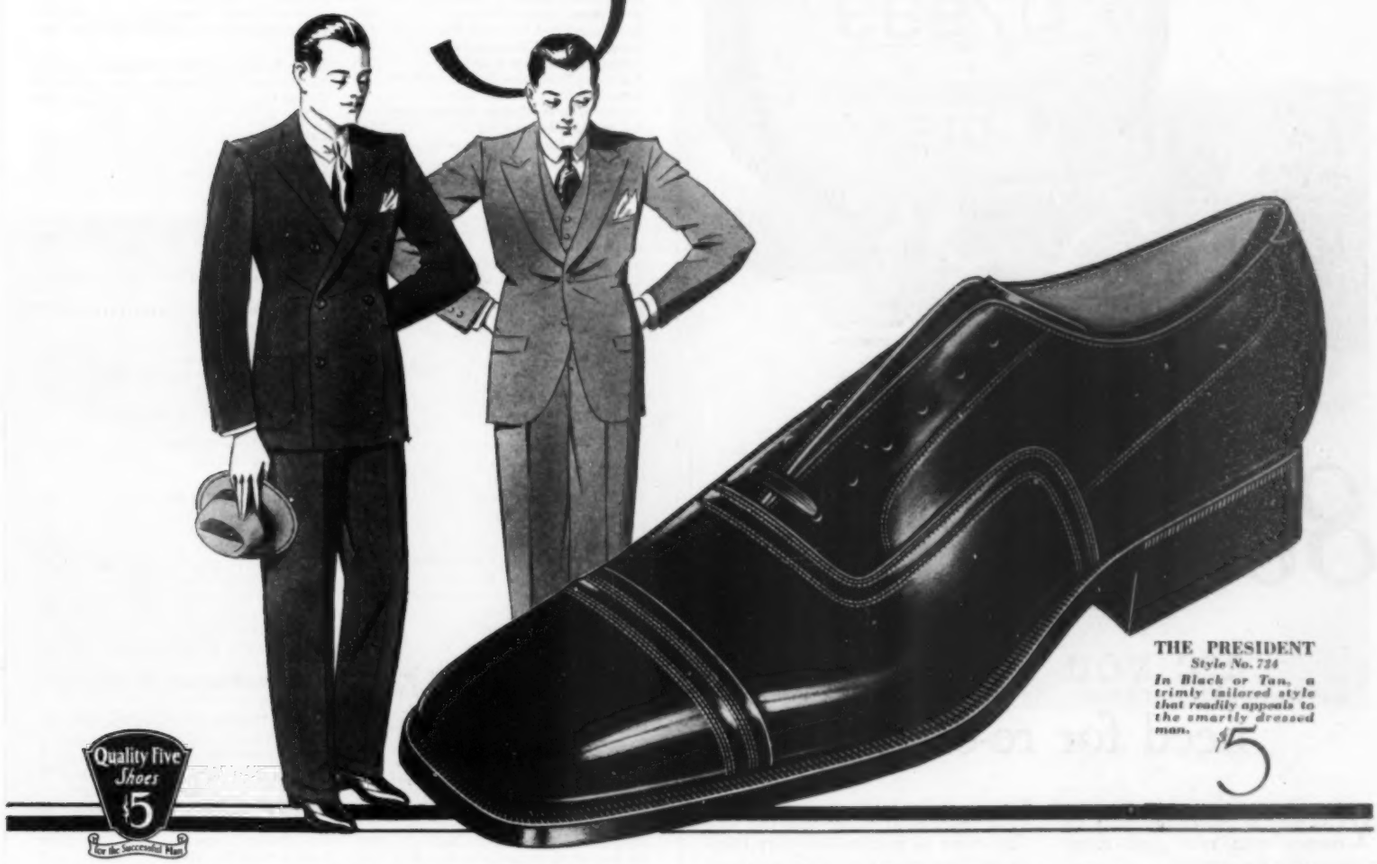

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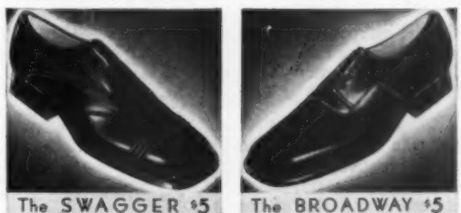

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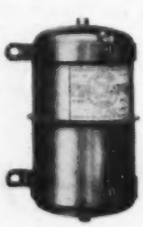

This happens around 8000 miles of driving—*and this is why the figure 8000 on your speedometer is so important.*

The figure 8000 means that the time has come to re-cartridge your Purolator. To remove the old filter element and replace it with a new one—good for another 8000 miles of smooth, sweet running.

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Index of Advertisers

March 15, 1930

	PAGE
Addison-Leslie Company	182
Alemite Corporation	79
All-Year Club of Southern California	141
Aluminum Company of America	160
American Express Company	186
American Fruit Growers, Inc.	122
American Hard Rubber Co.	107
American Radiator Company	109
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	66
American Well Works, The	60
Anchor Cap & Closure Corporation	90
Art Metal Construction Co.	165
Auburn Automobile Company	53
Automatic Door Corporation	173
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc.	54, 190
Barrett Company, The	1
Bates Mfg. Co., The	137
Bauer & Black	168
Bay West Paper Co.	125
Berry Brothers, Inc.	121
Bird & Son, inc.	56
Bon Ami Co., The	II Cover
Boott Mills	186
Buick Motor Company	73
Bulova Watch Company	106
Cadillac Motor Car Co.	36
Caille Motor Company	181
Californians, Inc.	140
Campbell Soup Company	31
Canada Dry Ginger Ale	143
Carter Company, J. W.	187
Central Alloy Steel Corp.	192
Champion Spark Plug Co.	57
Chase & Sanborn	62, 63
Chevrolet Motor Company	96, 97
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad	159
Church Mfg. Co., C. F.	170
Clark, Frank C.	185
Coleman, Watson E.	180
Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co.	178
Comet Rice Co.	161
Copeland Products, Inc.	116, 117
Corozone Company, The	124
Crofut & Knapp Co., The	155
Curtiss-Wright Corporation	154
Cutler-Hammer, Inc.	136
Cyclone Fence Company	183
Davis Company, R. B.	191
De Soto Motor Corporation	65
Devoe & Raynolds Co., Inc.	130, 131
Donahue Corporation, A. J.	152
Dunham Lawn Roller Co., Inc.	182
Du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., E. I.	167
Dutch Tea Rusk Company	169
Eastman Kodak Company	IV Cover
Enterprise Mfg. Company, The	185
Faber Pencil Co., Eberhard	72
Faultless Caster Company	182
Federal Rubber Company, The	120
Finnell System, Inc.	86
Flax-li-num Insulating Co.	166
Floridagold Citrus Corporation	78
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	173
Ford Motor Company	80, 81
Gebhardt's	112, 113
General Cigar Co., Inc.	87
General Electric Company	38, 82
General Foods Corporation	
Postum Company, Inc.	84, 85
General Motors	59
Gillette Safety Razor Co.	76, 77
Glass Container Assoc. of America	153
Glover Co., Inc., H. Clay	186
Golo Slipper Company	174
Graham-Paige Motors Corporation	55
Hamilton-Sangamo Corporation	67
Hammermill Paper Company	92, 93
Hawaiian Pineapple Company	157
Homeland Tailoring Co., Inc.	64
Hotel Knickerbocker, Chicago	185
Hudson Motor Car Company	89
Indian Motocycle Company	95
Jacobs Bros. Co., Inc., The	180
Jarman Shoe Co.	177
Johns-Manville Corp.	91
Johnson & Son, S. C.	175
Johnson Motor Company	144, 145
Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, Iver	181
Kelly-Springfield Tire Company	114
Kelvinator Corporation	111
Krank Co., A. J.	184
Lacey & Lacey	185
LaSalle Extension University	180
Lippincott Company, The	103
Lorillard Co., P.	52
Marmon Motor Car Company	135
Mennen Company, The	181
Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co.	139
Motor Improvements, Inc.	188
Nash Motors Co.	132
New Departure Mfg. Co., The	51
New Haven Clock Company, The	128, 129
New York Central Lines	99
Niagara Hudson Power Corporation	172
North Bros. Mfg. Co.	88
Northern Paper Mills	146
Oakland Motor Car Co.	42, 43
Olds Motor Works	45
Packard Motor Car Co.	40
Parke, Davis & Co.	69
Paske Air Purifier, Inc.	180
Pet Milk Company	104, 105
Photographers' Association of America	126
Plymouth Motor Corporation	47
Postal Telegraph-Cable Company	61
Postum Company, Inc.	84, 85
Probak Corporation	54
Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company	100, 101
Quaker Oats Company, The	127
Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., The	150, 151
Rogers, Wm. A.	2
Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.	119
Russia Cement Co.	180
Sargent & Company	68
Schalk Chemical Co.	163
Scott Paper Company	176
Scott & Sons Co., O. M.	182
Sealright Co., Inc.	58
Shaw-Walker Company	171
Sikes Company, The	118
Simoniz Company, The	134
Singer Sewing Machine Co., The	156
Squibb & Sons, E. R.	70
Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.	108
Stone Straw Corp.	142
Strathmore Paper Company	164
Super Maid Cook-ware Corporation	179
Swift & Company	33
Texas Company, The	48
Timken Roller Bearing Co., The	74
Trane Company, The	123
Travel Guild, Inc., The	186
Tricolator Co., Inc.	185
Truscon Laboratories, The	184
United States Tobacco Company	71
Universal Piccures	50
Vacuum Oil Company	35
Warren Company, S. D.	189
Washington Coffee Refining Co., G.	158
Weber Co., Inc., F.	185
Western Co., The	148
White & Bagley Company, The	133
Wildroot Company	98
Williams Company, The J. B.	III Cover
Winchester Repeating Arms Co.	138
Wood Conversion Company	147
Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc.	182

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

Do business men buy as shrewdly as their wives?

A man starts a purchase by lighting a cigar,

a woman . . by clipping coupons and sending for booklets

THE WEAKER SEX they may be—but there's no hint of weakness or uncertainty in the coldly practical methods they use in spending 85 per cent of the family income!

A woman's first move toward any purchase is usually to clip and mail coupons from advertisements. Her "interviewing" is done calmly and without interruptions. It is done from the pages of a booklet or catalog. Her comparisons are coldly based on printed data and photographs as set forth by manufacturers in their literature.

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It is the business of the S. D. Warren Company to make printing papers on which the text will be easily read, the pictures clear and convincing, and the colors faithful to the merchandise.

Our program starts with producing better papers in volume at low production costs. It includes a plan for paring down printing bills through a simplification of the number of paper sizes formerly held necessary.

In addition, many of the uncertainties of press-work and printing are overcome through a series of scientific tests of each run of Warren's Papers. These tests, made at the mill, insure standardization of printing, folding, and binding qualities.

The result is better printing on better paper at lower costs to printers and buyers of printing.

So when a good printer suggests the use of Warren's Standard Printing Papers, he is thinking not alone of a better piece of printing, but also of the savings that will result.

If you are a printer, or if you sell with the help of printing, our coupon clipped and returned will bring details of this Warren program, and a series of mailings that will help in the planning and preparation of printed pieces.

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STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding.

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Printer ☐ User of Printing ☐
Send details of the Warren Simplification Program which shows how to save time and money in planning printing.

Name _____
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The new Valet is a triumph in steel and manufacturing precision. Every blade passes before a magnifying mirror for inspection. Flaws cannot escape detection. Uniform quality is assured.

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The NEW VALET Auto-Strop BLADE

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Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

(Continued from Page 186)

that time. So I got rougher yet. Using brute strength and no brains, I gave the twenty-four-thread line and the specially limber hickory rod—the very one I have been telling you about—everything I thought they would stand, and perhaps a little more.

At each rush I made the fish pull against a heavy brake instead of letting him run. Getting more and more virtuously indignant every minute at the stubborn resistance of what I thought was no great shakes of a fish, I bent the slim rod until everyone but me thought it must break, and I wasn't so very sure myself. The water sang where the line cut it, the line on the reel was as hard as a stone, my hands were beginning to think about blisters, and still the fish held out.

The longer this lasted, the harder I worked, and the more the rod bent, until it was almost a semicircle. Then the fish swam straight below the boat, back and forth, and back again; and that was worse than ever, for the pull was straight up and down. But still the rod, like the fish, held on.

At last the fish came into sight—at first a mere gleam in the water, and then his full side. This was not even a distant cousin to the fish I thought I was fighting, but something else again entirely. This was a real fish.

At that sight my proud spirit was entirely quenched. I was not only humbled but excessively anxious. This was serious. This fish amounted to something and required to be treated with respect. I threw off the brake, let my thumb take its place, and began to talk to the gaffer as if he had never seen a gaff in his life.

Round and round went the fish in the final circle all deep-water anglers know so well, swinging down into the water near the boat, and rising to the surface at the other side of his swing. After half a dozen circles the gaffer struck, and the great fish, thoroughly beaten, yielded without another struggle, and the fight was over.

And that is the story of how the lamp wick and the quick-taper hickory landed the largest tuna of the trip—an Allison tuna, which, twenty-four hours out of water, still weighed seventy-six pounds. My record up to date.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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Table of Contents

March 15, 1930

Cover Design by Frederic Stanley

SHORT STORIES — PAGE

The Dandy Man—*Norman Reilly Raine* . *Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer* 8
Monument Historique—*William Hazlett Upson* . *Illustrated by Tony Sarg* 12
Leave Her, Johnny—Leave Her—*John P. Marquand* *Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner* 14
Bonds of Service—*Robert Winsmore* . . . . *Illustrated by George Wright* 18
Long Time No See—*Hugh Wiley* . . . *Illustrated by Raeburn Van Buren* 20
Model Discontinued—*Margaret Weymouth Jackson* *Illustrated by Will Grefé* 24

ARTICLES

The Dictator Business—*Isaac F. Marcosson* . . . . . *Photographs* 3
The Migratory Executive—*William Allen White* *Decoration by Wyncie King* 10
Lamp Wick and Taper—*Gifford Pinchot* . . . . . *Photographs* 16
In the Senate—The Course of Legislation—*George Wharton Pepper* *Photograph* 22
What I Really Saw and Learned in Europe in 1923—*Smith Wildman Brookhart* . . . . . *Photographs* 23
Last Leaves—*Corra Harris* . . . *Illustrated by Henrietta McCaig Starrett* 29
Genius Backstage—*Olin Downes* . . . . . *Photographs* 37
As I Was Saying —— —*Joseph P. Day* . . . . . *Photographs* 44

SERIALS

King O'Meara and Queen Guinevere (In two parts)—*Don Marquis* *Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner* 6
Up the Ladder of Gold (Fourth part)—*E. Phillips Oppenheim* *Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor* 26
The Door (Seventh part)—*Mary Roberts Rinehart* *Illustrated by May Wilson Preston* 32

MISCELLANY

Editorials 28
Post Scripts 30
American Business and Business Men—*David Lawrence* 41
Getting On in the World 50
The Poets' Corner 52
Out-of-Doors 54

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Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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Few natural foods contain this precious rare vitamin. Yet doctors say Vitamin D—the Sunshine Vitamin—is one of the most important elements for building strength and vitality. That's why Cocomalt should be used in every home. Cocomalt is recommended for children, for people with "nerves" and for everyone who desires perfect health the year around.

How does Vitamin D make bones strong and healthy? • Read the fascinating story of the Sunshine Vitamin and how it works in the body, as told in the booklet "Children of the Sun." It's FREE—Send the Coupon.

R. B. Davis Company, Hoboken, New Jersey.
Please send me free booklet "Children of the Sun."

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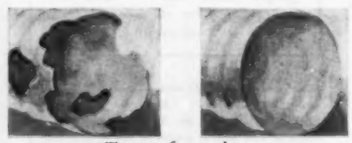
ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

TONCAN

HIGHWAY ENGINEERS choose TONCAN for RUST-RESISTING, LONG LIVED CULVERTS

ABOVE all other constructions, the culvert is subjected to a constant attack from rust and corrosion, to terrific pressure and weights, to continuous strain. Highway engineers, in ever increasing numbers, are meeting this problem by specifying Toncan for culverts.

A railroad recently ordered 15 miles of Toncan drains, and for many years over a hundred steam and electric roads have used Toncan Iron for underdrains and other structural needs. Twenty miles of Toncan-built railway cars and gondolas were put into operation in a single half-year!



Toncan far outlasts ordinary culverts.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TONCAN
COPPER
Mo-lyb-den-um
IRON

For Toncan resists rust. Toncan stubbornly combats corrosion. A scientific alloy of pure iron, pure copper and molybdenum, Toncan combines adequate strength with extraordinary long life.

Industry finds innumerable uses for Toncan. For stoves, refrigerators, roofing, spouting; for cornices and airplane hangars; for furnaces and boiler tubes; for fire boxes, staybolts and iron piping . . . . wherever true permanence is essential.

Look for the Toncan label on exposed metal parts. It's your guarantee of economy, long life and sturdy strength.

CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORP. • MASSILLON & CANTON, O.

WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST HIGHLY SPECIALIZED ALLOY STEEL PRODUCERS

Here you are, Gentlemen!

Another Opportunity to try the Williams Shaving Service

Good news . . . . . for every man! For a short time, with every tube of Williams Shaving Cream—large size—at the regular price, 35 cents, you will receive Free, a bottle of Aqua Velva, half the regular 50 cent size. Get this 35 cent combination, packed as shown in the illustration here.

YOU PAY 35¢ FOR THIS

YOU GET THIS FREE →

A chance, a real chance, to try the Williams Shaving Service, the shaving service that today keeps millions of faces Fit. With half of that service given you for nothing. Velvet for those who know this shaving service. Velvet for those who do not know it yet, but who, once they *do* know it, will come back and *buy*. That's why we offer it!

No man's shaving experience is complete until he has tried the Williams Shaving Service. Now's your chance! *NOW!*

The Williams lather has been Standard for 90 years—the lather by which all others are judged. Quick. Cool. Full bodied. Moist. And *mild*. Makes shaving easy. Makes for good complexions. "Sometimes they change . . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

Then Aqua Velva, that for a little while we give you Free. A perfect after shaving liquid. Delightful to use. Cares for tiny nicks and cuts. Healthfully stimulates and protects the skin. Helps to keep facial tissues firm, flexible and youthful.

This Combination, with Aqua Velva Free, is on sale wherever shaving cream is sold. But it will be offered for a short time only. Why miss it!

(This offer is good only in the United States.)

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN.—MONTREAL, CANADA.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

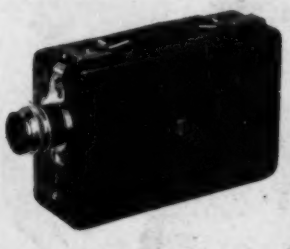
Williams

SHAVING CREAM—AQUA VELVA

No Reason Now

to deny yourself longer the thrill of Home Movie-Making

You simply press a lever to take home movies with the Ciné-Kodak



An extremely simple movie camera designed by the men who made amateur picture-taking so easy that it became a sport for children

+

If you can press a lever you can operate it! The modest purse can afford it!

+

You can get a Kodascope projector for as little as $60.

ITS simplicity is amazing. For it is made *for amateurs*, by people who understand the requirements of amateurs. A movie camera made for those who know but little about picture-taking.

Look through a finder and press a lever; and you are taking home movies... in black-and-white or in *full color*, just as you choose.

You can operate it, even if you have never had a movie camera in your hands before. For, with this remarkable camera, movies are as easy as a snapshot is with your child's Brownie!

And—you can afford it, even if your income permits only the minor nice things of modern life... a vacuum cleaner in your home, for instance.

Don't deny yourself the great thrill of seeing the ones you love most in the ways you love most to see them, never to be lost, never to be forgotten.

Investigate the Ciné-Kodak.

Ciné-Kodak, Model BB, *f*.1.9 comes in colored leathers—blue, gray, brown and bl[illegible]—with cases to match

NOTE THE COUPON

If you would like to know all about Home Movies... how easy, how economical and all the other particulars in concise form...

MAIL THE COUPON BELOW

Developed by the Men Who Simplified Amateur Picture-Taking

Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy have now made home movie-making equally simple for you.

With the Ciné-Kodak, all you do is press the lever and you take movies. Then send the film to any Eastman processing station. Developing is included in the price of the film.

And, with the Kodascope, you project the pictures as easily as playing a record on the phonograph.

That's the point to remember about the Ciné-Kodak. For you want the *simplest* movie camera you can get.

Ciné-Kodak

Simplest of Home Movie Cameras

Marvelously Realistic Color Movies

Go to a dealer today. Ask to see the Ciné-Kodak. With Ciné-Kodak Safety Film, regular or panchromatic, it takes black-and-white pictures. By using Kodacolor Film and the Kodacolor Filter, the Ciné-Kodak B or BB *f*. 1.9 takes beautiful pictures in full color—every color that the eye can see is recorded for your home movie screen.

Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-, 200- and 400-foot reels of cartoons, comedy and travel that cost only $7.50 a hundred feet, are available.

Any Ciné-Kodak dealer will be glad to demonstrate the Ciné-Kodak and to show you Kodacolor on the screen. To permit buying from income rather than capital, many offer an attractive payment plan.

••MAIL FOR FREE BOOK••

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

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